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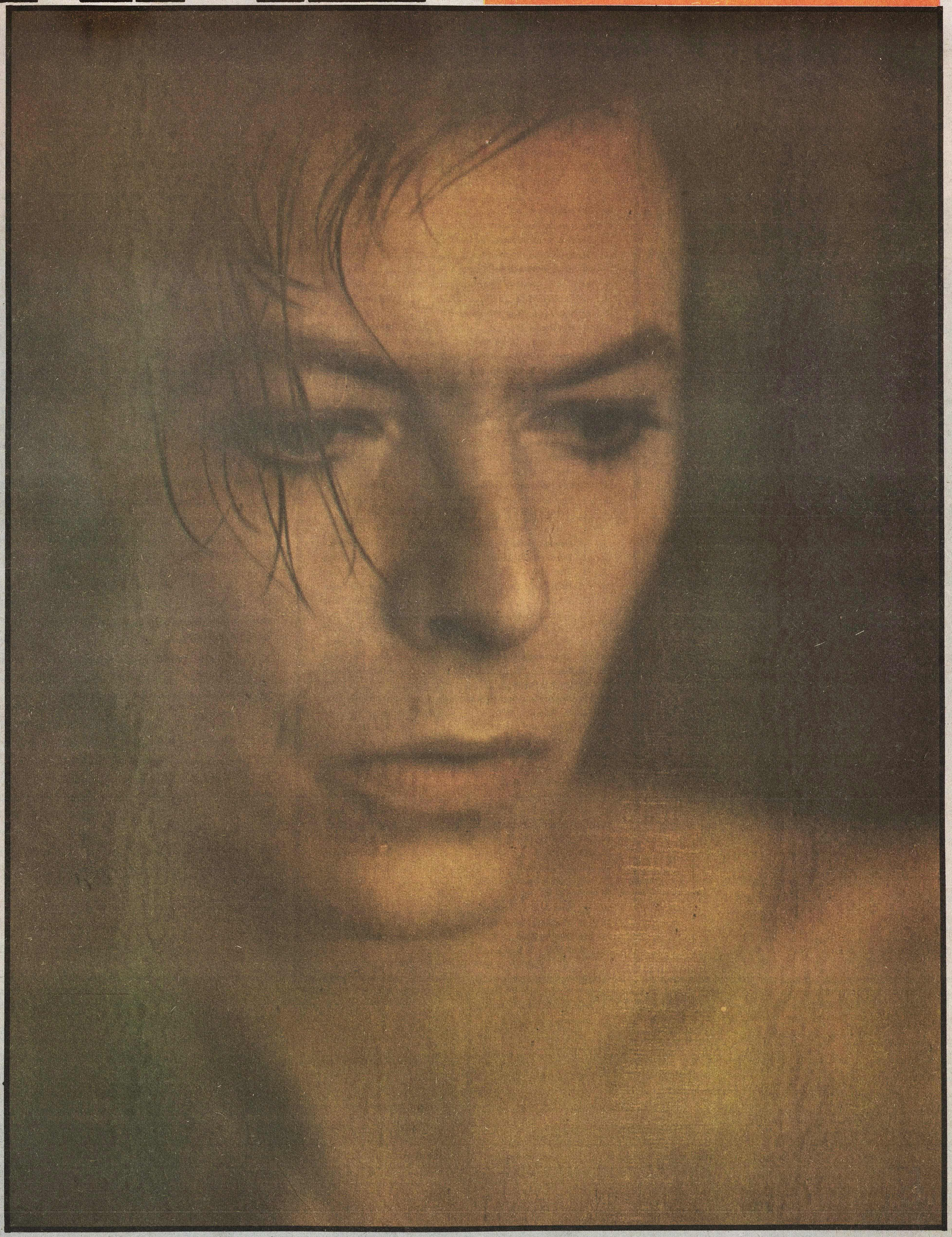
NEW MUSICAL EXPRESS
NME

The Elephant Man Cometh And Other Monstrous Tales

THE 1980 DAVID BOWIE INTERVIEW

BY ANGUS MACKINNON

BOWIE



David Bowie Chicago 1980. Photograph by Anton Corbijn

NME CHARTS

WEEK ENDING
September, 13th 1980

Randy Crawford celebrates her highest new entry in NME's singles chart at number 14 with a cup of coffee and glass of milk. We would have offered her champagne, but that's all NME's entertainments budget will stretch to.
Pic: Chris Horler

UK SINGLES

This Week	Last			Weeks in	Highest
1	(2)	**Start**	Jam (Polydor)	3	1
2	(1)	**Ashes To Ashes**	David Bowie (RCA)	5	1
3	(4)	**Feels Like I'm In Love**	Kelly Marie (Calibre)	4	3
4	(11)	**Eighth Day**	Hazel O'Connor (A&M)	3	4
5	(3)	**9 to 5**	Sheena Easton (EMI)	8	3
6	(5)	**I Die You Die**	Gary Numan (Beggars Banquet)	3	5
7	(6)	**Tom Hark**	Piranhas (Sire/Hansa)	5	5
7	(7)	**Sunshine Of Your Smile**	Mike Berry (Polydor)	4	7
9	(12)	**Dreamin'**	Cliff Richard (EMI)	4	9
10	(14)	**Modern Girl**	Sheena Easton (EMI)	4	10
11	(16)	**Can't Stop The Music**	Village People (Phonogram)	4	11
12	(15)	**Bank Robber**	Clash (CBS)	5	12
13	(10)	**Winner Takes It All**	Abba (Epic)	6	1
14	(—)	**One Day I'll Fly Away**	Randy Crawford (Warner Brothers)	1	14
15	(25)	**It's Only Love/Beyond The Reef**	Elvis Presley (RCA)	2	15
16	(19)	**It's Still Rock And Roll To Me**	Billy Joel (CBS)	4	16
17	(13)	**Give Me The Night**	George Benson (Warner Brothers)	7	7
18	(22)	**I Want To Be Straight**	Ian Dury (Stiff)	2	18
19	(9)	**Oops Upside Your Head**	Gap Band (Mercury)	8	5
20	(24)	**Marie Marie**	Shakin Stevens (Epic)	3	20
21	(8)	**Upside Down**	Diana Ross (Motown)	8	1
22	(18)	**All Over The World**	Electric Light Orchestra (Jet)	5	12
23	(29)	**Paranoid**	Black Sabbath (Nems)	2	23
24	(—)	**A Walk In The Park**	Nick Straker Band (CBS)	1	24
25	(26)	**I Owe You One**	Shalamar (Solar)	2	25
26	(21)	**Best Friend/Stand Down Margaret**	Beat (Go-Feet)	3	21
27	(17)	**Oh Yeah**	Roxy Music (Polydor)	6	9
28	(—)	**Searching**	Change (WEA)	1	28
29	(—)	**United**	Judas Priest (CBS)	1	29
30	(30)	**You Gotta Be A Hustler**	Sue Wilkinson (Cheepskate)	3	23

BUBBLING UNDER

Don't Make Me Wait Too Long — Roberta Flack (Atlantic)
Unlock The Funk — Locksmith (Arista)
Taste Of Bitter Love — Gladys Knight & The Pips (CBS)
Another One Bites The Dust — Queen (EMI)
Johnny and Mary — Robert Palmer (Island)
Big Time — Rick James (Motown)

US SINGLES

This Week	Last		
1	(2)	**Upside Down**	Diana Ross
2	(1)	**Sailing**	Christopher Cross
3	(3)	**Emotional Rescue**	Rolling Stones
4	(5)	**All Out Of Love**	Air Supply
5	(7)	**Fame**	Irena Cara
6	(4)	**Take Your Time (Do It Right) Part 1**	The S.O.S. Band
7	(10)	**Lookin' For Love**	Johnny Lee
8	(9)	**Give Me The Night**	George Benson
9	(6)	**Magic**	Olivia Newton-John
10	(12)	**Into The Night**	Benny Mardones
11	(14)	**Late In The Evening**	Paul Simon
12	(20)	**Another One Bites The Dust**	Queen
13	(15)	**Drivin' My Life Away**	Eddie Rabbitt
14	(8)	**It's Still Rock & Roll To Me**	Billy Joel
15	(16)	**One In A Million You**	Larry Graham
16	(13)	**Boulevard**	Jackson Browne
17	(18)	**You're The Only Woman**	Ambrosia
18	(21)	**Hot Rod Hearts**	Robbie Dupree
19	(21)	**Xanadu**	Olivia Newton-John/Electric Light Orchestra
20	(22)	**I'm Alright (Theme From 'Caddyshack')**	Kenny Loggins
21	(26)	**All Over The World**	Electric Light Orchestra
22	(27)	**You'll Accompany Me**	Bob Seger
23	(25)	**Don't Ask Me Why**	Billy Joel
24	(—)	**Real Love**	The Doobie Brothers
25	(29)	**He's So Shy**	Pointer Sisters
26	(11)	**More Love**	Kim Carnes
27	(30)	**Jesse**	Carly Simon
28	(—)	**Woman In Love**	Barbra Streisand
29	(17)	**Old-Fashioned Love**	Commodores
30	(—)	**Someone That I Used To Love**	Natalie Cole

US ALBUMS

This Week	Last		
1	(4)	**Urban Cowboy**	Original Soundtrack
2	(1)	**Emotional Rescue**	Rolling Stones
3	(3)	**The Game**	Queen
4	(2)	**Hold Out**	Jackson Browne
5	(7)	**Diana**	Diana Ross
6	(5)	**Glass Houses**	Billy Joel
7	(8)	**Give Me The Night**	George Benson
8	(9)	**Xanadu**	Original Soundtrack
9	(6)	**Christopher Cross**	Christopher Cross
10	(10)	**Fame**	Original Soundtrack
11	(14)	**Back In Black**	AC/DC
12	(12)	**Anytime, Anyplace, Anywhere**	Rossington Collins Band
13	(13)	**Full Moon**	The Charlie Daniels Band
14	(17)	**Crimes Of Passion**	Pat Benatar
15	(19)	**Panorama**	Cars
16	(16)	**T.P.**	Teddy Pendergrass
17	(11)	**Against The Wind**	Bob Seger & The Silver Bullet Band
18	(25)	**One Trick Pony**	Paul Simon
19	(15)	**Empty Glass**	Pete Townshend
20	(18)	**Heroes**	Commodores
21	(—)	**Honeysuckle Rose**	Original Soundtrack
22	(21)	**One For The Road**	The Kinks
23	(20)	**S.O.S.**	The S.O.S. Band
24	(22)	**Off The Wall**	Michael Jackson
25	(—)	**Lost In Love**	Air Supply
26	(27)	**Joy And Pain**	Maze
27	(28)	**One In A Million You**	Larry Graham
28	(24)	**The Blues Brothers**	Original Soundtrack
29	(29)	**Middle Man**	Boz Scaggs
30	(—)	**Playing for Keeps**	Eddie Money

US Charts: Courtesy 'CASHBOX'

"They laughed and said it couldn't be done when we said we'd stick with our independent label Graduate. Well, this is UB40 'Signing Off' from number six in the album charts. He who laughs last . . . ha ha." UB40 toaster Astra practising the sort of charm responsible for his band's success.
Pic: Peter Anderson

UK ALBUMS

This Week	Last			Weeks in	Highest
1	(2)	**Flesh & Blood**	Roxy Music (Polydor)	15	1
2	(1)	**Give Me The Night**	George Benson (Warner Bros)	8	1
3	(8)	**Xanadu**	Soundtrack (Jet)	9	1
4	(5)	**Breaking Glass**	Hazel O'Connor (A&M)	2	4
5	(5)	**Back In Black**	AC/DC (Atlantic)	5	3
6	(—)	**Signing Off**	UB40 (Graduate)	1	6
7	(3)	**Off The Wall**	Michael Jackson (Epic)	48	3
8	(14)	**Glory Road**	Gillan (Virgin)	4	8
9	(22)	**Can't Stop The Music**	Soundtrack (Mercury)	4	9
10	(9)	**Drama**	Yes (Atlantic)	2	9
11	(18)	**I Just Can't Stop**	The Beat (Go Feet)	16	3
12	(10)	**Uprising**	Bob Marley & The Wailers (Island)	11	4
13	(7)	**Sky 2**	Sky (Ariola)	21	2
14	(3)	**Diana**	Diana Ross (Motown)	12	3
15	(15)	**Me Myself I**	Joan Armatrading (A&M)	15	4
16	(11)	**Kaleidoscope**	Siouxsie & The Banshees (Polydor)	4	11
17	(16)	**Vienna**	Ultravox (Chrysalis)	8	7
18	(12)	**Manilow Magic**	Barry Manilow (Arista)	7	12
19	(—)	**I'm No Hero**	Cliff Richard (EMI)	1	19
20	(13)	**Deepest Purple**	Deep Purple (Harvest)	8	2
21	(—)	**Telekon**	Gary Newman (Beggars Banquet)	1	21
22	(24)	**Searching For The Young Rebels**	Dexy's Midnight Runners (Parlophone)	7	9
23	(17)	**Living In A Fantasy**	Leo Sayer (Chrysalis)	3	13
24	(—)	**One Trick Pony**	Paul Simon (Warner Brothers)	1	24
25	(19)	**Elvis Aron Presley**	Elvis Presley (RCA)	3	15
26	(21)	**Closer**	Joy Division (Factory)	7	8
27	(—)	**Warm Letherette**	Grace Jones (Island)	1	27
28	(—)	**Clues**	Robert Palmer (Island)	1	28
29	(—)	**On The Riviera**	Gibson Brothers (Island)	1	29
30	(—)	**Wild Cat**	Tygers Of Pan Tang (MCA)	1	30

BUBBLING UNDER

Fame — Soundtrack (RSO)
Hot Rods — Rod Stewart (Mercury)
McVicar — Roger Daltrey (Polydor)
Unknown Pleasures — Joy Division (Factory)
Michael Schenker Group (Chrysalis)
Now We May Begin — Randy Crawford (Warner Bros)

INDIES 33s

1 **Closer** — Joy Division (Factory)
2 **Fresh Fruit And Rotting Vegetables** — Dead Kennedys (Cherry Red)
3 **Guillotine/Live At The Electric Circus** — Various (Cherry Red)
4 **Unknown Pleasures** — Joy Division (Factory)
5 **Jane From Occupied Europe** — Swell Maps (Rough Trade)
6 **The Art Of Walking** — Pere Ubu (Rough Trade)
7 **Cry Tough, Dub Encounter, Chapter 3** — Prince Far I (Daddy Kool)
8 **Colossal Youth** — Young Marble Giants (Rough Trade)
9 **Voice Of America** — Cabaret Voltaire (Rough Trade)
10 **Shape Of Finns To Come** — Various (Cherry Red)

Chart by Paul at Bonaparte, 284 Pentonville Road, London N.1

INDIES 45s

1 **Love Will Tear Us Apart (12")** — Joy Division (Factory)
2 **Are You Glad To Be In America** — James Blood Ulmer (Rough Trade)
3 **Radio Drill Time** — Josef K (Post Card)
4 **Shack Up** — A Certain Ratio (Factory/Benelux)
5 **Split** — Lilliput (Rough Trade)
6 **Blue Boy** — Orange Juice (Post Card)
7 **I Thought You Were Dead** — Not Sensibles (Snotty Snail)
8 **King And Country** — TV Personalities (Rough Trade)
9 **Transmissions** — Joy Division (Factory)
10 **No Message** — Mystere V (Flick Knife)

REGGAE

1 **Runaway** — Winston Jarrett (Shebuzz)
2 **White Belly Rat** — Len Allen Jr (Studio 1)
3 **Go Johnny Go** — Johnny Osborne (Shineful)
4 **I'm A Joseph** — Trinity (Orbit)
5 **Jumping Master** — Mickey Dread (Dread At The Controls)
6 **Floralee** — General Echo (Technique)
7 **Running Star** — Barry Brown (Jabba Star)
8 **Feeling Hasty** — Pappa Tarzan (Kojak)
9 **My Woman** — Barrington Levy (Joe Gibbs)
10 **Mash Mouth** — Jah Stitch (Stew Mack)

Daddy Kool, 94 Dean Street, London W1

DISCO

1 **Oops Up Side Your Head** — Gap Band (Mercury)
2 **Funkin'For Jamacia** — Tom Browne (Arista)
3 **Give Me The Night** — George Benson (Atlantic)
4 **Upside Down** — Diana Ross (Motown)
5 **Use It Up and Wear It Out** — Odyssey (RCA)
6 **In The Forest** — Baby O (Calibre)
7 **Backsrokin'** — Fatback (Spring)
8 **A Lovers Holiday** — Change (WEA)
9 **You've Been Gone** — Crown Heights Affair (Mercury)
10 **Jump To The Beat** — Stacey Lattisaw (Atlantic)

Chart by: The Rainbow Soul Roadshow 01-368 9852.

5 YEARS AGO

1 **Sailing** — Rod Stewart (Warner Bros)
2 **Moonlighting** — Leo Sayer (Chrysalis)
3 **The Last Farewell** — Roger Whittaker (EMI)
4 **I'm On Fire** — 5000 Volts (Philips)
5 **Summertime City** — Mike Batt (Epic)
6 **That's The Way (I Like It)** — K.C. & The Sunshine Band (Jayboy)
7 **A Child's Prayer** — Hot Chocolate (Rak)
8 **Heartbeat** — Showaddywaddy (Bell)
9 **Funkie Moped / Magic Roundabout** — Jasper Carrott (DJM)
10 **I Can't Give You Anything (But My Love)** — Stylistics (Avco)

Week ending September 16, 1975

10 YEARS AGO

1 **Tears Of A Clown** — Smokey Robinson (Tamla Motown)
2 **Give Me Just A Little More Time** — Chairmen Of The Board (Invicta)
3 **Mama Told Me (Not To Come)** — Three Dog Night (Stateside)
4 **Band Of Gold** — Freda Payne (Invictus)
5 **The Wonder Of You** — Elvis Presley (RCA)
6 **Make It With You** — Bread (Elektra)
7 **Wild World** — Jimmy Cliff (Island)
8 **Love Is Life** — Hot Chocolate (Rak)
9 **Which Way You Goin' Billy** — Poppy Family (Decca)
10 **Montego Bay** — Bobby Bloom (Polydor)

Week ending September 16, 1970

15 YEARS AGO

1 **Satisfaction** — Rolling Stones (Decca)
2 **I Got You, Babe** — Sonny and Cher (Liberty)
3 **Make It Easy On Yourself** — Walker Brothers (Philips)
4 **Like A Rolling Stone** — Bob Dylan (CBS)
5 **Tears** — Ken Dodd (Columbia)
6 **Look Through Any Window** — Hollies (Parlophone)
7 **A Walk In The Black Forest** — Horst Jankowski (Mercury)
8 **Help** — Beatles (Parlophone)
9 **Zorba's Dance** — Marcello Minerbi (Durium)
10 **Laugh At Me** — Sonny (Liberty)

Week ending September 17, 1965

20 YEARS AGO

1 **Apache** — The Shadows (Columbia)
2 **Because They're Young** — Duane Eddy (London)
3 **Mess Of Blues** — Elvis Presley (RCA)
4 **Tell Laura I Love Her** — Ricky Vallance (Columbia)
5 **Only The Lonely** — Roy Orbison (London)
6 **Girl Of My Best Friend** — Elvis Presley (RCA)
7 **Please Don't Tease** — Cliff Richard (Columbia)
8 **As Long As He Needs Me** — Shirley Bassey (Columbia)
9 **Everybody's Somebody's Fool** — Connie Francis (MGM)
10 **Paper Roses** — Kaye Sisters (Philips)

Week ending September 16, 1960

NEWS

Rockpile tour & LP

ROCKPILE set out next month on a major British tour, coinciding with the release by F-Beat Records of their album 'Seconds Of Pleasure'.

Surprisingly, it's their first LP as a group, despite having been together for five years — though, of course, members Dave Edmunds and Nick Lowe have been recording consistently as individuals. The seven-track album of original compositions will be issued on October 3, with two of the titles — 'Wrong Way' and 'Now And Always' — preceding it this weekend as a single. The first pressings of the album will include a bonus EP called 'Nick Lowe and Dave Edmunds Sing The Everly Brothers'.

The band — comprising Edmunds (guitar), Lowe (bass), Billy Bremner (guitar) and Terry Williams (drums) — play Glasgow Tiffany's (October 12), Edinburgh Tiffany's (13), Newcastle University (14), Manchester University (16), Lancaster University (17), Leeds University (18), Hanley Victoria Hall (19), Sheffield Poly (21), Guildford Civic Hall (23), Norwich East Anglia University (24), Loughborough University (25), London Hammersmith Palais (26 lunchtime), Brighton Top Rank (26 evening), London School of Economics (29 lunchtime), Cardiff University (30), Oxford Poly (31) and London Queen Mary College (November 1).

Reason for the lunchtime gig at Hammersmith is the band's preference for stand-up venues, and this was the only time the Palais was available during their tour. Ticket prices will be confirmed next week, and all college dates will be open to the public.

Support act is Gary Myrick & The Figures, an American new-wave outfit who'll be making their first visit to this country; their debut album will be issued by Epic to coincide.

Pic Fin Costello

RATS GET RATTY

Money dispute holds up new LP

THE BOOMTOWN RATS are involved in a financial wrangle with their record company and Bob Geldof refuses to hand over the tapes of their next album until it is satisfactorily resolved.

The dispute between the Rats and Phonogram International dates back to last December and seriously jeopardises the band's future.

A spokesman said: "It's no Mickey Mouse stuff about what should be the next single — it really concerns the whole future of the band. And there are problems over royalties and accounting, which could lead to litigation if they're not resolved."

The Rats have just finished laying down 22 tracks in Ibiza with their new producer Tony Visconti, and some of the material is said to be very different from anything they've previously done. The original working title of the set, intended for autumn release, was 'Golden Showers', though this is now likely to change to 'Bongo Crazy'.

Geldof claims the band have paid recording costs of the album themselves. "We own the tapes," he said, "and they (Phonogram) won't get them until we're happy."

And he revealed that the Rats are putting together a British tour which will go ahead irrespective of whether they have a new album out.

A Phonogram spokesman was not available for comment at press time.

BRIT ROCK BIZ NOT BROKE CIA CLAIM

THE C.I.A. has been investigating the record industry's accounts.

Not the American undercover organisation, though, but a British conglomerate. Because in this instance, those initials stand for the Chemical Industries Association.

The chemists have reacted strongly to record companies' claims — made against a background of falling sales — that the ever-increasing cost of raw materials is a major contributory factor in the rising price of albums.

It's acknowledged that home taping is one of the principal causes of the sales slump. But the current recession, coupled with the retail price spiral, is surely another. And the record firms, supported by the BPI, insist that the high cost of plastics has helped to force up LP prices close to the £6 barrier.

Now the C.I.A. has hit back — and in the process, has produced the surprising statistic that basic materials account for less than two per cent of the average album's recommended retail price.

The association's Bill McMillan commented: "We did the calculations and I can assure you that the total cost of raw materials — that's PVC, vinyl acetate and carbon black — is still no more than 10p per album."

But this revelation is unlikely to provoke instant price cuts. A spokesperson for the BPI dismissed the chemists' figures as "purely academic" — pointing out that tax, overheads and royalties left them with only a minimal profit.

NEW SUBS TOUR

UK SUBS take their new-look line-up on the road next month, with newcomers Steve Roberts (drums) and Alvin Gibbs (bass) having replaced the two former members, Pete Davies and Paul Slack.

The tour is to promote their latest album 'Crash Course', paradoxically the last to be made by the old line-up and a 20-track live set, recorded at the London Rainbow in May. Issued by Gem this weekend, the first 30,000 copies contain a free 12-inch single, comprising four numbers recorded live at London Lyceum.

Highlighted by a four-night season at London Marquee, the band's schedule takes in Gravesend Woodville Hall (October 20), Portsmouth Locarno (21), Bournemouth Stateside Centre (22), Birmingham Cedar Rooms (23), Retford Porterhouse (24), Cromer West Runton Pavilion (25), Cardiff Top Rank (26), Bath Pavilion (27), Bradford St. George's Hall (28), Preston Warehouse (29), Carlisle Market Hall (30), Scarborough Taboo (31), Huddersfield Cleopatra's (November 1), Glasgow's Tiffany's (2), Hull Wellington Club (4), Manchester Poly (5), Liverpool Brady's (6), Newcastle Mayfair (7), Middlesbrough Rock Garden (8), Sheffield Top Rank (9), London Marquee (10-13), London Crystal Palace Hotel (14), Derby Ajanta Cinema (15) and Dunstable Queensway Hall (16).

The Subs are currently in the studio recording a new single with producer Mike Leander, the titles being 'Party In Paris' and 'Fall Of The Empire'. They spend the rest of this month working on their next album, due for release at the end of the year. And on October 1, they begin a 12-date European tour.

Pic Philippe Carly

XTC ETC

BRITISH DATES

XTC HEADLINE a five-date mini-tour early next month, their first gigs in this country for almost a year.

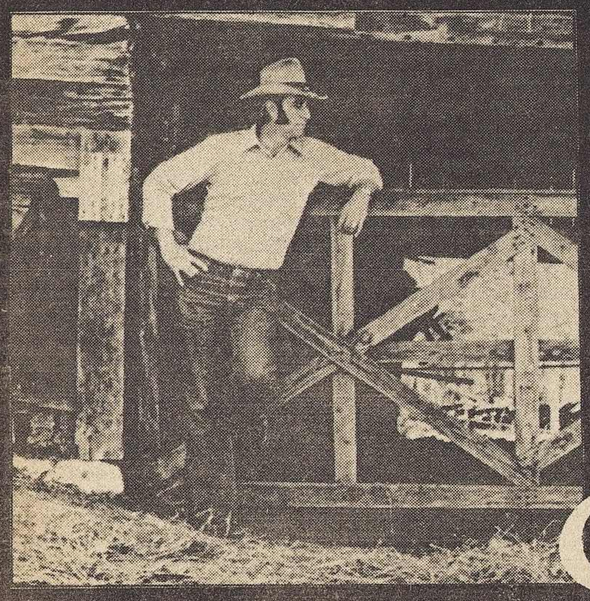
The band are currently on an American tour and had originally intended to remain in the States for a further six weeks. But they've now decided to delay those plans by a fortnight in order to play Britain.

They claim this is in response to letters from many of their supporters; presumably it's also coincidental they have a new album, 'Black Sea', issued by Virgin tomorrow (Friday).

The five XTC dates are at Doncaster Rotters (October 7), Manchester Rotters (8), Oxford New Theatre (9), Hemel Hempstead Pavilion (10) and London Strand Lyceum (12).

The band will, however, be undertaking a full-scale UK tour in December.

- **THE INMATES** will be touring the UK throughout next month, in support of their new Radar Records album 'Shot In The Dark' which comes out on September 19 and their recently released single 'So Much In Love'. Dates confirmed so far are:
  Cardiff University (October 2), Newton Abbot Seale Hayne College (3), Bristol University (4), Barnstaple Tempo Club (6), Plymouth Fiesta (7), Manchester University (11), Norwich East Anglia University (15), Huddersfield Poly (17), Sheffield University (18), Edinburgh University (24), Glasgow Strathclyde University (25), Nottingham Trent Poly (28), Bradford University (29) and Leeds Poly (30).
- **THE DAMNED's** new elpee 'The Black Album', for release by Chiswick in October, will be a double set selling at the same price as a regular single LP. The first record is an orthodox studio set containing 11 tracks; the other features a 15-minute piece called 'Curtain Call', plus several live numbers taped before an invited audience at Shepperton Studios in July.
  The band's new single 'The History Of The World Part 1', their first for almost a year, is culled from the double package — though the two tracks on the B-side, 'I Believe The Impossible' and 'Sugar And Spite', are not.
- **THE SKIDS** long-awaited new album 'The Absolute Game' is finally set for September 19 release by Virgin — and this also features a bonus offer. The first 20,000 copies carry a free mini-album with eight extra tracks, though after the initial pressing has sold out this will no longer be available.
- **STIFF LITTLE FINGERS** have a live album titled 'Hanx' issued by Chrysalis this weekend. Recorded at Aylesbury Friars and London Rainbow during their last UK tour, it sells at the budget price of £3.99. The set includes many of the band's stage favourites, among them 'Nobody's Hero', 'Barbed Wire Love', 'Alternative Ulster', 'Johnny Was', 'Wasted Life' and 'Suspect Device'. There are no immediate plans for any SLF dates in Britain, owing to commitments abroad.
- **IAN DURY & THE BLOCKHEADS** are being lined up for a string of UK dates in November, and *NME* understands that it's going to be a "back to the ballrooms" tour. Details are expected before the end of this month.



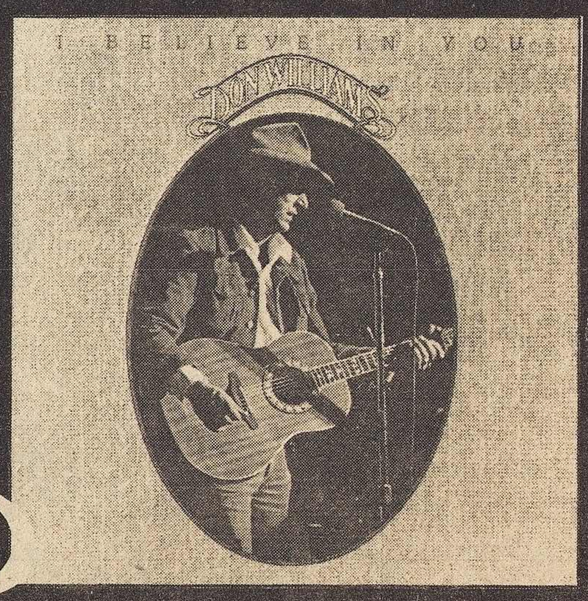
I BELIEVE IN YOU

DON WILLIAMS

NEW ALBUM

FEATURING THE SINGLE
'I BELIEVE IN YOU'

MCA RECORDS
1 Great Pulteney Street, London W1 3FW



Lee freefalls round UK

ALVIN LEE and his new band, currently touring Europe, begin a series of UK dates at the end of this month. They visit **Bath** Pavilion (September 30), **Birmingham** Top Rank (October 1), **Blackburn** King George's Hall (2), **Hull** City Hall (3), **Carlisle** Market Hall (4), **Glasgow** Tiffany's (5), **Middlesbrough** Town Hall (6), **Sheffield** Top Rank (8), **Nottingham** Palais (9), **Cardiff** University (10), **Maidenhead** Leisure Centre (11), **Leicester** University (14), **Brighton** Sussex University (15), **Poole** Arts Centre (16), **Guildford** Surrey University (17) and **London Strand** Lyceum (23).

Lee's latest album 'Freefall' appears on his new outlet Avatar Records on October 10 — and on the same day and label comes 'The Taker', the debut album from Chevy, who are the support act on the tour. Alvin's new-look band comprises Mickey Feat (bass and vocals), Tom Compton (drums), and Lee himself and Steve Gould (both guitar and vocals) — pictured left to right above.

TANGERINE DREAM undertake their first British tour for more than 2½ years, with dates at **Dublin** Stadium (November 1), **Newcastle** City Hall (2), **Glasgow** Apollo (3), **Edinburgh** Odeon (4), **Preston** Guildhall (5), **Birmingham** Odeon (7), **Manchester** Apollo (8), **London Victoria** Apollo (10), **Portsmouth** Guildhall (11), **Oxford** New Theatre (12), **Ipswich** Gaumont (13), **Derby** Assembly Rooms (14) and **Liverpool** Royal Court (15). The German electronic band currently comprise original members Edgar Froese and Chris Franke, plus newcomer Johannes Schmoelling. Prior to the tour, Virgin are to release a four-album boxed compilation titled 'Tangerine Dream 70-80', containing tracks drawn from their back catalogue plus some specially recorded new material — and including a 24-page booklet.

THE FOUR TOPS return to the UK later this month for their annual concert and cabaret tour, visiting **Leicester** King Of Clubs (September 29-October 4), **Luton** Cesars (6-11), **Windsor** Blazers (12-18), **Nottingham** Commodore International (19), **Manchester** Golden Garter (20-25), **London** Palladium (26), **Cleethorpes** Peppers (30), **Eastbourne** Kings Country Club (November 1), **Croydon** Fairfield Hall (2) and **Watford** Bailey's (3-8).

DON WILLIAMS headlines another UK concert tour in November, promoter by Mervyn Conn. He plays **Manchester** Free Trade Hall (November 7), **Stafford** Bingley Hall (9), **Glasgow** Kelvin Hall (10), **Edinburgh** Playhouse (11), **Aberdeen** Capitol (12), **Brighton** Centre (14), **St. Austell** New Cornish Riviera (15), **Southampton** Gaumont (16), **Bristol** Colston Hall (18), **Gloucester** Leisure Centre (21), **Ipswich** Gaumont (22) and **London Hammersmith** Odeon (23).

CRUSADER CAMPAIGN

THE CRUSADERS headline a UK concert series next month, taking in Birmingham Odeon (October 6), Oxford New (7), Bristol Hippodrome (8), London Royal Albert Hall backed by a full orchestra (9), London Hammersmith Odeon (10), Manchester Apollo (11) and Newcastle City Hall (12).

Crusader Wilton Felder will have his solo album 'Inherit The Wind' issued by MCA to coincide with the tour, while the group's recently released LP is 'Rhapsody And Blues'. Support act on all dates is Randy Crawford with her own band. Tickets are on sale now, and they range from £2 to £6.50 (Albert Hall), £2 to £5 (Hammersmith) and £3 to £4.50 (elsewhere).

TOUR FRENZY

Stiff offsprings package

SON OF STIFF is the title of this year's package tour featuring artists associated with Stiff Records. The annual outing has — in the past — featured such subsequent stars as Ian Dury, Elvis Costello and Lene Lovich. Those involved this year are Midlands outfit **Any Trouble,** New York trio **Dirty Looks,** London reggae unit **The Equators** and Texas band **Joe 'King' Carrasco & The Crowns** — and the package is completed by a fifth "mystery" act. These five attractions play one title each on a five-track EP issued by Stiff on October 3.

Tour dates confimred so far are **Leeds** University (October 1), **Norwich** East Anglia University (3), **Nottingham** Uni (4), **Brighton** Jenkinsons (5), **Bournemouth** Stateside (6), **Birmingham** Romeo & Juliet's (8), **Bath** University (9), **Sheffield** Poly (10), **Loughborough** Uni (11), **Liverpool** Rotters (12), **Dublin** Trinity College (15), **Belfast** Ulster Hall (16), **Glasgow** Uni (17), **Newcastle** University (18), **Ayr** Pavilion (19), **Edinburgh** Tiffany's (20), **Keele** Uni (22), **Coventry** Poly (23), **Manchester** Uni (24), **Bradford** Uni (25), **Plymouth** Fiesta (27), **Exeter** Uni (28), **Southapton** Uni (29), **Guildford** Civic (30), **London** City Uni (31), **London Chelsea** College (November 1) and **London** Queen Elizabeth College (3).

● Prior to the tour proper, the five acts appear individually at **London** Marquee Club from September 24 to 28 inclusive.

CIRCUIT ROUND-UP

THE COMSAT ANGELS play London gigs at Clapham 101 Club (September 20), Herne Hill Half Moon (21), Islington Hope & Anchor (22) and Canning Town Bridge House (22), to promote their current Polydor album 'Waiting For A Miracle'. Later in the year they'll have a support spot on a major tour.

GLADYS KNIGHT & THE PIPS will now play two nights at London Victoria Apollo — on October 31 and November 1 — and they've slotted in a date at London Wembley Conference Centre on November 8.

HALL & OATES have sold out their gig at London Hammersmith Odeon on September 22, and have now arranged a second show at that venue the following night (23).

PAT BENETAR, the New York singer who's a major star in the States, plays Reading Hexagon (October 16) and London Tottenham-Ct. Rd. Dominion (18). The concerts support her new Chrysalis album 'Crimes Of Passion' and single 'Hit Me With Your Best Shot'.

JOHN MAYALL flies in at the tail end of a long European tour to play two dates at London Victoria The Venue on November 29 and 30 (two shows nightly). His album 'The Roadshow Blues' will be released by CBS to coincide.

RICK WAKEMAN adds London Lewisham Odeon (October 1) to his solo UK tour.

MONGO SANTAMARIA, of 'Watermelon Man' fame, flies into London with his six-piece Afro-Cuban band for a one-off concert at the Dominion in Tottenham-Ct. Rd. It's on Sunday, October 5 — and tickets are £3.50, £3 and £2.50.

JUDY COLLINS has added Dublin Stadium (October 1 and 2) and Portsmouth Centre Hotel (3) to her tour — reported two weeks ago — which opens at London Royal Festival Hall on September 29. Promoters are Henry Sellers, Peter Brightman and John Martin.

BILL HALEY & THE COMETS are still rocking around the clock, 24 years on. And they fly in for a one-off at London Hammersmith Odeon on November 20. Support act is Matchbox.

DR. FEELGOOD have added two more dates to their UK tour, which opens this weekend — at Hucknall Pit Rock (September 25) and Withernsea Grand Pavilion (26).

THE BOOKS have London gigs at Crystal Palace Hotel (this Saturday), Fulham Greyhound (Sunday), Clapham 101 Club (September 28) and Tottenham-Ct. Rd. Scala Cinema (October 17), in support of their new Logo Records album 'Expertise'.

SHEENA EASTON, with two Top 20 hits to her credit, is being lined up for her first-ever concerts in mid-autumn. She'll be part of a three-act package tour, also featuring Gerard Kenny and Denis Waterman.

BROTHERS JOHNSON have added a fourth night at London's Dominion Theatre on September 28, due to heavy ticket demand. Their new single 'Treasure' is issued by A&M on September 19.

RECORD NEWS

LATEST Robert Stigwood movie *Times Square* is expected to prove as big a blockbuster as his previous films *Saturday Night Fever* and *Grease.* The double soundtrack album is due out in October, with the picture to follow in December, and during the autumn there'll be a string of soundtrack singles issued by the individual companies concerned. Among artists involved are **Gary Numan, Roxy Music, Robin Gibb, XTC, The Cure, The Ruts, The Pretenders, Joe Jackson, The Ramones, Lou Reed, Talking Heads** and **Patti Smith.**

FIRST RELEASE on the new 101 Records label is the album 'Band' It's At Ten O'Clock'. The label centres around the South London venue, the 101 Club in Clapham, and features many of the bands who've played there. Included on the LP are **The Piranhas, The VIP's, Comsat Angels, Electric Eels, Holly & The Italians, Wasted Youth** and **The Scene,** among others. It's the first album in a series to be issued under the title of 'Live At 101', the next being a live compilation set.

● 'Big City, Bright Lights'/'Discotheque X' is the first single by **Missing Scientists** on the Rough Trade label. It's described as a double-sided tribute to Dandy Livingstone.

● **The Passions** have signed a worldwide deal with Polydor, who'll be releasing their single 'The Swimmer' at the end of this month. The band start a British tour on October 3 (details to follow), preceded by a London Marquee gig on September 21.

● The new **Split Enz** album 'True Colours', issued by A&M this weekend, incorporates a laser-cut graphic design on the disc — which, when played under good lighting, displays multiple colour patterns.

● **The Reluctant Stereotypes'** new single, issued this weekend by WEA, is 'Plans For Today'/'Subway'. Both titles were penned by band member Paul Sampson.

● The second MCA single from **The Tygers Of Pan Tang** is 'Euthanasia', released on September 26 and taken from their 'Wild Cat' album.

● The Buddy Holly classic 'Heartbeat' is **The Hollies'** latest Polydor single. It comes from their 15-track Holly tribute album, due out on September 26.

● **Viv Stanshall** has his first single for some time out this weekend, titled 'Terry Keeps His Clips On'. It's a taster from his upcoming album 'Teddy Boys Don't Knit'. Both are on the Charisma label.

● **Ian Gomm** has an LP called 'What A Blow' out this weekend on Albion Records (through Spartan). And on September 19, the same label issues a three-track EP by **The Small Brothers,** who supported The Fabulous Thunderbirds on their recent UK tour.

● New RCA signing **Grand Prix** have their debut single 'Thinking Of You' issued on September 26, followed on October 10 by their self-titled album.

● **Suzi Quatro**'s first single on the Dreamland label (an RSO subsidiary) is 'Rock Hard' from the soundtrack of the *Times Square* movie. Her album of the same title follows on October 24.

CHARISMA launch a new mid-price label called Repeat Performance this weekend, featuring artists connected with the company since its birth in 1969. Albums sell at £3.99, include many rare tracks and have an average playing time of 50 minutes. First two releases are by **Hawkwind** and **Van Der Graaf Generator,** with a compilation LP of classic Charisma singles to follow next week.

● Rocket Records this week release the debut single by their latest signing **3 Minutes,** titled 'Automatic Kids'. The band, who supported The Vapors on tour earlier this year, play what's described as "electronic music without synthesisers"!

● Tomorrow (Friday), Trojan issue a **Judge Dread** EP called 'The Big One', featuring his first three hits — 'Big 6', 'Big 7' and 'Big 8'. It sells at £1.49.

● To tie in with the reunion tour by **Atomic Rooster,** B&C Records reissue the band's first two hits on September 19 — they are 'Devils Answer' and 'Tomorrow Night', which both charted in 1971. The label, distributed by CBS, is also re-releasing the Rooster double album 'Home To Roost' (price £5.99).

● **Bertice Reading,** highly acclaimed for her appearance in the musical *Only In America,* has her first Chrysalis single issued on September 19. It was produced by Jerry Leiber and Mike Stoller, and features two of their songs — 'Stand By Me' and 'I'm A Woman'.

● **The Rumour's** new single, released by Stiff tomorrow (Friday), is the Nick Lowe song 'I Don't Want The Night To End'.

● Black band **Weapon Of Peace** release the single 'Children Of Today' on September 26 on their own label through Phonogram. A 12-inch version follows two weeks later.

● Virgin release a five-track double-pack single by **Gillan** on September 26, on which the main title is the Presley classic 'Trouble'. Also on the set are 'Your Sister's On My List' and three numbers recorded at the recent Reading Festival — 'Mr Universe', 'Vengeance' and 'Smoke On The Water".

● The first 50,000 copies of the new **Thin Lizzy** single 'Killer On The Loose/'Don't Play Around', issued by Vertigo on September 19, will contain a free live single — featuring 'Chinatown' and 'Got To Give It Up', recorded at Hammersmith and Dublin respectively. Their album 'Chinatown' follows on October 3. Lizzy's next UK tour will be early in the New Year.

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THIS AUTUMN

It's Magic —

YELLOW MAGIC ORCHESTRA come to Britain next month to play five major concerts — at Oxford New (October 11), Birmingham Odeon (12), Manchester Apollo (13), London Hammersmith Odeon (16) and Southampton Gaumont (18).

London ticket prices are £3.75, £3.25, £2.75 and £2.25; elsewhere they are £3, £2.50 and £2 (but no £2 seats at Oxford). Promoters are Kennedy Street Enterprises. The band are promoting their current A&M album 'X00 Multiplies' and single 'Behind The Mask'.

— and Manilow

BARRY MANILOW returns after a two-year absence to play three nights at London Wembley Arena on November 27, 28 and 29, with no support act. Tickets are £10, £8 and restricted view at £6.50. They are available by personal application, or by post — enclose s.a.e. and postal orders only, made payable to The Barry Manilow Box Office at 215 Westbourne Park Road, London W.11.

He then plays two nights at Stafford Bingley Hall on December 1 and 2. Tickets here are £10, £8 and £6, and it's postal bookings only from The Barry Manilow Box-Office 2 Swinbourne Grove, Withington, Manchester M20 9PP — POs only, made payable to Kennedy Street Enterprises.

ROXY OFF

ROXY MUSIC will not, after all, be playing in Britain this year. When their planned summer tour was cancelled due to Bryan Ferry's illness, it was expected that their dates would be re-set in November. But this isn't now happening, so people still holding tickets for Roxy's concerts must apply for cash refunds.

GREGORY ISAACS brings his distinctive brand of reggae to Britain for the first time in three years, opening tonight (Thursday) at **London Upton Park** Ace Cinema. Other confirmed gigs are at **Bradford** Palm Cove (Friday), **Manchester** Mayflower (Saturday), **London** Rainbow (Sunday), **Dunstable** Queensway Hall (September 21), **Birmingham** Top Rank (23), **Nottingham** Sherwood Rooms (25), **Huddersfield** Cleopatra's (27) and **Bristol** Colston Hall (October 3), with more dates being finalised. His album 'The Lonely Lover' is issued by Charisma this weekend.

Cafe on the motorway

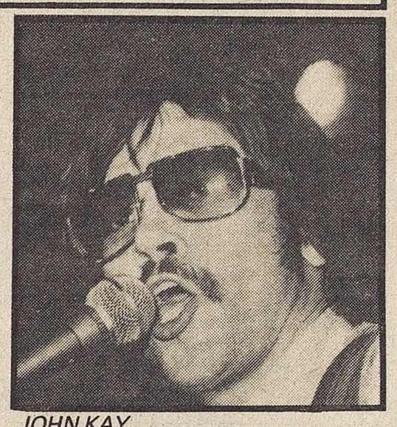
SAD CAFE embark on a UK tour in November, visiting **Preston** Guildhall (8), **Birmingham** Odeon (9), **Ipswich** Gaumont (10), **Leicester** De Montfort Hall (11), **Hanley** Victoria Hall (12), **Southampton** Gaumont (13), **Oxford** New Theatre (14), **Bristol** Colston Hall (16), **London Hammersmith** Odeon (17), **Liverpool** Empire (19), **Sheffield** City Hall (20), **Newcastle** City Hall (21), **Edinburgh** Odeon (22) and **Manchester** Apollo (23). Promoter is Danny Betesh of Kennedy Street Enterprises.

Ticket prices are £3.50, £3 and £2.50 — except at Hammersmith (£3.75, £3.25, £2.75 and £2.25) and Manchester and Leicester (£3.50 and £3). Box-offices open this Saturday — except at Bristol where it's October 16, although postal bookings will be accepted right away. The support act will be announced shortly.

The band's new album 'Sad Cafe', produced by Eric Stewart, will be issued by RCA on October 3. Out this week is a single culled from the LP titled 'La-Di-Da', which was one of the highlights of their last British tour in the spring.

KAY IN STEP

JOHN KAY & STEPPENWOLF, currently in London on a promotional visit, return to the UK later in the month for dates at **St Albans** City Hall (September 23), **Chesterfield** Shoulder Of Mutton (25), **Newcastle** Mayfair (26), **London Strand** Lyceum (28), **Birmingham** Digbeth Civic Hall (30) and **Poole** Arts Centre (October 1). Support act is Chicken Shack, and further dates are at present being arranged.



JOHN KAY

ROD STEWART will be touring Britain throughout December, playing up to two dozen concerts. He'll kick off early in the month with a string of shows at **London Wembley** Arena, though the dates are still flexible until his preceding European tour has been finalised. Riva say that full details of Stewart's gigs, and his new album for release in October.

SHOWADDYWADDY headline a lengthy autumn tour at **Oxford** New (this Saturday), **Peterborough** ABC (Sunday), **Bradford** St George's Hall (September 19), **Preston** Guildhall (20), **Derby** Assembly Rooms (21), **Wolverhampton** Civic Hall (28), **St Austell** New Cornish Riviera (October 11), **Taunton** Odeon (12), **Chelmsford** Odeon (November 9), **Scarborough** Futurist (15), **Hull** City Hall (16), **Poole** Wessex Hall (20), **Birmingham** Odeon (21), **Harrogate** Royal Hall (22), **Croydon** Fairfield Hall (23), **Brighton** Centre (28), **Southampton** Gaumont (29), **Bristol** Colston Hall (30), **Stockport** Davenport (December 4), **Leicester** De Montfort Hall (5), **Deeside** Leisure Centre (6), **Halifax** Civic Theatre (7), **Middlesbrough** Town Hall (8) and **Newcastle** City Hall (11). Promoter is Derek Rawden.

Yes in concerts drama

YES have now confirmed their first UK tour since their recent personnel upheaval, which saw the departure of Rick Wakeman and Jon Anderson, and the introduction of the Buggles duo Geoff Downes and Trevor Horn. Dates are **Bristol** Hippodrome (November 16), **Oxford** New Theatre (17), **Birmingham** Odeon (19 and 20), **Deeside** Leisure Centre (22), **Leicester** De Montfort Hall (24 and 25), **Glasgow** Apollo (27 and 28), **Edinburgh** Playhouse (29 and 30), **Newcastle** City Hall (December 2, 3 and 4), **Manchester** Apollo (6 and 7), **Southampton** Gaumont (9 and 10), **Brighton** Centre (11), **London Lewisham** Odeon (12), **London Hammersmith** Odeon (14, 15 and 16) and **London** Rainbow (17 and 18).

Tickets are on sale now at all venues by post or personal application — except Deeside, where it's post only. Top prices are £5.50 (London) and £4.50 (elsewhere), but you'll have to check with the respective box-offices for full details, as we haven't been given the complete price range.

Q-TIPS begin a massive autumn tour this weekend, aiding promoting of their current self-titled album on the Chrysalis label. They play **St Albans** City Hall (this Saturday), **London** Marquee (September 19 and 20), **Bristol** Polytechnic (25), **London** North Polytechnic (26), **Watford** Herts College of Further Education (27), **Kirklevington** Country Club (28), **Preston** Polytechnic (29), **Norwich** East Anglia University (October 1), **Loughborough** University (3), **Derby** College (4), **Uxbridge** Brunel University (6), **Reading** University (7), **Southampton** University (8), **Coventry** Warwick University (9), **Leeds** University (10), **Leicester** University (11), **Southend** Zero 6 (13), **Bradford** University (15), **Sheffield** Limit (16), **Newcastle** Polytechnic (17), **Durham** University (18), **Wolverhampton** Lafayette (19), **Plymouth** Polytechnic (21), **Swansea** University (22), **Manchester** UMIST (23), **Birmingham** Aston University (24), **Cardiff** Top Rank (28), **Brighton** Sussex University (29), **Leeds** Warehouse (30), **Dundee** University (31), **Glasgow** Strathclyde University (November 1), **Edinburgh** Tiffany's (3), **Hull** University (4) and **Norwich** Cromwells (6).

REST OF THE NEWS

● **STRAY** have re-formed with three original members — Ritchie Cole (drums), Gary Giles (bass) and Pete Dyer (lead guitar and vocals) — plus new guitarist Tony Pow. They're in action this week at Grimsby Central Hall (tonight, Thursday), Middlesbrough Rock Garden (Friday) and Nottingham Boat Club (Saturday), before going into the studios.

● **DIRE STRAITS** have become a three-piece following the departure of rhythm guitarist David Knopfler, brother of leader Mark Knopfler, who plans to concentrate on writing and production. The Straits trio will, however, augment for concerts when necessary.

● **RANDOM HOLD** are being re-formed by Dave Ferguson (keyboards) and Pete Phipps (drums). They've just signed a new bassist and guitarist, and are now looking for a girl singer. Interested parties should contact Hit & Run Music, 55-59 Shaftesbury Avenue, London W.1.

● **HEADLINE** have undergone a personnel upheaval, with Michael Riley and Winston Blissett leaving the band, to be replaced by John 'General' Benson (vocals, keyboards and guitar) and 'Earth' Kweku (bass). The new-look outfit will shortly be playing a series of UK dates.

● **THE BLUES BAND** are to make a half-hour documentary film, which will be distributed nationally in December as support to a major picture. It contains some live footage of the band in action, and is being directed by Peter Sykes. Meanwhile, the outfit's new single 'Find Yourself Another Fool' is released this weekend.

More Metal

UFO, currently putting the finishing touches to a new album with the working title of 'Profession Of Violence', have lined up another string of major concerts for next month. They play **Sheffield** City Hall (October 1), **Derby** Assembly Rooms (2), **Leicester** De Montfort Hall (3), **Bracknell** Sports Centre (4), **Southampton** Gaumont (5), **Bristol** Colston Hall (6), **Cardiff** Sophia Gardens (7), **Poole** Arts Centre (8), **Portsmouth** Guildhall (9), **Oxford** New Theatre (10), **Leeds** Queens Hall (11), **Ipswich** Gaumont (12), **Newcastle** City Hall (15 and 16), **Edinburgh** Odeon (17), **Dundee** Caird Hall (18), **Aberdeen** Capitol (19), **Glasgow** Apollo (20) and **Coventry** Theatre (22). Support act is Fist.

IRON MAIDEN, just back from supporting Kiss in Europe, headline a series of ten concerts later in the autumn — at **Uxbridge** Brunel University (November 21), **Leeds** University (22), **Redcar** Coatham Bowl (23), **Hull** City Hall (24), **Newcastle** City Hall (25), **Birmingham** Odeon (26), **Derby** Assembly Rooms (27), **Hanley** Victoria Hall (28), **Sheffield** University (29) and **Manchester** Apollo (30). Tickets generally are £3.25, £2.75 and £2.25 — except at Redcar (£3 only) and Hull (3.50, £3 and £2.50). The band, who are about to start work on their next album, are planning a special Christmas show in **London** — details to be announced shortly.

SAXON set out on a 28-date UK tour in late autumn, tied in with the early November release of their third Carrere album 'Strong Arm Of The Law'. They play **St. Austell** New Cornish Riviera (November 20), **Taunton** Odeon (21), **Swindon** Leisure Centre (22), **Chelmsford** Odeon (23), **Hemel Hempstead** Pavilion (24), **Wolverhampton** Civic Hall (25), **Cardiff** Sophia Gardens (26), **Sheffield** City Hall (27), **Bradford** St. George's Hall (29), **Blackburn** King George's Hall (30), **Manchester** Apollo (December 1), **Liverpool** Empire (2), **Bristol** Colston Hall (3), **Leicester** De Montfort Hall (4), **Coventry** Theatre (5), **Oxford** New (6), **Ipswich** Gaumont (7), **Southampton** Gaumont (8), **Derby** Assembly Rooms (9), **Hanley** Victoria Hall (10), **Middlesbrough** Town Hall (11), **Edinburgh** Odeon (13), **Glasgow** Apollo (14), **Dundee** Caird Hall (15), **Newcastle** City Hall (16), **Birmingham** Odeon (17), **Gloucester** Leisure Centre (18) and **London Hammersmith** Odeon (19). For the most part, ticket prices are £3.25, £3 and £2.75 (seated venues) and £3 (unseated), and most box-offices are already open.

OSSIE OSBOURNE and his new band Blizzard Of Oz begin their UK debut tour this weekend, in support of their self-titled first album. Dates are **Glasgow** Apollo (tomorrow, Friday), **Dundee** Caird Hall (Saturday), **Edinburgh** Odeon (September 15), **Newcastle** City Hall (17), **Bradford** St. George's Hall (18), **London** Hammersmith Odeon (20 and 21), **Manchester** Apollo (23), **Coventry** Theatre (24), **Liverpool** Royal Court (26), **Birmingham** Odeon (28), **Leicester** De Montfort Hall (29), **Oxford** New (October 1), **Southampton** Gaumont (2), **Blackburn** King George's Hall (6), **Sheffield** City Hall (7) and **Cardiff** Sophia Gardens (9) Budgie support.

SAXON

URIAH HEEP will be headlining a major UK tour in November, despite the departure of Ken Hensley — their keyboardist, vocalist and main songwriter for the past decade — who has left the band to pursue a number of solo projects, including the completion of a solo album. A new keyboards man, as yet un-named, has already been signed to replace Hensley. Heep say they'll now revert to a "pure heavy metal style", which will be reflected in their upcoming tour — and the LP to be issued simultaneously.

VARDIS play **Colwyn Bay** Pier Pavilion (tonight, Thursday), **Gravesend** Woodville Hall (September 15), **Rayleigh** Crocs (19), **Pontefract** Blackamore (28) and **Leeds** University (29). They'll be previewing their debut album '100mph', set for mid-October release by Logo, with the first 10,000 copies containing a free live single.

AC/DC, already set for three nights at London Hammersmith Odeon as part of their autumn tour, have now slotted in three more **London** concerts at the Victoria Apollo on November 14, 15 and 16 (tickets £4.50, £4 and £3.50). They've also added a date at **Newcastle** Mayfair on October 31 (all tickets £4).

GILLAN have switched their October 2 date (originally planned as a second night in **Newcastle**) to **Sunderland** Mayfair. Tickets are £3 (advance) and £3.50 (doors).

Darts in flight

DARTS have been confirmed for their UK tour since they were joined by drummer Keith Gotheridge and ex-Mud guitarist Rob Davis, and re-joined by keyboards man Mike Deacon. They play **Portsmouth** Guildhall (October 6), **London Hammersmith** Odeon (7), **Liverpool** Empire (9), **Ipswich** Gaumont (10), **Bristol** Colston Hall (12), **Southampton** Gaumont (13), **Derby** Assembly Rooms (15), **Coventry** Theatre (16), **Poole** Arts Centre (22), **St Austell** New Cornish Riviera (23), **Paignton** Festival Theatre (24), **Nottingham** University (25), **Croydon** Fairfield Hall (26), **Leicester** De Montfort Hall (27), **Blackburn** King George's Hall (28), **Edinburgh** Playhouse (November 3), **Ashington** Leisure Centre (4), **Manchester** University (7) and **Leeds** University (8). Tickets are on sale now.

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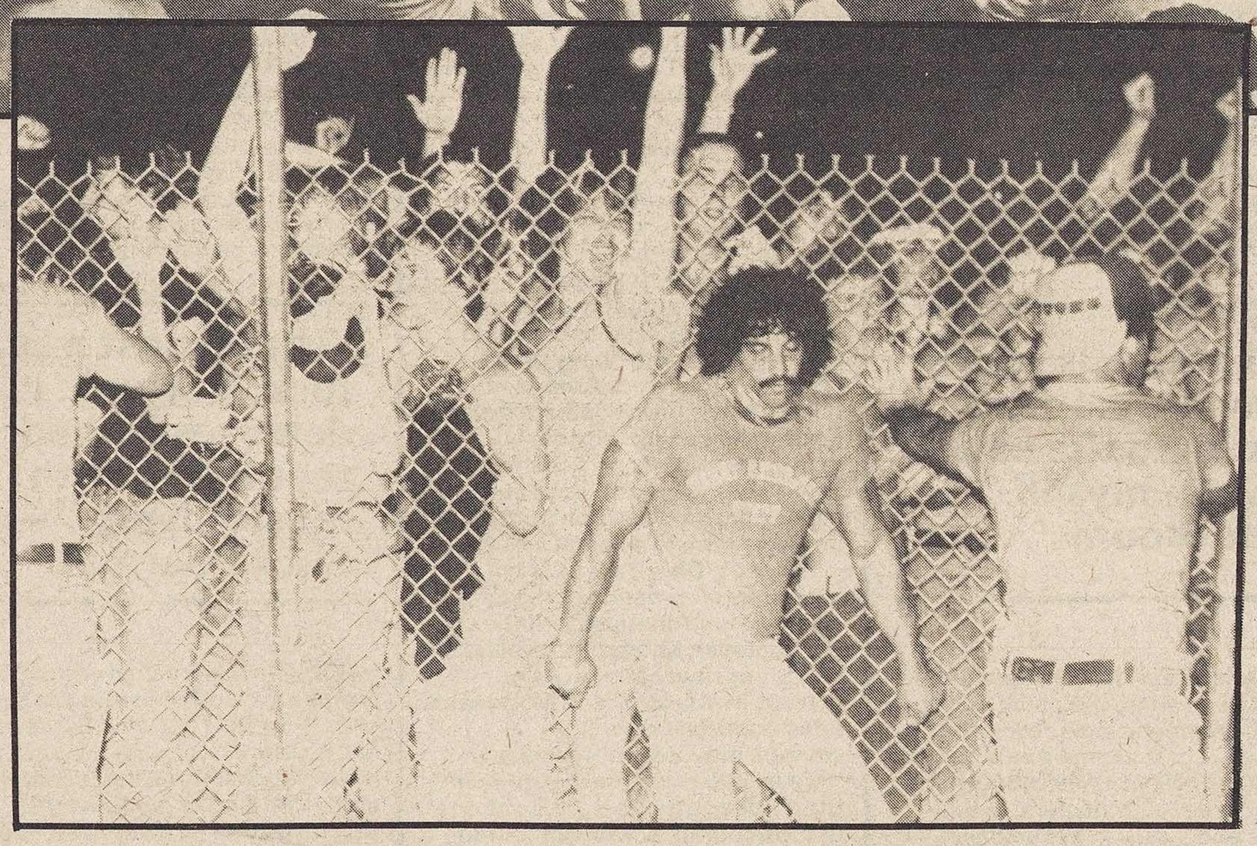

White devil madness in America's heartland Blue Oyster Cult take the pulse

Words: MAX BELL

Pix: JOE STEVENS

THE GOLDEN AGE of hotrod and dragster racing is over but the USA is still littered with its mythology.

One such relic is Lebanon Valley Speedway. Framed by the Catskill Mountains and serving the community of Albany (a billion dollar Government town and upstate New York capitol) the old horsepower mecca nowadays resounds to a different brand of mangled metallic thrill. In 1980, it's an ideal setting for heavy arena rock.

One unnaturally steamy night in August, 20,000 kids from Columbia and neighbouring counties flock to the Valley to take part in a black and blue ritual, a kind of aural Los Alamos with added volume fall-out.

Tonight Blue Oyster Cult and Black Sabbath (once posited by metal guru Sandy Pearlman as the arch exponents of guitar music as triumph of the will) are engaged in a battle of the bands before an extremely drunk and rowdy rabble of local citizens.

The natives are restless, living proof of the crowd-as-animal dictum which seems so much hokum when you're happily in its midst and terrifyingly true when you observe from outside.

After bill-openers Shakin' Street have whipped the audience into a limited frenzy a calm descends, but the advent of Sabbath uncovers a potentially lethal time bomb. The concert promoter fluffs his crowd control completely, he's all macho threats and the beast will not respond even though people are getting badly crushed and the security guards (in customised muscle shirts) look like extras from Altamont. The kids press themselves into a flesh sandwich. Punches are indiscriminately traded.

Black Sabbath lap this up like Romans at the Christian picnic (they are after all the satanic princes of doom etc) and drone their downer rock on and on, applauding the fanatics who set fire to huge black crosses and fling them into the air — hideous burnt offerings.

After a while the sight of 20,000 restless crazies obliterated on reds and wine starts to take on the glint of the second ring in Dante's *Inferno.* The prospect of becoming a statistic in some headlong riot, caught in a crush of fire and bone and falling masonry, strikes the appropriate note of horror. Blue Oyster Cult are not at all amused to find themselves involved in an irresponsible death pit and deliver the promoter an ultimatum. These people simmer down, move back, or they don't go on.

By now the atmosphere is beyond straining. The audience surges about the wire fence dividing group from customer in a display of white devil madness.

Eventually Cult guitarist Buck Dharma (aka Don Roeser) succeeds in releasing the pressure valve by talking to the crowd like a human being. The gambit is partially effective and backstage the limousines are ready for a quick getaway should the fence collapse. If that happens and the kids break through there are two options. Either they wander around in a harmless daze, examining the equipment and baiting the roadies or, more likely, they eject like a cork out of a champagne bottle, taking the flimsy steel stage with them, plus several tons of highly dangerous electrical equipment, a massive tarpaulin and a few dozen bodies trapped twenty feet above ground level. Me included.

About that time the brain starts to run amok and you hope your employers remembered the insurance. Could be a pretty ignominious way to go too, stuck underneath a bloody great Marshall amp and frying at the toes.

TWO HOURS later I was relieved to find myself alive. The crowd was flowing slowly out the gates and past events subsided into more mellow matters. The discarded wrecks by the Speedway drag took on an unearthly aspect as the twilight faded.

I'm walking along the empty track with Dharma, him lamenting the awful state that American kids get into on narcotics and the appallingly lax precautions taken by the promoter. Turns out that Buck is a race fan himself. He reminisces about the Surfaris and surf rock and the declaration from Jimi Hendrix that we'd never hear that stuff again.

"But we will. Time was when to emulate the Surfaris was mandatory. You'd made it then. I only appreciated Hendrix fully after he'd croaked. The only time in my life I ever rushed stage was a Hendrix gig at Stony Brook. The last amplifier I bought with my own money was used by Hendrix too."

As for the heavy metal resurgence Well Dharma would rather hear the Pretenders. "Personally, I hate most metal rock. It doesn't have any intelligence or any melody. It is junk, it deserves its bad reputation with music lovers."

Enter the old spectre: are the Blue Oyster Cult a heavy metal band? If so why is Buck Dharma belittling the genre? But I can't be bothered to revive that chestnut. It's too boring. After all BOC have suffered the slings and arrows for nigh on ten years — ever since they crawled out on their soft white underbelly in the late '60s, the last and the first of the great psychotronic destroy-all-monsters outfits. They've gone from playing dives like Conry's Bar in Pennsylvania where the punters sloped off to carve each other up in the parking lot, to Madison Square Garden. They've taken a critical nosedive or three and bounced back with 'Cultosaurus Erectus' — the new album which is as exact a representation of their enigma as the earlier masterworks. It has to be good, *Creem* magazine hated it.

The following morning I picked up the local Albany paper (*The Knickerbocker News*) and gaped at the headline. *TWO DIE LEAVING AREA ROCK CONCERT.*

A third death remains unidentified and two people are seriously injured in crashes. Others had overturned cars, driven four abreast down the streets and smashed police car windows. The dead youths were involved in hit-and-run accidents near the grounds, ordinary teenagers pushing their luck and judgment too far. Now their cars are crumpled heaps of useless tin. Dragster racing and public highways are not compatible.

THE NEXT time I catch BOC is in Asbury Park, New Jersey — Springsteen country. It lies forty odd miles from Manhattan, a seaside town, characterised by its amusement parks, fish restaurants and that sensation of loose boredom you feel in coastal resorts after midnight. Asbury Park is very suburban, conservative, a bit like Hastings.

The Convention Hall backs onto the beach, surf laps around the outer walls. Inside 3000 Cult fans are getting decked out in some appropriate artefact. A booming merchandise business indicates that the group are enjoying another peak of acceptance after the trough of their previous album, 'Mirrors'. Tonight's set is more suited to a small auditorium, benefitting from a greater spontaneity and even an impromptu encore of 'Roadhouse Blues'.

In recent years Blue Oyster Cult's recorded work has been far more ambitious than their live act. Like any tested big time operation, they are stymied by giving the public what it wants. There are few suprises. BOC are aware of that trap and tend to revert to their earlier Soft White Underbelly bar status when the going gets static. In that context they become recognisable as a non-calculating, informal rock and roll group.

Asbury Park reflects their smooth side, straffing through with out a hitch until they perform an anarchic, jangled 'Hungry Boys'. This bizarre tale of addiction is one of three Albert Bouchard songs from the new album, a hilariously tasteless joyride with an acceleration straight out of the Stalk Forrest vein. The crowd isn't sure how to take the off-beat.

Later we talk down by the oceanside. Singer Eric Bloom, bluff and straightforward, is clutching a belated gold record for 'Some Enchanted Evening'. Sandy Pearlman (manager, long-term producer and confidante) wanders over and looks at the disc. "Told you it would sell."

"Yeah, but it took two years," Bloom retorts. Pearlman shrugs,

Continues over

Meanwhile, backstage with BOC

From previous page

probably imagining himself eating a few of the specials in a Chinatown restaurant. Pearlman has always had such priorties right and if his methods have indicated a certain peculiar obsession, he is certainly not the evil influence some people have painted him to be. Specifically, The Clash's reported discontent is far more indicative of their own confusion. Mention that to Pearlman now and he chuckles. "Whaddya mean? I'm producing their next album."

Bloom talks about working with Michael Moorcock, with whom he co-wrote 'Black Blade', and with whom he will shortly start filming an epic Sword and Sorcery flick, set in Celtic times. "It'll be an Elric film in the genre Moorcock's master of. I've done no acting before except this (thumbing at the stage). My job. The hero is the eternal champion, a Sojan figure who fucks up a lot like our great yoyo president. Someone put a bee in Michael's ear about casting the Winter Brothers, 'cos they're albinos. Yuk! I'd rather see a real actor in a wig."

Bloom will assist in the screenplay and the soundtrack and probably get to enslave a few Rhanians and do some galaxy hopping, mystic signs in tow. (Elric Bloom?).

Apropos of gold records I ask him if the recession has affected Cult sales. "Of course. Nothing is selling anymore. Not that I blame people for blank taping, I do it. The market is getting narrower. Give buyers the choice between Billy Joel, Pink Floyd and Blue Oyster Cult and they'll settle for Billy Joel and Pink Floyd. I can't listen to the new album myself but I like it. I disliked 'Mirrors' mucho, partly because I didn't get to play on the record and the producer, Tom Werman, had everyone sing their own songs. It's very dry and we took a lot of flak for it, everyone said we'd gone soft. 'Cultosaurus' is the reaction. It took six weeks to make in a small Long Island studio near my home. Simple."

Pearlman is back. Bloom tells him "We were just discussing making frisbees out of 'Mirrors'."

"That would be too good for it I feel."

Bloom snorts derisively and goes off to speak to the inevitable bike freaks who show up when the Cult hit town. If he isn't out riding hogwild with the local MC, Eric likes to relax at home with a bottle of Harvey's Bristol Cream and the latest *Autodrive,* practise Japanese and research world-wide disasters with which to preface 'Godzilla'. Mo sura ta corjira, as someone at the Toho monster factory once remarked.

Dory Lanier (Allen's missus) peforms her version of Englebert's 'Ten Guitars' (minus two).

THE PRODUCER of the new album, Martin Birch, is an Englishman selected by Pearlman and admired by the group for his sound on 'Machine Head', 'Beck-Ola' and 'Heaven And Hell'.

Birch's unobtrusive approach is highly praised by BOC and despite the similarities in effect with those premier hard rock extravaganzas, 'Tyranny And Mutation' and 'Secret Treaties', they say his style got them out of the formula of working with Pearlman while retaining a unified and spacious impact — no overdubs necessary.

According to Don Roeser (aka Buck Dharma) the sessions were intentionally designed to exorcise the memory of 'Mirrors'. "We did just what the hell we pleased instead, throwing away all notions of calculation. Ever since 'The Reaper' was a hit we've been under pressure to duplicate that success; the body of our work failed. Even on 'Spectres' everyone tried to write a hit single and that's a bad mistake. The Cult is never destined to be successful at a format. To be a singles band you have to win the casual buyer."

So why did they ever use Werman at all?

Bloom reckons they were stuck with him, a *name* producer, well liked at Columbia/Epic (he'd worked with Cheap Trick, Nugent and Molly Hatchett). "Plus you need the whole band to tell a producer to get lost and Werman's method of working with us individually made that difficult. Unless you're particularly rich you can't afford to switch around."

The rebounding form of 'Cultosaurus Erectus' can be traced to a renewal of strength in writing and a collective sound that suggests they enjoyed deploying their reliable gambits. Add the assortment of melodies to the outrageous Cassiopeian explosions, intelligence and idiosyncratic humour and you've got yourself a proper Cult album. The title, a fiendish steal from Charles Mingus' 'Pithecanthropus Erectus', is also a heavy metal jibe, parodying its dinosaur image and evoking a healthy self-deprecation. Great BOC deviations have always combined elements of expansive fantasy and recognised the absurdity of placing rock and roll on a pedestal. The unused title 'Power In The Hand Of Fools' (for 'Secret Treaties') is one

"Nothing is selling anymore. I can't listen to the new album myself." — Eric Bloom

time when Pearlman thought they might be pushing their luck too far.

This contrast is manifest in the characters of the band itself. It's hard to link the off-duty Albert Bouchard as the writer of 'Monsters' (gang bangs and piracy in hyperspace), and the collaborator of 'Unknown Tongue' (with satirical odd-ball David Roter). The subject of 'Unknown Tongue' is a nice teenage girl who just happens to drink her own blood. Ridiculous but true.

"Yeah, the girl Margaret was someone David used to go out with. She was perfectly normal except that she had a fetish for cutting her big toe with a razor and drinking the results. Nobody knew that at school, she was a pleasant Catholic girl, hee hee."

Donald Roeser's hypnotic 'Deadline' is even more gruesome, the one obstacle that prevents it making the radio in America. "It's a little under-appreciated in terms of air play. The song is about an old friend of ours, Phil King, who used to book us in small clubs. He was murdered as the result of messing with organised crime and not paying up. He disregarded the gravity of the consequences. On another level the narrative thrust is a cautionary rap. It's all true."

Pearlman mentions that it could be a single in Europe. "But it'll be banned," he counters with customary exaggeration.

Roeser's writing is marked with a subtlety and resonance that has nothing to do with heavy metal. While the English new wave of blissed-out morons operate from a position of one dimensional ignorance and sexual boasting the Cult have always abhorred any super-heroics. They don't pose for back street male publications either.

Roeser's 'Divine Wind' is an ingenious summation of the crisis surrounding American attitudes to the Ayatollah Khomeini. Its oblique beginning, invocations of the witches in *Macbeth* and McDonalds ("fast food/fast cars/fast women/movie stars") gradually unravel into a convincing study of misguided patriotism. "It's not one of those bomb, bomb, bomb Iran songs. There is a song like that that's popular in the States. In a way it's more to do with America than Iran. I was annoyed when the hostages were taken but I could see how the Iranians would justify it. When you know everything that's bad in our country, the fact that we have the capacity to destroy, that we screw up Third World countries when we could be helping them economically, our greed with oil, the things expected as a right. . . maybe if the Iranians really think we're evil, the devil, then perhaps we are. We could be rushing headlong into Armageddon.

"The crux of the problem was that Iran disregarded diplomatic immunity and while no-one doubts that people spy in embassies that's another frightening breakdown in world-wide convention. The UN is reduced to the old League of Nations, everyone trying for the hammerlock and no-one's kidding each other anymore.

"Actually I've always thought aliens are the only answer, though if they're anything like us they won't necessarily be benevolent."

"I hate most metal rock. It *is* junk. It deserves its bad reputation with music lovers." — Buck Dharma.

Roeser's approach to writing is just as valid and rewarding as say, Elvis Costello's or David Byrne's. He has no more truck with the phallic posturing that turns the rock star into some kind of gift to women. "I like songs that deal with personal experience but if you're prolific you tend to live your life creating fodder for lyrics when a lot of your average life isn't exciting at all. Songs only ever ring true if they articulate understandable emotion. Chrissie Hynde is good at that and I liked 'What A Fool Believes' by the Doobie Brothers for the same reason. It's plausible. Stuff that's totally from the imagination seldom works and boogie lyrics are always trite."

L to r: Albert Bouchard, Joe Bouchard, Allen Lanier, Don Roeser, Eric Bloom.

THIS YEAR the Cult members will start to finalise their solo plans. Roeser will be the first. He'd like to approach Stephen King, the dean of contemporary horror, many of whose themes seem ideally suited to the BOC treatment. "King is called a gothic writer but he's not like Poe or Lovecraft. He's expert at interpreting the mundane and making that scary."

King for his part was sufficiently taken with 'The Reaper' to quote it after the title page in *The Stand,* his best book to date.

Allen Lanier, studious romantic keyboards player, the oldest member of the Cult, has no intention of making a solo record and refused to write songs for 'Cultosaurus Erectus'. "The band didn't need any personal lyrics like the ones I had on 'Mirrors', they needed BOC type material. My songs are atypical and it was really now or never for us. For the Cult to succeed again we had to indulge our bizarre side, the mixture of Science Fiction and fantasy, to project the image that suits the band best."

While Lanier has been fingered by some writers as the Cult's closet intellectual, he has contributed greatly to its initial core, having written extensively with both Pearlman and gonzo rock writer Richard Meltzer in the past. "Yeah, but now my approach is different. I'm not enamoured of the solo idea, it's a very lonely ride. I'm more interested in working with Jim Carroll 'cos I've always preferred co-operative music. The exciting thing about Jim is that you'd expect him to be stuck with that limited edition crowd, with his writing handed around a select few. Yet his book *(The Basketball Diaries)* is a Bantam paperback, it's on sale in airports. . . Otherwise I just like working with other people, that's more what rock and roll is about. Carroll's record (shortly to be released on Rolling Stones records) is strictly amateur in terms of what he does but the enthusiasm and the push are very organised. One song called 'Some People Who Died' is almost talked as opposed to sung, the language carries a great power."

Albert Bouchard: "It has the same effect as the early Stones in fact, plus a rhythm in words, what you wished Dylan was still like."

The Bouchard Brothers still manifest an incredible family tightness (I can't think of any other brothers who could stick ten years in the same rhythm section and still talk to each other). Albert perhaps clings to the Pearlman legacy more than the others and will now record his 'Immaginos' album (the cycle of Desdanova songs). Pearlman continues to write for that eventuality. "That's a priority now, I have to do it. Sandy has a film company to finance the record. The album will be orchestral too, I hope, I haven't been able to get the musicians yet. It would be nice if the Cult played on some of it."

PERHAPS its critical naivety but I've always imagined that in an ideal world the Blue Oyster Cult would shake off the shackles of the business and garner the appropriate appreciation. Their fusion of the arcane and the sardonic hasn't enabled them to make that transition unscathed but it has fuelled the only hard rock band in America worth taking seriously.

Having Pearlman working for them inside and out of Columbia has kept them mericfully independent of company hyperbole; no-one in the towering 6th Avenue skycraper even knows who they are.

This time around the band even wrote a song together. 'The Marshall Plan' is a logical epitaph for the ultimately misguided heavy metal fan. The would-be hero, Johnny, is trapped in the Mid West, striking poses and practising for the day when he has a guitar and a big amp. Eventually he becomes a rock star but he loses his girl. So much for the image.

Albert Bouchard outlines the possibility for a 'Marshall Plan Part II'. "I want the guy to get killed in a car crash and then be brought back to life by his amplifier. The amp starts glowing and suddenly he bursts through the speakers, triumphant, alive again! But the others said that was too ridiculous."

Even the Horn-Swooped Bungo Pony might agree that it was. I look forward to hearing it soon.

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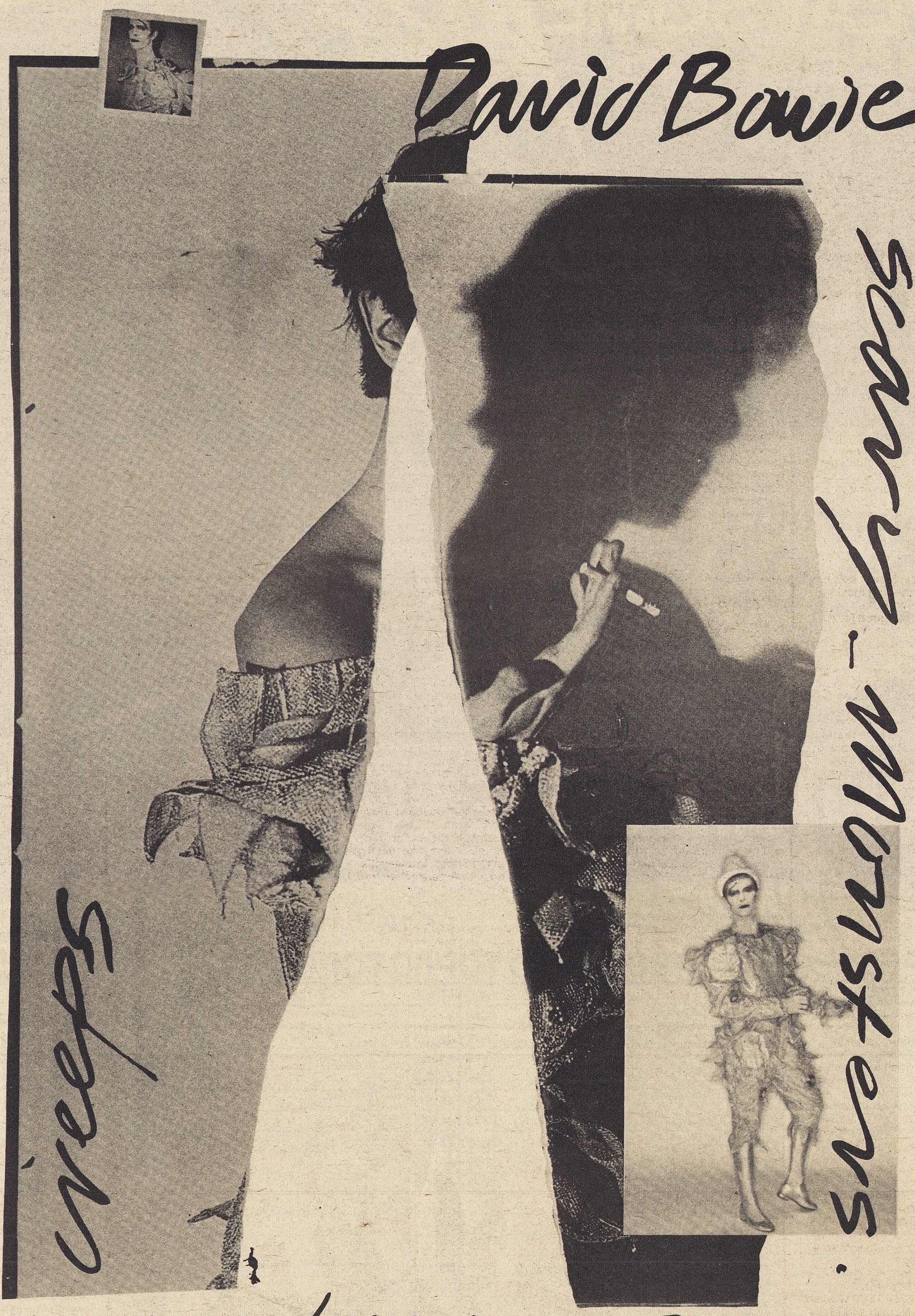

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'THE MUSIC PRESS'

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IT PROBABLY seemed like a good idea at the time. Collect yourself a panel of pop pundits, stick them in front of an audience, and have them thrash out the answers to such age-old imponderables as . . .

"How far does the music press predetermine taste? Is there a common critical language applied to the music, or are the judgements purely subjective? To what extent do rock artists really represent a culture? . . ."

In the end, however, after two hours of largely self-serving and often incoherent debate, nothing was revealed — except perhaps that Derek Jewell is an even bigger prat than hitherto suspected. All attempts at useful discussion were more or less quashed at the outset, simply by the unworkable selection of 'experts' and the inept, condescending chairmanship of the man from the *Observer* (who admitted he wasn't really interested anyway).

The music press itself had only two genuine representatives, *NME's* Neil Spencer and *ZigZag's* Kris Needs. Both laboured to establish the right of rock music to better treatment than that afforded by the nationals. Did The Members, for instance, warrant no more serious consideration then the *Sun's* "Cheeky Nicky And His Naughty Members"?

"What's wrong with sex?" snapped back the lady from the *Sun's* pop page. "Have you got something against it?"

Not, of course, the point. But then, it wasn't a very good night for points of any description. Representing the *Guardian,* Robin Denselow was as sensible and reasonable and neutral as a *Guardian* representative should be, and ended up saying not very much at all. Star of the occasion was undoubtedly *Sunday Times* guru Derek ("I discovered The Beatles") Jewell.

Citing his 86 years of pop criticism as somehow *qualifying* him to pontificate on modern music (the Pistols are pompously dismissed as "rather a small group") Jewell sat serene as the Buddha, and as impervious to self-doubt. He's probably the finest living testament to middle-aged complacency presently at large in a collapsing industry which boasts many such examples.

Finally, the bored-looking *Observer* chairman suggested that everybody — journalists and intellectuals — retire to the bar downstairs. In the rush that ensued, it is believed several lives were lost. But first casualty at this affair — inevitably — was the truth.

PAUL DU NOYER

Thrills

Designer Gene★ Has plans for Jimmy★★★★★★

StarChild Simmons selects nuptial negligee for nubile fiancee Page

KISS ARE in town! Yup friends, that grand old turn — who keep alive the Vaudeville Speciality Spirit of Swain's Rats & Cats and Ali Ben Hassan's Whirlwind Moroccans with their whacky outfits and saucy songs — are once again dragging their blend of pop, paraffin and panstick around the halls.

Last week in London's busy West End, I was lucky enough to be present at a secret press conference arranged by the band's publicist, 'Lanky' Lou Brainsby. The 'boys' are here to introduce their new member 'Eric' — and play to their fans "even though we'll lose money on the tour".

The nation's press put them on the spot with such piercing questions as "How long do you take to make up?", "How did you choose Eric?" and "What does the show cost to put on?". *Thrills* was there to ask but one question. The query that must surely be on the lips of a million kids. Namely: What do the band think of The Ayatollah?

Kiss: What do we think of the Aya — why do you want to know?

***Thrills:* It's important.**

Kiss: We disagree ... we're not a political band and —

***Thrills:* It's not a political question.**

Kiss: Oh, but it is you see — *(Ace Frehley)* He sucks.

***Thrills:* That's all we want to know.**

Kiss: That's off the record, fellah. No, no. Why do you wanna know? Obviously we're not happy about it but, er ... *(Much inter-band staring)* We do not wish to answer that. We're here to talk Kiss, not answer questions like ... that. We don't wish to answer that.

Humph. Sinking back into our chairs *Thrills* radioed back into the office. "Kiss mealy-mouthed STOP Squirm over Ayatollah STOP Request further questions OVER". All this time Gene Simmons was playing a rather professional game of footsie with Fleet Street. A man from the *Mail* wanted to know whether he was going to marry Diana Ross.

GS: Who?

MFTM: Y'know, *Diana Ross*. You two have been seen out a lot recently.

GS: You got it all wrong. I'm going steady with Jimmy Page.

MFTM: No really, how long have you been together now?

GS: Y'mean Jimmy and I?

... And so on. It was all over before it began and they teetered off stage again. I'd forgot to ask them whether they wanted to be in a circus when they were kids. Then the office radio'd through; "Ask Gene Simmons if he's going to marry Diana Ross". Oh brother ...

DANNY LA RUDE

Pic: Tom Sheehan

HOT ROCKS

One anti-nuke band melts down to business ...

WHAT DO most groups get up — or down — to between gigs? The laundry, scoring, babysitting; maybe a Saturday night at the ABC?

For the Tennessee Farm Band, however, such pastoral pursuits loomed a bit pallid, seeing they were already the product of a 1,350-person American commune (the famous Farm of the '60s). So they changed their name to the Nuclear Regulatory Commission and issued a 'policy statement' flowery enough to match Scratch Perry's letter to the Japanese Minister of Culture defending Paul McCartney's right to smoke.

They re-termed their basic boogie 'high-core, high-intensity rock' and — more interestingly — they took to prosecuting dodgy nuclear plants in their offstage moments, just like the *real* Nuclear Regulatory Commission is supposed to do.

First off they embarrassed Washington DC's Smithsonian Institute into altering a geological display when their homemade 'Nukebuster' proved that the ore exhibits were causing a radiation level 800 times the normal background. Then they blew the whistle on a defunct uranium mine. Now the five-piece have sued (through the *other* NRC) to shut down the Sequoyah nuclear plant near Chatanooga — the first nuclear plant to be licensed in America since Three Mile Island. The band claim it could never withstand a similar hydrogen blast.

The NRC have produced an EP with five ditties, a trifle on the didactic side but obviously backed by real intentions. They are interested in discussing "any concerts in the fight against nuclear madness" and can be contacted either via the Farm (156 Drakes Lane, Summertown, Tenn. USA 38483), or their community here: Eire Farm, Timoleague Bandon, County Cork, Ireland.

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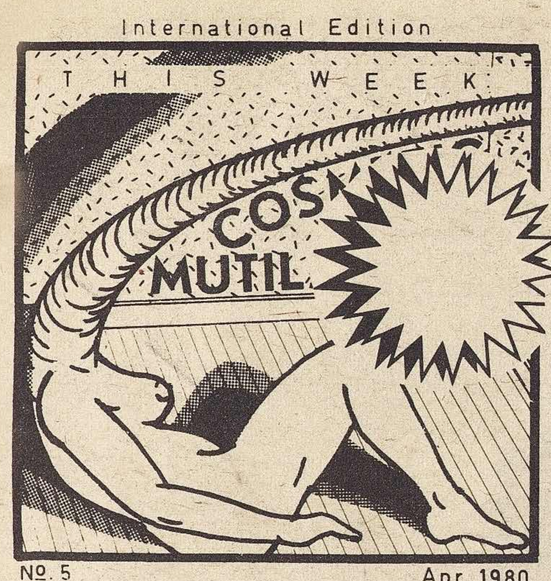


THRILLS! MONDO TRASHO

Psychedelia Petrified

Dateline Detroit for Rock Exhibits

MOTOR CITY's Motown anniversary is one thing, but Detroit's prodigious Arts Institute is currently playing host to a congestion of art, poetry, and music from that burg's 'psychedelic era'. Titled 'Kick Out The Jams', it's been on show all summer.

The incongruities implicit in such an exhibition are enormous: strewn about the museum halls of blood and wax and perfumed consecration are visages of Iggy, the MC5, the Amboy Dukes, period album covers and, most extraordinary, the posters and remnants of the revolutionary press that were so much in the vanguard of this "guerrilla kulchur".

In fact, it's the tabloid *Guerrilla — Free Newspaper Of The Street* that impresses the distant observer (separated as he is by 12 years and many revolutions) the most. Co-edited by John Sinclair, *Guerrilla* appeared in '68 as a companion text for "the revolution". Among the exhibit's copies are two whose headlines were originally issued as part of Dadaist (1919) and Surrealist (1925) manifestoes but, were later supported methodically and spiritually by the Center For Pyrocybernetic Research and Artists And Writers Militia (both 1968). Part of the Dadaist Council's demands included "... the immediate abolition of property and the communal feeding of all, the erection of cities of light, wildness and 150,000 circuses for the enlightenment of the Proletariat."

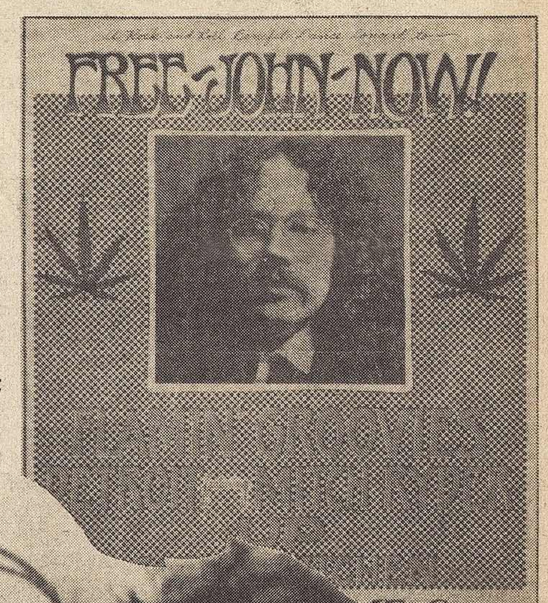
Though they tried, the task proved too much for even the MC5.

Included also are Free John Sinclair Rally remnants and — even more striking — the names represented at the rally (held in Ann Arbor on 10 December, 1971). Speakers included Rennie Davis, Allen Ginsburg, Ed Sanders, Bobby Seale (ultimately to appear on stage with six Black Panther bodyguards), and music was by John and Yoko: a veritable '60s Hall of Infamy.

FOOTNOTES: Presently John Sinclair co-ordinates the Detroit Jazz Centre, a showcase club with teaching facilities and archives located downtown. Sinclair's recent attempts to make a clear contribution to the welfare of the city mean that officials in civic government have actually warmed to him of late, and the 'Jazz Centre' has had extravagant TV advertising, with Scatman Crothers (!) speaking on its behalf to whoever didn't tune in and turn off way back when.

Of the MC5, Rob Tyner's latest exploits include an abortive stint as movie critic for a local project called *'80s*, whose first ish never hit the streets. (He was to have reviewed *Quadrophenia*). Michael Davis got married this past Independence Day but it's feared Destroy All Monsters may have self-destructed. Denis Thompson has just formed a new three-piece band called The Secrets; it's "identical to The Police down to the bassman's hairline". The guitarist is an ex from Tidal Waves. Fred Sonic Smith, married legally, spiritually, philosophically, morally and now professionally to Patti dwells downtown in a changing selection of dusty hotels and plays every now and then with the Rendezvous Band.

A. BRETON



Not Keith Richards with his head down the loo; it's the star of *Thundercrack*.

RUBBER ON THE ROAD

Post-Akron Craze

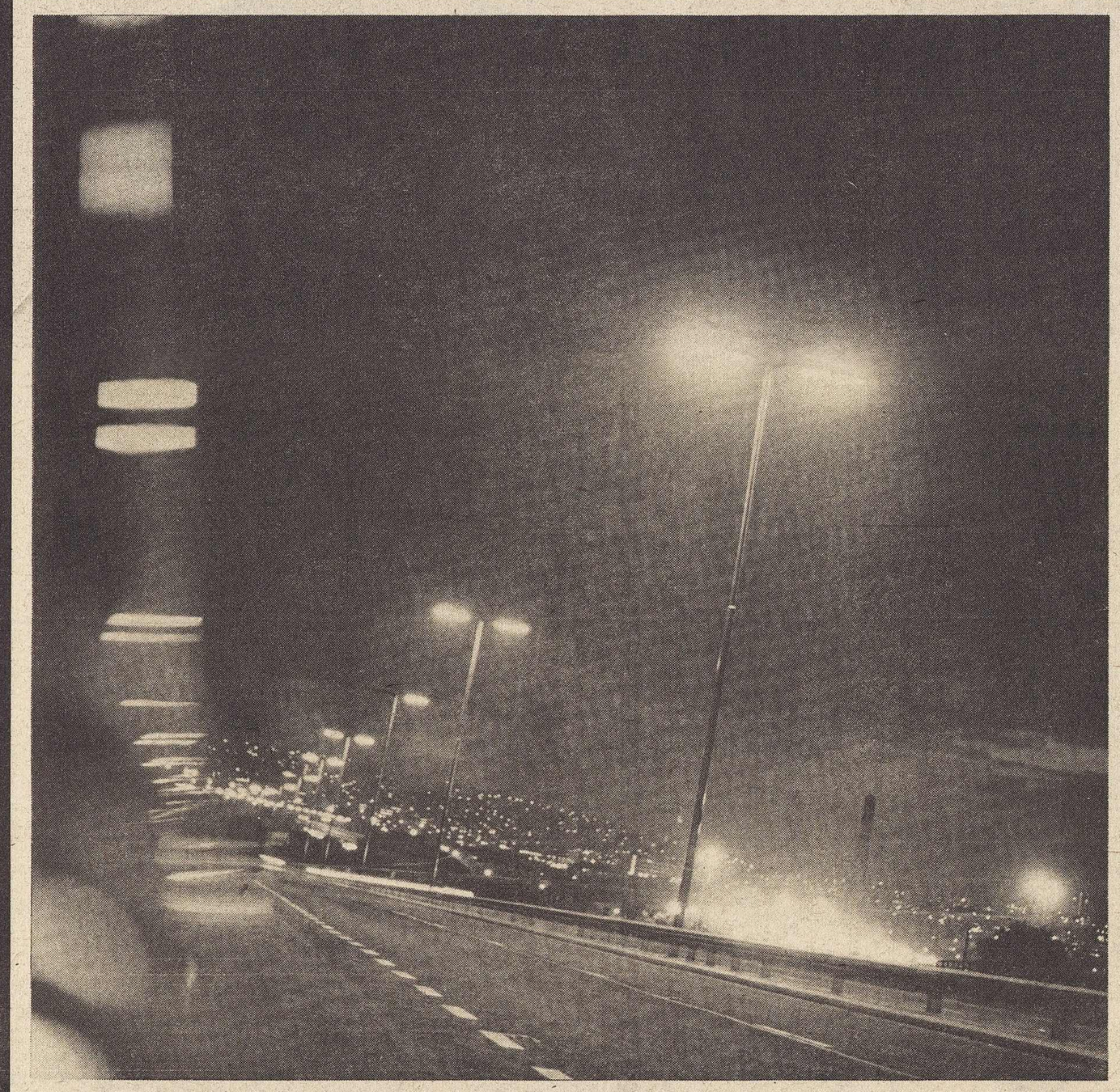
FUN FACT of the month suprisingly comes from Michigan's General Motors via *New Scientist:*

"Each year more than five hundred million kilograms of tire are worn off tires in this country. That's the equivalent of nearly 100,000 FIVE-TONNE RUBBER ELEPHANTS meandering along th shoulders of our highways each year. And no one seems to notice!"

So where are the elephants? Are they in disguise? What are they DOING?

Anyway, look out for the movie, in which a 40 stone grizzly bear called Meatloaf quits his career in TV commercials and swims the Atlantic armed only with toilet tissue, to wipe out this plague of vulcanized pachyderms intent on giving America a retread.

READY KILLOWATT



MADAME CURIE'S CORNER

Welsh Archdruid Makes Nuclear News

"WHEN THE actions of a Government and its agencies threaten the lives of our children, and our children's children, we regard it as a criminal offence against humanity."
— Archdruid Geraint Bowen.

MIDDAY on a wet August Saturday, and mid-Wales is telling anyone who'll listen that the Government plans to dump some of the most toxic crap on earth on some of the most beautiful country in Britain — and mid-Wales doesn't want it.

Nearly 2,000 people came out of and over the mountains to Machynlleth for the biggest No-nuke demo yet seen in Wales. Outside Owain Glyndwr's 500-year-old Parliament building, almost 2,000 brothers and sisters from Wales, England, Scotland and France said no thanks to the nuclear family — and its nuclear future.

They took back a fair posse of facts to go fighting with:

● The area of Snowdonia picked this year as a possible waste disposal site is not only spectacularly gorgeous, it's also a watershed for tributaries serving huge civilian populations.

● One millionth of a gram of plutonium can cause cancer. There is no proven method of making nuclear waste safe, and the waste remains active for 200 to 250,000 years.

● None of the 23 guinea-pig sites sought in the UK can ever be isolated enough anyway. 500 balloons released just south of the rally site the week before showed wind currents could carry fallout from a nuclear accident in little old mid-Wales over 77,000 square miles. That's goodbye or good luck to about seven million people.

● The Forestry Commission has so far refused to stop waste site survey work on its land, despite local people's appeals. Even if district councils refuse the Institute of Geological Sciences' imminent applications to drill test boreholes the campaigners say the public inquiry that could then be held will cost an unnecessary fortune.

So much for the bad news. There is hope: the four Welsh anti-nuke groups are well-organised and work together. Madryn (it means Movement to Defend Humanity from Nuclear Waste, in Welsh) was formed in January when the Welsh Office announced the test sites. They handled 2,000 people like a dream.

Campaigner Tony Webb dropped the bomb. He told the crowd the third world nations have offered to vote the anti-nuke movement two days on the floor of the UN to put their case — if they can prove, with an International conference, that there is real world feeling. And everyone knew about the royalties from 'Stand Down Margaret'. The Beat would have been mobbed in Machynlleth.

Fear not for this movement's credibility. Former nuclear physicist Don Arnott is a leader and Madryn's chairman Dr Geraint Bowen is also the Archdruid — cultural and spiritual head of the Welsh language movement.

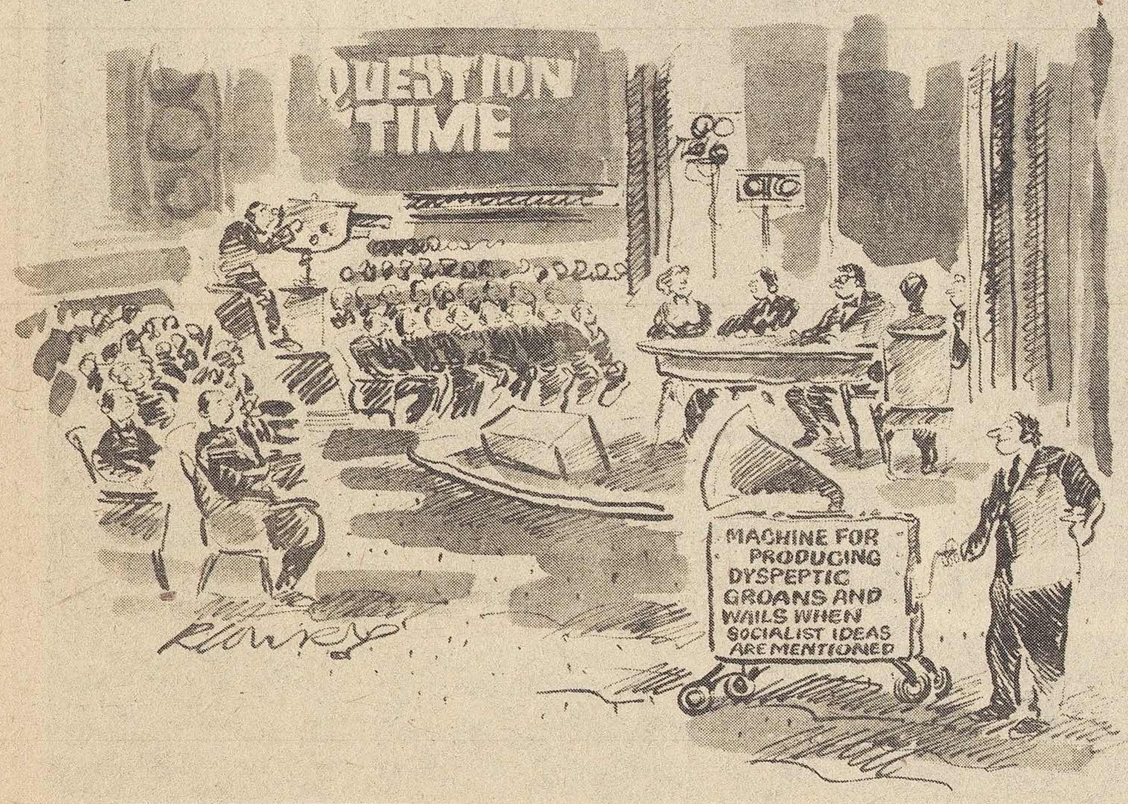
As the crowd chokes the Norman town, Geraint Bowen says people will fight here "for freedom from the fear of unimaginable horrors which the burial of nuclear waste will sow in our hearts" — and in our back gardens.

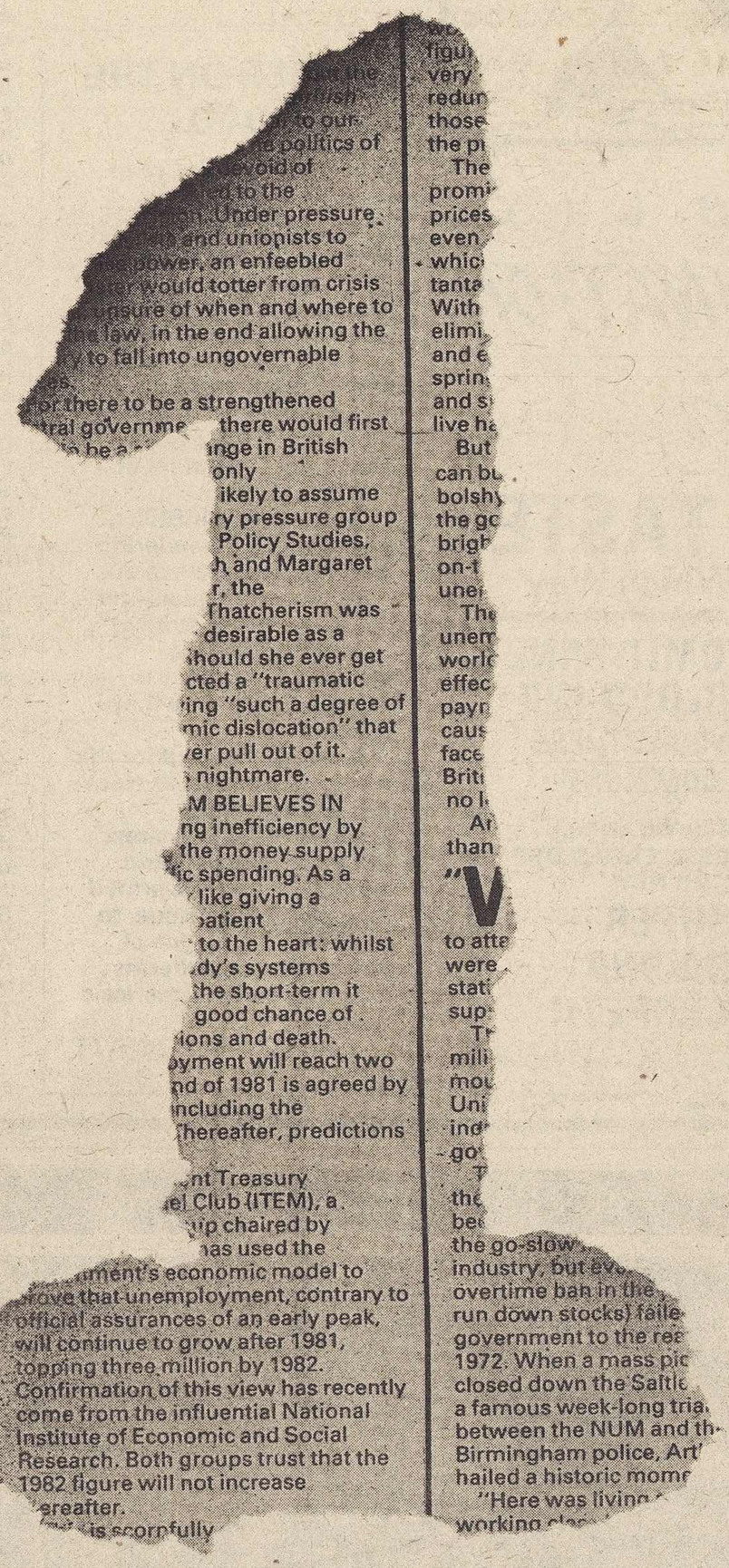
If we win in Wales, the next battlefields are in the Orkneys, with the threat of uranium mining, and the public inquiry on the Cheviot sites. Listening, London?

MICK FIRTH

Archdruid Bowen addresses anti-nuke crowd (and they're not blue for those without colour sets)

Lowry





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will continue to grow after 1981,
topping three million by 1982.
Confirmation of this view has recently
come from the influential National
Institute of Economic and Social
Research. Both groups trust that the
1982 figure will not increase
ereafter.
is scornfully

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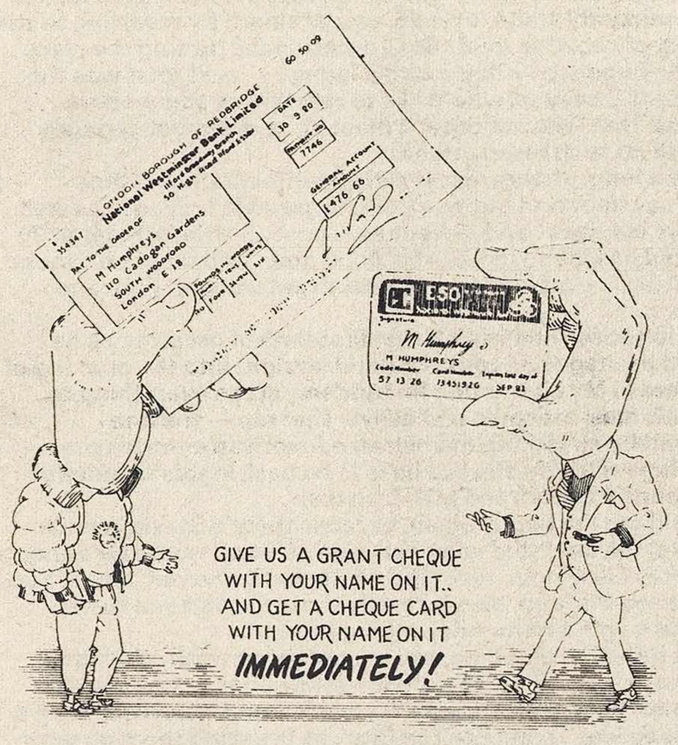

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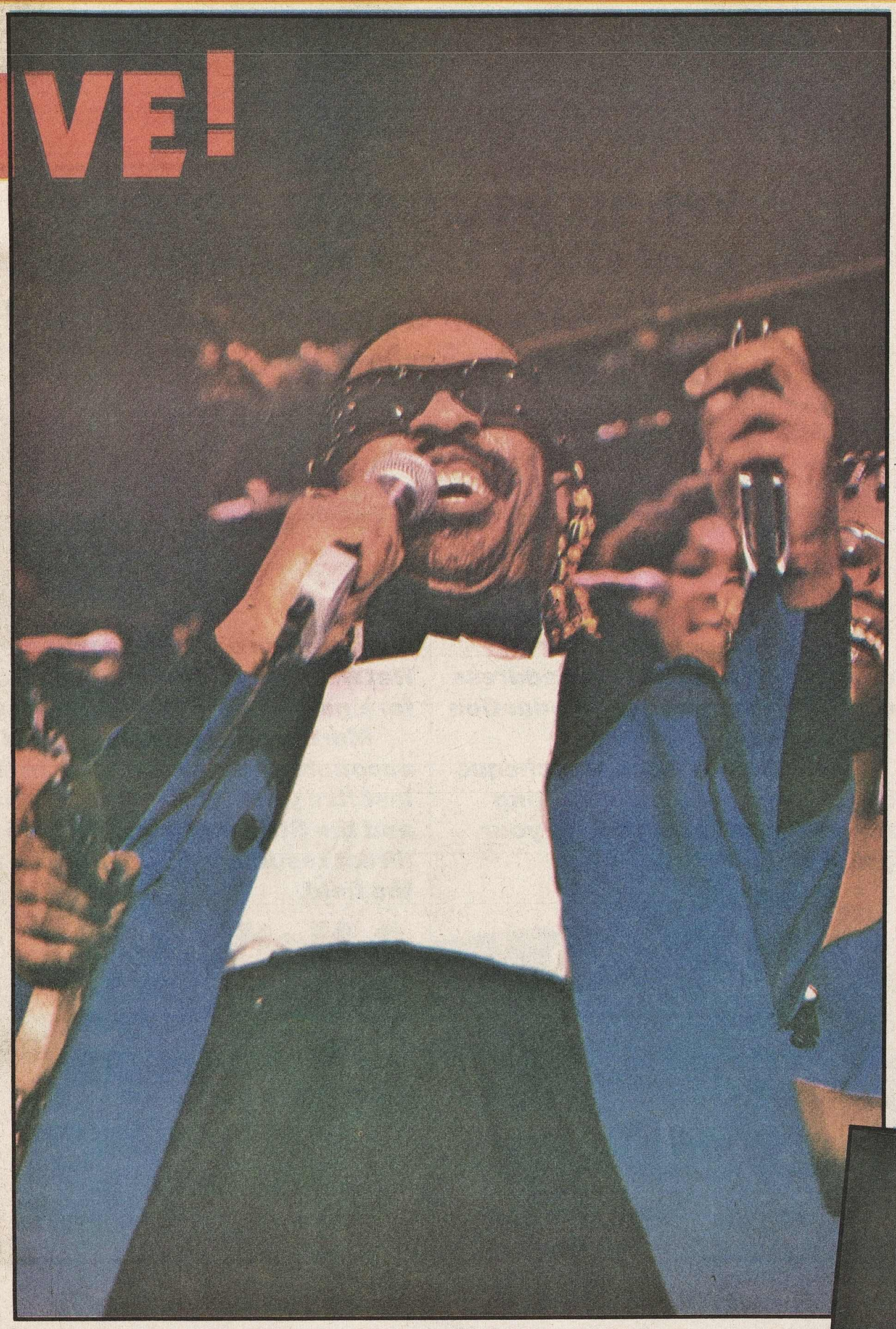


Colour photography Anton Corbijn

Higher ground and lower depths

Stevie Wonder

Wembley

WHEN he was good, then he was very *very* good. But when he was bad . . .

Stevie Wonder's first performance in Britain since 1974 — or "The Hotter Than July Music Picnic" as they would insist on calling it — often seemed to swoop from heights that were sublime right down into the pits of embarrassment, then soar straight back up again, leaving this spectator at least in a confusion of disappointment and awe.

In such a vast, impersonal entertainment factory as the Wembley Arena, the whole cosy "Picnic" ploy really was pushing it a bit. To those picnickers way back in the cheap seats (by 'cheap', I mean £5.50) Little Stevie must have looked a very small Wonder indeed: a gaudy, technicolour dot on the horizon. That the man could then so effortlessly transform the night into an event of genuine intimacy is a tribute both to his personality and his showmanship.

That he should achieve this sort of rapport with his audience (predominantly white, over 25, casual smart) by resorting to the corniest of showbiz routines — occasionally turning the place into one huge schmaltzy cocktail lounge — well, that was the upset for those of us who'd like to rate him as somewhere above all that. The majority, it must be said, almost certainly left with no such reservations.

After a long, strange decade of experimentation, a time which saw him turn out work of indisputable brilliance as well as some indulgent and tedious nonsense, Stevie Wonder at 30 years old has found himself for good now. And what he's found himself as, is a mainstream American entertainer. Pure and simple.

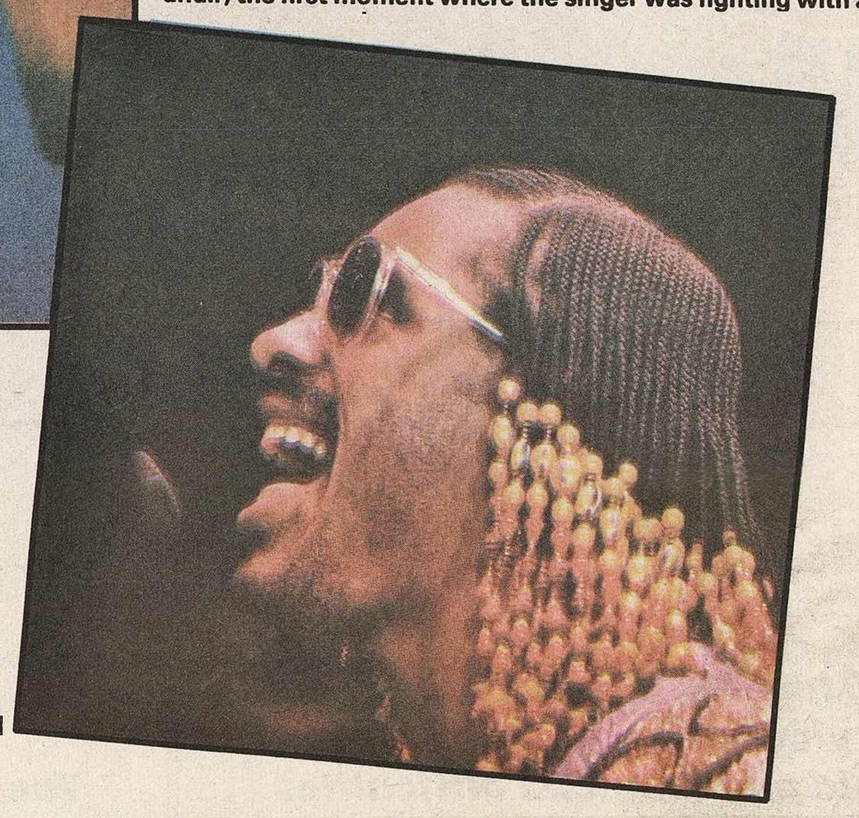
So, no sooner had we felt that first thrill of occasion as he was led on stage and took the band straight into the opening of 'For Once In My Life', when he suddenly stops everything to beam his massive smile and deliver that rap — the one delivered by *all* visiting mainstream American entertainers — about how rilly rilly pleased he is to be back in this wonderful little country of ours and blah blah blah . . .

Next thing I'm happy again, because there's Stevie Wonder up there, the best soul voice this side of Smokey and he's giving us 'My Cherie Amour' and 'Signed Sealed Delivered' and 'If You Really Love Me' and, oh, you really should have been there because it was a tremendous thing to hear.

Next thing I'm moaning into my notebook again, this time because he's mucking about with good songs — like 'Golden Lady' and 'Boogie On Reggae Woman' — and worse still with a great song like 'Living For The City', by breaking them up with those hoary old call-and-response sequences. "Now I want all you fellas to sing this part . . . and the ladies sing this part . . ." and it's just pointless pantomime. These periodic lapses are to set a precedent for the rest of the show. Admittedly a lot of people seem to find it a great lark, though an equally large number either don't join in at all or else sound awfully sheepish about doing so.

Maybe after six years' absence and the relative failure of his last album, Stevie craves the kind of mass reassurance which these crowd participation efforts are designed to provide. Me, I respect this guy and love his music, but such time-wasting charades just get me frustrated and impatient.

Still, if some opportunities were lost then the set was at least long enough (it came in two parts, each of well over an hour) for a lot of excellence as well. The best Wonder album 'Innervisions' got pride of place, being played almost in its entirety — which meant among other things a fierce version of 'Higher Ground' that brought some welcome bite into the affair, the first moment where the singer was fighting with a song, as opposed to professionally dispensing it from on high.



His backing band Wonderlove — an impressive array of ten musicians and four vocalists — play it tight and clean and just the right funky side of slick.

After the interval comes an unexpected interlude: Stevie re-appears dressed in suit and bow-tie, with wraparound shades, and proceeds to do an uncanny impersonation of his old (young) 'Fingertips' era self, piping voice and all. Then a quick change routine, and it's back to the repertoire of classics — 'Sir Duke', 'You Are The Sunshine Of My Life', 'Superstition' (the evening's premature peak) and 'Visions'. As for the much maligned 'Secret Life Of Plants', that's conspicuous by its absence, with only the title-track getting a look-in.

'Happy Birthday', a new number in honour of Martin Luther King, sounds fine but serves as the prelude to one of his rambling and mawkish monologues about peace and love — sincere enough, I daresay, but depressingly vacuous and cloying all the same. The new single 'Masterblaster Jammin' is more to the point, hard and rhythmic, and suggests a return to soul form after the excesses of recent years; as does the song that follows, 'Did I Hear You Say You Love Me' until that's allowed to run down into an interminable disco party piece, complete with all the usual guff about *"gitting down"* and what have you.

And suddenly he was gone and the house lights were on and that was that. And I walked out wondering which had won out: the highs or the lows, the disappointments or the delights.

Let's just call it a draw.

Paul Du Noyer

Malchix

Star & Garter

A WILD night in the heart of New Cross and damn good pleasure to be found in a corner of the Star and Garter — one of London's friendliest drinking establishments. Malchix, a South London based group, are engaged in a mini-residency here, applying the lessons they've had to learn this past six months in front of five punters and a dog, not quite letting the slow beginning drag them down but still itching to turn it up for a crowd.

Malchix will get the following they deserve too; their infectious and non-comformist approach to rhythm and instrumental pacing makes them one of the funkiest attractions this side of Captain Beefheart.

Not that Malchix need careless comparisons, the power and insinuation provided by their three piece deserves its own extraordinary definition. Group material, original in every sense, is written by lead singer and guitarist Christian Horsfell (formerly an Ant, but we won't hold that against him), and at the moment he is the central focus. Eyes are drawn and ears intrigued by his scattered bursts of frantic chording, off-set by simmering twists of melody and distortion at unexpected moments. Horsfell's had a problem in the past with his urgent treatment of the songs but now that the whole band is relaxing, a new strength shines through songs like 'Crazy Antics In The Arctic', 'Crime Of Passion' and 'Groover With A Luger' are not just controlled anarchic fun but rhythmically satisfying as well.

The bass and drums pivot of Kirk Service and Kingsley Chambers completes this bizarre combo, locking behind Horsfell with the polish and grace you'd expect from two young dudes who gained a grounding on the Balham reggae scene.

Strangely enough though there are few instances of any specific JA direction in Malchix. Kirk and Kingsley have something else to punch and bounce around; a scattered jazz motif that threads through 'My Son Sammy', the jauntiest and most perverse number in a highly peculiar set; a bubblegum bite to 'Telephone Zone'; an improvised blast behind 'Poem'.

There is nothing in Malchix's music that you can finger and trace to earlier sources, nothing self-conscious or stolen in terms of image. The only stylised aspect of their presentation now is a lack of communication beyond the material and even that is innocence rather than arrogance.

Because they can't be classified (a forthcoming string of dates at the Windsor Castle is as far as their hype machine runs) Malchix are in the fortunate position of being able to play a startling brand of avant garde music (hardly your average rock) that is free from the stigma of elitism.

Better still they are evolving and improving in a manner that suggests self-belief will be rewarded. I've seen them play a stinker or two. Those days are gone. A refreshing new sound? Naturally.

Malchix are an exclamation mark in this town.

Max Bell

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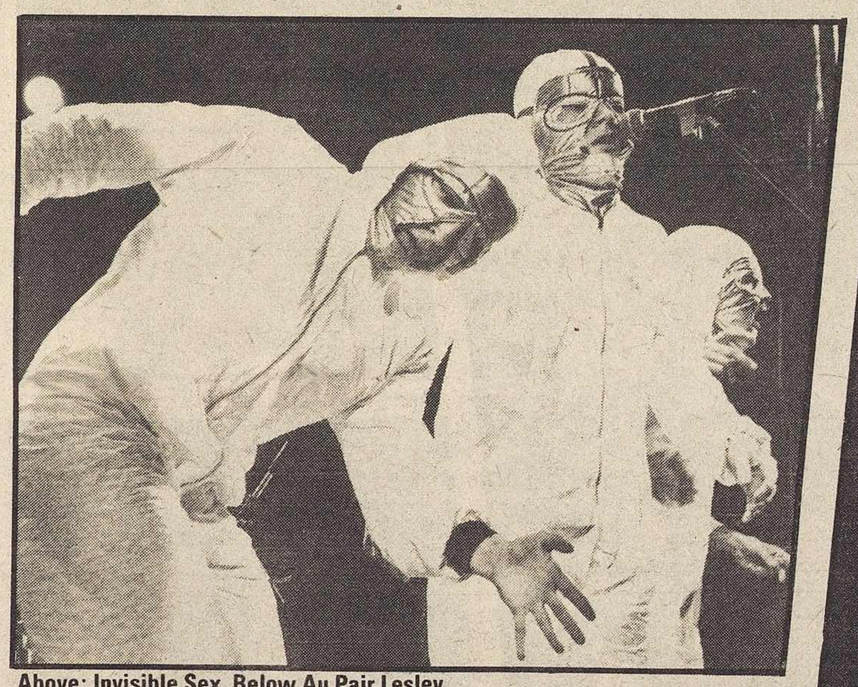
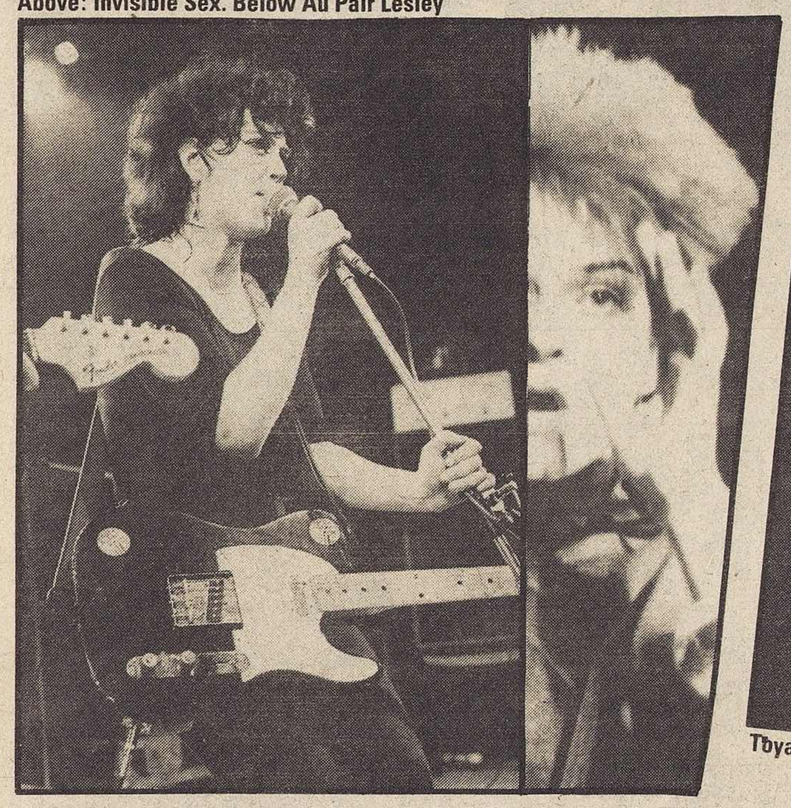


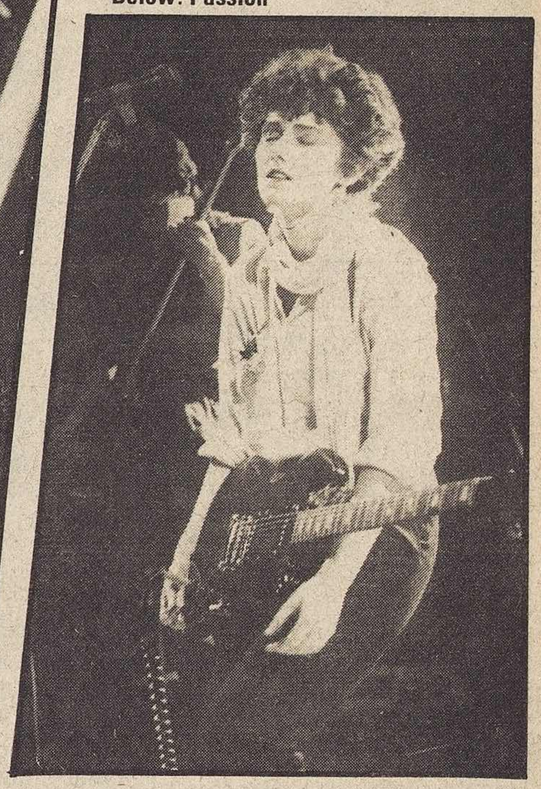
Above: Invisible Sex. Below Au Pair Lesley

Toyah

Delta Lady and Man

Below: Passion





THE PASSIONS ASSOCIATES THE AU PAIRS TOYAH INVISIBLE SEX PINK MILITARY THE BEAST ONE ON ON

DAY ONE

IF THE generic term *hard rock* didn't have such disgusting, anachronistic connotations, that's how I would label (for now) The Au Pairs gorgeously combative music.

Hard rock defined as exhilarating, liberating, adventurous and free swinging — The Au Pairs hard rock. Not like Humble Pie or AC/DC (idiots who've long messed up a good sounding label), but like the early Fall, where Martin Bramah's extreme, argumentative guitar savaged our emotions and expectations like an evil hybrid of Phil Manzanera and Sterling Morrison.

The Au Pairs dual guitar sound is possessed: their voices intimidating. Early Fall crossed with a nightmare version of The Pretenders could truly have been a blueprint for this group. They make any heavy metal group sound rustic.

The group are out to shatter prejudices, challenge your sanity, patience, complacency. They perform with an almost mad commitment that makes all their songs riveting. There's constant movement on stage, with singers / guitarists Lesley and Paul charging around; and constant movement in the songs, guitars sparking and splintering off each other to a state of near abstraction.

I'm not cheating anyone by being so enthusiastic. I'm astounded The Au Pairs have remained so ignored. In their songs, The Au Pairs deal in extremes and that's never an easy thing. They sing love / sex songs —including one called 'Love Song' — that have uncommon themes, that are about the bruises, banality, embarrassment, panic, weakness, that don't lack genuine compassion and grace.

It's rock for modern lovers.

There's no room for sentimentality or sensationalism, it's all desperation, frustration and tough, illuminating intimacy.

'You' and 'Kerb-crawler' you should know, being two songs from one of last year's best singles. Their invective version of Bowie's 'Repetition' doesn't keep the safe, uncommitted distance of the original but typically lunges for the heart. 'What Kind Of Girl' is a strong example of how candidly accessible their songs can be, 'Come Again' of how hard their songs can be.

The Au Pairs' encore is a devastating treatment of 'Piece Of My Heart', in the context of the group's other defiant songs rousingly subversive. It's through this song, the melancholy, pain and arrogance, that I realise how great Lesley's larger than life voice is. (Tellingly supported by Paul's at all points). Sometimes lost in the commotion of The Au Pairs songs, it can be everything — solemn, intense, shattered, exuberant, vulnerable, icy. It's her voice that lifts The Au Pairs' personal, non-exploitative hard rock into greatness.

They'll grip you tight, drive you to tears, and not mind if you dance.

Lesley slips a snide aside into an introduction: "It's nice for This Year's Big Thing to let us play with them." I've played my part in pumping up **The Associates,** but it'd be dishonest of me not to say that I respond very positively to them. And from now on will I be accused of doing the same for The Au Pairs? Smothered by the celebration of mediocrity, I'll point you towards The Au Pairs and The Associates hoping you'll see it not as hype but as something healthy.

The Associates' sound is now a few steps on from the spacey, enveloping sound of their LP 'The Affectionate Punch', a lot terser, less exotic, but still engrossing combination of strength and subtlety. Michael Dempsey's bass is sophisticated and physical, dragging and driving inside songs, an extension of the Adamson-Severin line. Alan Rankin's guitars are kinetically, recognisably contemporary, an extension of the Levene-Albrecht-McKay line.

Again, it's the voice that lifts the music into greatness, Billy McKenzie's voice an eccentric, demented, light-headed instrument that lends the music a substantial nobility. His stage presence is almost imbecilic, movements limited to sudden jerks, clenches, headshakes, wild flashes of the eyes, but is crazy and compelling.

Poor **Passions.** Who could cope after two such essential and morally uplifting groups? After what had gone before they seemed workmanlike, stable, lacking disconcerting tension, and cliches seemed to jut out rather than be pummelled into new directions. They have the same line up as The Au Pairs, superficially try to go for the same feelings, but whereas The Au Pairs triumph, The Passions falter.

This has nothing to do with technique, ambition or eloquence, but something a lot more mysterious.

Paul Morley

DAY TWO

SHE CAME on like a bubbly young school-girl. . .and if she wasn't actually blowing kisses to all the enraptured bouquet-clutching stagedoor johnnies, then **Toyah** did make it obvious her very theatricality was perfectly at home in the setting of the ICA's auditorium.

And given that a good proportion of the crowd (surprisingly less posey and more punky than for other nights) were loyal followers of hers, she had absolutely no trouble getting every one of the dahlings moving.

Flaunting her new blonde'n'pink haircut, and wearing a black lace shirt, she became (not suprisingly) the instant centre of attention. The rest of the band — Steve Bray, Joel Bogen, Charlie Francis and Pete Bush — were never really in the limelight.

And forever dancing from one side of the stage to the other, she kept up such a constant, intense pace that the ICA soon resembled a sauna rather than a theatre. For her slower, more moody numbers, Toyah's voice and movements were reminiscent of Lene Lovich — but the energy that comes across Ms Wilcox quickly disposes of such similarities.

For the crowd, of course, she could do no wrong from the first moment to the last, and I figure that of all the bands playing the venue that week she went down just about the best. Even if, on record, she sometimes seems to lack originality and force, she made up for that tonight with stage presence alone.

Support group **Invincible Sex** were a pretentious seven-piece, though quite comical too, maybe accidentally. All ressed up in matching metallic boiler suits, with helmets to hide their faces, they did come over pretty silly once they started playing guitars. A few of their songs — notably 'Valium' — weren't too bad, but tended to take a poor second place after such antics as robot-walks across stage and the playing of cardboard guitars.

David Corio

DAY THREE

"YOU THOUGHT we were normal ..." smirked the lead singer of The Beast. "But we're not! We're psychotic!"

Yeah, sure. Anything you say. This was the kind of evening it was: silly, monumental pretensions upon the very flimsiest of foundations.

To be fair to the first group of the night, four piece **One On One,** they made some attempts at entertainment and showed brief attacks of flare, notably on their own 'Red Bible' and a rocky cover of Brian Eno's 'Baby's On Fire'. But their act lacks propulsion or purpose. The guitar, bass and drums were too mechanical to suggest a lot of life behind them, leaving it to the extrovert keyboards man to inject a modicum of personality. This he managed, if anything, a little too successfully. If he never actually matches Liberace, then he'd probably settle for being Rick Wakeman. Overall, I was interested, but not impressed.

Back to The Beast. For a combo who fancy themselves as "psychotic", they seemed to me depressingly normal — almost a heavy metal act disguising itself under a fashionable veneer of alienated strangeness.

Amidst a collection of unexceptional numbers, they played a kind of rhumba — "to calm you down", came the sarcastic explanation. And then there was the dumbest of all: 'I'm Having A Heart Attack', full of cardboard catharsis and simulated angst. Highly tasteful, I don't think.

Finally, **Pink Military.** If, as it appears, there are those who can read all the riddles of existence into this lot, then I am definitely not of that number. On record they've charmed me as persuasively as the next person, but seeing them live some dull cloud of glumness settles across my perceptions. Sporting that famous red Habitat lampshade over her head, Jayne Casey is the type of overwhelming presence you either warm to or shrink from. I take the latter approach.

While the group labour away at creating some elaborate mystique, Jayne seems to delight in undoing all their hard work by indulging her ego with all manner of fatuous posing and shallow nonsense. Observing that all the headliners of this ICA week boast female singers, she gestures dramatically and declaims

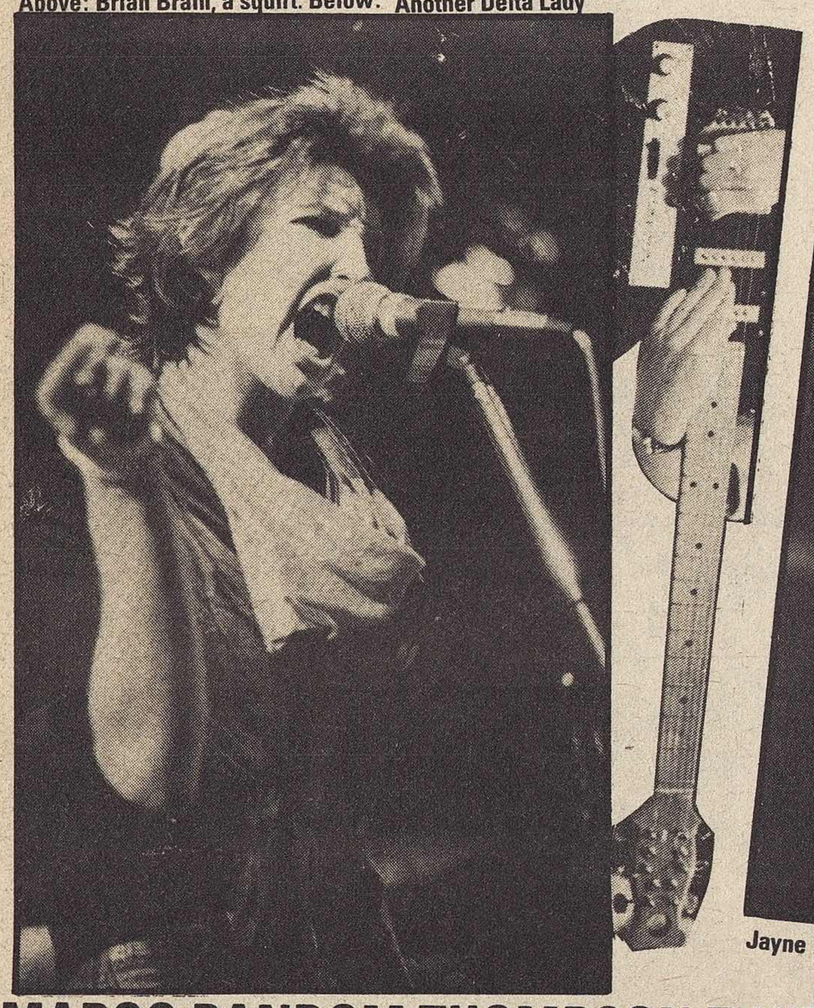
Continues over

SIX DAYS OF INTENSE YOUNG PERSONS DOING THEIR THING AT THE ICA

WATCHED BY PALE YOUNG PERSONS IN FRINGES AND RAINCOATS

ALL PIX DAVID CORIO

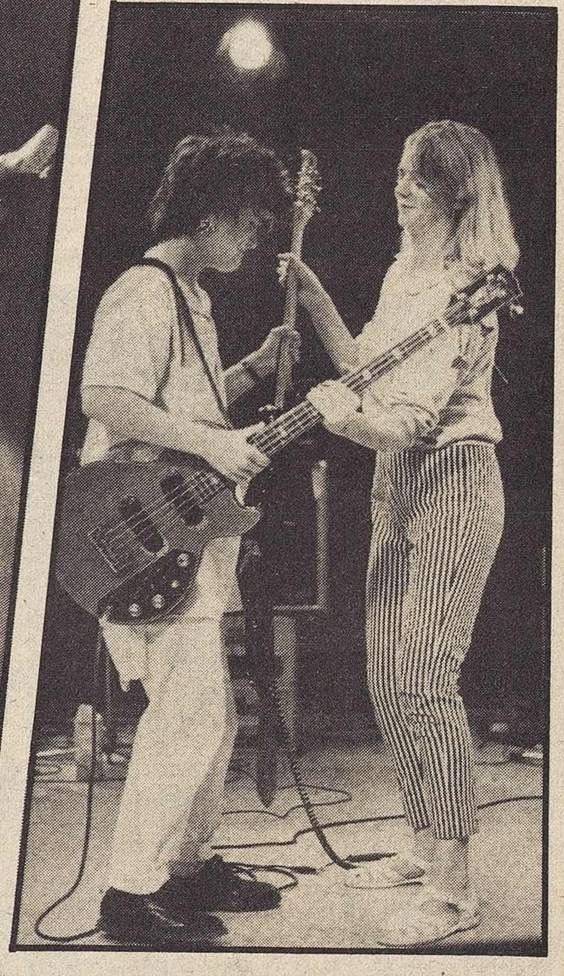
Above: Brian Brain, a squirt. Below: Another Delta Lady



Jayne

A Nightingale sings

And young Raincoats will never . . .



MARGO RANDOM THOMPSON TWINS LOCAL HEROES SW9 DELTA 5 BRIAN BRAIN RAINCOATS BRAINIAC 5

From previous page

grandly: "Is this coincidence, I ask myself, or is it sexism, or is it just what we'd expect from The Institute Of Contemporary Arseholes?"

Wickedly satirical, no doubt; I only wish I understood it.

Where I could suppress this unfortunate prejudice, then it was possible to appreciate in Pink Military an intelligent outfit without any shortage of potentially fruitful ideas. For the moment, though, there's just too much thoughtless conceit in between the music and the listener's heart. The band's most dedicated followers — harlequins, mythological nymphs, blokes in miniskirts — all gambolled happily enough, all the same. I left them to it.

Paul Du Noyer

DAY FOUR

QUIETLY, efficiently, the three men modestly known as **Local Heroes SW9** - *very* big in Stockwell, or so it's alleged — take the stage of a darkened empty room, its de-population suggesting that whatever their status south of the river they still mean zilch here in SW1.

Within five minutes or so, their serious and determined noises have seeped through to the bar outside and lured the curious inward. Which is where they stay for the rest of the set.

Led by bespectacled guitarist / singer Kevin Armstrong, the Heroes perform with an intelligence and sense of purpose to confirm the intermittent promise shown on 'Drip Dry Zone', their Oval Records album debut, even if I can't say I enjoyed them throughout. Often very reggae-based and sharply political in outlook — the song 'Exploitation' is among the best examples of both these traits — their strengths lie in the high quality of Armstrong's thoughtful and abrasive material, and in the simple yet inventive dynamism of the bass / drums rhythm section. For all the care taken over their writing, these people well understand the value of movement.

Melodically the songs sometimes sit awkwardly with the lyrics, making the latter sound pedestrian, or else slope and switch with a little more unorthodoxy than Armstrong's inflexible vocals can cope with. In the end I felt that with talent so apparent as that of Local Heroes SW9, the frontman had every reason to sound rather more excited than he actually does.

Second up were **The Thompson Twins** — all four of them — and they were very good too and Mrs Thompson must be very proud of them.

The sound (two guitars, bass and drums) is almost foreboding in the early stages, an image assisted by the sinister green foot-lighting as well as by their general reticence — none of that real tacky, over-the-top showbiz stuff like talking to the audience for these boys. But gradually, as that seductive Thompson sound begins to win friends and influence people left right and centre, then the Twins relax noticeably and start to go with the flow. It's a genuinely impressive performance, and they look like they know it as well as anyone.

Highlight of their set is the attractive, vaguely XTC-ish single 'Squares And Triangles', although The Thompson Twins' sound, as a whole, defies descriptions and comparisons with some ease. Awkward sods. Echo, distortion, power and ingenuity appear to be its main characteristics, and I think I'll soon be going back for more if only to find how much substance there is below that striking exterior.

Margo Random and her two male **Space Virgins,** on the other hand, leave little to wonder at. As a band their assets are upfront and conventional enough to appeal to orthodox-thinking business interests, even if their very normality made them strangely out of place in this brief ICA season. Their crowd reflected this — older, straighter, beerier than the usual run of pale intense young persons in fringes and raincoats who made up the clientele for other bands.

In all the traditional r'n'r ways Margo Random — herself a bizarro-glam New York girl with considerable lung power — and her band project class: they're tight, they're melodic at high speeds and you can do all your favourite dances to them. A few years ago they might have been enthralling; nowadays they seem merely efficient.

Paul Du Noyer

DAY FIVE

THE FIRST thing that strikes you about the place is just how lethargic the atmosphere is before the bands begin to play.

There is no tension, little expectation, no sense whatsoever of *an event;* just rows of blank expressions insinuating the words *impress me.*

Saturday night is dead? Is this the face of radical rock entertainment in 1980? Maybe not, but neither are **Brainiac 5** by any stretch of the imagination.

A conventional power band, there are actually only *four* Brainiacs: two guitarists, a bassman and drummer. They begin and end with a dull, numbing thud with only a couple of songs in the middle of the set hinting at anything more distinctive.

Some of their subtleties may become more apparent in the studio, but the only idiosyncracies poking through on their live shows are a penchant for neo-pyschedlic wah-wah guitar passages and the singer's tendency to utter pseudo-political banalities like *"We got Trotsky, we got the power!"*

The closet headbangers in the front rows appreciate them for a while; pummelled into submission, they called them back for an encore before they, too, get bored.

Brian Brain opt for a remarkably similar mode of sluggish riffing, but manage to inject it with superior spirit. Labouring under the handicap of what must be the worst band name on record this year, the trio are fronted by one of the growing army of ex-PiL drummers, Martin Atkins, who is joined by bassist Pete Jones (himself fresh out of Cowboys International), guitarist Bobby Surgeoner and a backing tape.

Atkins is the sort of engaging nutter that I thought had become obsolete around the tail end of 1978 along with Johnnies Rubbish and Moped, although his attempts at witticisms — joke song introductions, taped applause and tubes of quick-drying luminous slime — usually fell short of their intent.

He did, however, execute (probably the best word for it) a couple of interesting covers, a charge through PiL's 'Careering' and a tuneless 'version' of the Gang Of Four's 'Tourist' which seemed to impress the Gang's own Hugo Burnham, lurking furtively in the audience.

It was left to **Delta 5** to save the day. A year of nervously searching for the right blend has seen them improve constantly and they now seem to have finally found their niche, with the twin rolling basses blending superbly with the criss-cross guitar of birthday boy Al—22 on the night of the gig, as the band wasted no time in informing the crowd — to provide a deep, full sound.

Any direct comparisons with their two most obvious influences — Gang Of Four and Funk — are now redundant, although a couple of the healthy wad of new songs did sound slightly disjointed when held alongside the persuasive flow of the two singles 'You' and 'Business'.

But their major breakthrough shouldn't be too long in coming.

Adrian Thrills

DAY SIX

"Wake up, it's 1980!"

"Who's been to art school?"

"Pull yer finger out!"

Momentarily putting aside their musical merits — or lack of them — it has to be said that **Furious Pig** have conquered the fine art of antagonising an audience, even one as superficially *blah-se* as the ICA's. If their precious self-conscious shamateurism doesn't get up your nose, then the disjointed babblings that pass for their music will.

A quartet, Furious Pig were dire, representing everything that is conceited and indulgent about the exploration of new musical avenues. Their sound is bereft of anything as peripheral as structure or anything remotely resembling melody, while their condescending attitude to their audience stinks.

All of the above, of course, only applies if you take them at face value as four pretentious young gits better left alone in the public school music room. But it's obvious that there is more than a slight element of self-parody in their tortured meanderings.

Even so, spending half of your set re-arranging equipment across the stage and pleading your unprofessionalism to the bemused onlookers is as passe as it is affected and — joke or no joke — they still sounded awful.

The Nightingales are fronted by one of the semi-legendary normal people of punk, Rob of The Prefects, Birmingham's original new wave band. Like The Fall's Mark Smith, Rob is one of the leading exponents of insurance clerk chic, coming across with all the panache of the haggard young executive in his wide-collared open-necked pinstripe shirt and generally drab duds.

But appearances aren't everything and The Nightingales took little time in slipping into a tight, inventive backbeat with undertones of Subway Sect.

For the second night running, it was left to the headliners to put the rest of the bill into perspective — **The Raincoats** delivering the finest set I've yet seen them play.

Some people used to say that the best thing about The Raincoats was the way they always seemed to totter on the brink of chaotic breakdown mid-song, a characteristic due to former drummer Palm Olive's beat-keeping difficulties.

Whatever, these failings no longer apply with Palm Olive's replacement Ingrid Weiss at the helm of a sublime mix of melodic grace and resonant rhythmic twists, in which instruments as diverse as Vicky Aspinall's violin and vocalist Ana's harmonica are introduced without sounding at all corny or awkward.

Maybe the set contained more than its fair share of songs the band have been playing for almost two years, but you know what they say about old Raincoats.

Adrian Thrills

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Billy Currie

FOREVER AND EVER ULTRAVOX

The art, the heart, the looking the part

Yes, you can go to the ball, Paul Morley tells Ultravox. Peter Anderson snaps the society pictures

Baby faced Midge Ure of Slik

WHEN Gary Numan was talking to the press every day of the week, unsurely basking in the cold sunshine of a sudden fame, a lot of his conversation contained adulation for the ultimate underdogs Ultravox.

"I'll never make music as good as Ultravox," he once told me, with a fan's zeal. It was the kind of statement guaranteed to repel the adult critics, but Numan was unperturbed. He saw method in the sadness.

Numan's constant support was the best 'review' Ultravox ever had in their lives. A year later they followed their prodigy into the charts with a song their drummer perceptively describes as "sweet with enough drugs and enough technology"; a great pop song as insistent as anything of Numan's, if not as gauzy.

For the first time Ultraxox have an obvious relevance, not a profound one, but a relevance.

Ultravox, after all this time, are a pop group with just glimmers and glances of post-Eno prudency — sensibility that's not out of synch. Their first hit single 'Sleepwalk' isn't as fabulous a fusion of whipped disco, tricky riff, parody and urgency as the Skids' 'Circus Games' but it's in the same tradition.

I see Ultravox play at Edinburgh Tiffany's and the teen-pop philosophy of one loser — Midge Ure — has overhauled the wayward experimental philosophy of other losers — Ultravox — to produce . . . chart music. A conventional hybrid of pop passion and scheming theme muzak, a long way from any Eno (although they encore with 'Kings Lead Hat'), and a long way from the 'roboticism' they still get accused of. The music is meticulously resembled but not rigid and, confirming that Ultravox have always been more rock based than legend and Numan indicates, no where near as synthetic as Numan fans will be expecting. Nor is it as adventurous as old fans might expect. This isn't Pere Ubu, or even Magazine.

But it's good within its narrow pop context. Two losers made good. (For how long?)

IN THE early '70s there was a Scottish sub-heavy metal group called Salvation with a sweet, and green young kid called James Ure playing guitar. Nicknamed Midge because of his (lack of) height, he took over vocals and the group became Slik.

Slik systematically tailored their own music down through soft rock to wet pop, wearing short hair and straight trousers at a time when such symbols were likely to cause horror in the blinkered eyes of progressive rock fans. Slik played short songs that may have been missing all kinds of qualities — but at least they were over quickly.

At the time I liked Slik more than I liked Uriah Heep or The Groundhogs or The Bay City Rollers. A connection was made a few years later when punk savagely clipped away the lank hair, flapping flares and musical excess, the essence of Slik was avant-garde! They lacked outrage, passion and artfulness, but they recognised the ugliness of the pomp around them.

Before Slik slipped into the charts in the Rollers' slipstream they spent three years clubbing in Scotland, eyes struck by stars. They stayed inside Scotland because to venture outside cost a lot of money. Few A&R men travelled up, and Slik couldn't afford to travel down. They were bouncing into a dead end when somebody said, "sign here, we'll let you make records." With too much relief Slik signed. For Ure and his Sliksters there was no alternative.

This was the start of Ure's journey through pop where he's mostly been seen as a fool. In his words the Slik thing exploded, was out of their control, it was the classic 'we-were-totally-ripped-off' syndrome. After Slik, very few people thought of taking Ure seriously.

Slik dwindled away as teenybopping screamed itself into oblivion (to return whenever). Ure vowed it would never happen again, but in a way it did.

Down in London an equally over-fresh and abused popper had somersaulted out of The Sex Pistols, a group who had rubbed the Roller idea so raw everbody could feel it. Glen Matlock had failed to entice extrovert Howard Devoto into his embryonic, moderately awaited Rich Kids, and thought attractive Midge Ure would be a good second choice.

"I said no at first," recalls Ure. "I said they were pretty untogether, totally awful."

It got better, he said yes, but The Rich Kids were never the ideal style of pop group Ure was beginning to form in his head.

"The Rich Kids was too big before it ever happened, just because of the people who were getting it together. They were never successful on any other level, just on the media level."

The voyeurs had a fun time rooting out the ramifications of an ex-Pistol joining up with an ex-Slik. None of this helped Ure in the way he thought it would. The Rich Kids fell apart. Ure seemed to be a bit of a tart.

"Yeah, right. That's quite a good description. It seemed I'd done a bit of everything. To me it all seemed to make some sort of sense. I didn't just poke blindly at things — Oh, I've done that, now I'll do this. It looks as though I've been in a lot of bands but I haven't."

Ure compounded his tartiness by working with Thin Lizzy on an American tour.

"Just for three weeks, it was a job of work, paid my wages for a few weeks. People want to hold all these wee things against me, but that's their problem not mine."

It did seem he was just in rock as a way to the easy life. The life of leisure.

"Not at all. I just wanted to do it all myself at one point. Put out records until someone noticed they were actually quite good. If I was in it just as a rock career or a way to the easy life, for gods sake I'd have joined the Rollers or the Pistols. I had the chances." He joined Ultravox — by default moving closer to his pop ideal.

IN THE early '70s there was a hard rock group called Ultravox playing the sort of songs that The Damned would hone down a few years later into something harsher and starker.

Ultravox passed through a Bowie beam, had members rooted in theatre, Terry Riley and The Yardbirds and when the middle '70s, punk and Island Records had arrived, Ultravox appeared like degenerate, repugnant remnants of glam-rock. Smudged mascara and cosmeramic inclinations.

They played keyboards and violins, sang narcissistic, nihilistic songs of still-life and stalled life, vaguely recalled the excess of progressive rock and were like vulgar shadows of press darlings Roxy Music. People like The Stranglers called them a bunch of session musicians put together to take over from Roxy Music.

At a time when punk rigidity had tightened us up something rotten, Ultravox were rigorously rejected. To like Ultravox was as brave as liking BeBop Deluxe or The Doctors Of Madness; to take them seriously was *outre* as taking Cockney Rebel seriously. But these days there are people around who say kind things about the group.

Currie: "We think that there wouldn't be very many people who would come out and say they liked us then, who would have the

Continues over ▸

ULTRAVOX

From previous page

character to say that. It was very gracious of Numan to be continually citing us, and we're grateful. It did us a lot of good."

BACK THEN Ultravox found it natural to play post-Bowie pre-Magazine music, were confident that they were onto something. They were developing out of hard rock confines, fiddling about with sound and reason, more concerned with noise and pose than rock politics — "although we were aware of the politics and felt we had something to do with them. But simply we were not what was happening at that time.

"We were selfish, but we weren't trying to tell everyone that we were great. We were just throwing things about and coming up with some interesting things. Some things would work, some wouldn't. We were just interested in synthesizers and their possibilities, saw it as the future."

Others saw it as the past.

"It was pretty rough the way we were treated, but not so rough that we didn't get through it. We were rejected and it hurt but so what. It was one of those things. What pulled us through was playing a lot, having a really dedicated following, and knowing that things would change our way."

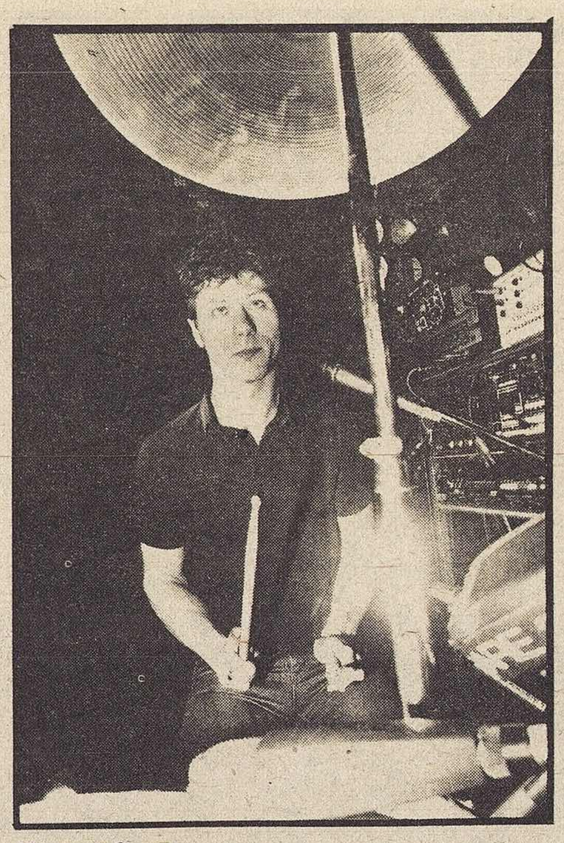
ULTRAVOX as John Foxx (vocals, front man), Billy Currie (keyboards and violin), Warren Cann (Canadian drummer), Chris Cross (bass) and Robert Simon (guitars, now in Magazine who replaced original guitarist Steve Shears) made three LPs for Island Records. The first 'Ultravox!' was produced by Brian Eno who still had Island links — "He didn't do as much as people thought, helped us, did four songs." The second 'Ha! Ha! Ha!' and third 'Systems Of Romance' were produced by German technician Conny Plank.

Despite those two respected catalysts being involved, Ultravox continued to be dismissed. They may have known what they were doing, but not even their fans could work it out. They were a dulled enigma on the peripherals. An unfashionable cult.

"I didn't like them at all," recalls Ure. "Didn't like the first two LPs at all, I thought they were crap, except for the songs 'My Sex' and 'Hiroshima', but the rest was really confused. 'Systems Of Romance' I thought at last they're really getting somewhere. Like 'Slow Motion' and 'Quiet Man' were really strong numbers. But again the LP is really messed up.

On one hand they had something fairly experimental like 'Just For A Moment' or 'Dislocation', which I found quite interesting; but on the other hand they'd have something like 'Blue Night' which was like a straight punk song. I found it confusing."

At the end of 1978 Island prepared to dump Ultravox. They had decided the group were never going to sell, despite 'Systems Of Romance' reaching number 32. By December 31 label and band had split. The group went



Warren Cann

into the studio, unbeaten, worked out new songs including 'He's A Liquid' and 'Touch And Go', borrowed some money and went over to America.

"We would have laid down and died if we hadn't gone. We needed new stimulation."

They toured America on a tight budget, using the profits from one performance to hire a van, relying on the money from the next club to live, using The Police's backline. They confounded their former record company by selling out clubs at short notice. America's Anglophile hunger took no notice of prejudices.

Over here it was thought Ultravox had split — and the British press failed to respond to this unwelcome success story, preferring to laud the more obvious post-punk pioneers.

At the end of the tour John Foxx departed. Currie claims he was the cause of Foxx leaving.

"I'm a very headstrong character. It was just a clash between me and him. He wanted to go into this minimalist thing, which is surprising considering what he's done since, and I wanted to develop more, open up more. I didn't like what was going on, that he considered it was his band."

Simon left too, but Ultravox still weren't defeated. Ure joined up, and by default Ultravox became the pop group they always should have been.

AT THE tail end of the Foxx Ultravox, Cann had started working with the cliche-curdling Zaine Griff, and Currie with Visage — and also with Gary Numan himself "a nice guy. I vaguely remembered him coming to some of our gigs. He asked me to do a *Whistle Test* and I thought, Great! Why not? I felt no animosity that he did so well."

Griff and Steve Strange, Visage's frontman (currently featured in the 'Ashes To Ashes' video), seemed to be the types that further tarnished Ultravox's reputation — both being superficial followers of futuristic fashion. Cann simply says that he liked working with Griff, and Currie explains that the Visage thing is just McGeoch, Formula, Ure and Egan telling Strange what to do and experimenting a little. He plays me the Visage LP, out in November. It's better than I imagined — bubblegum-electronics, synthetic assault and insolence, transient but not neutral.

It was through Visage that Ure met Ultravox.

"I'd decided I wasn't going to join another group. I was so fed up with trying to get my ideas across, so fed up with the bloodymindedness of people. The brick wall — you used to be in Slik, that's it. I just thought to hell with it I'll go into a studio and do things for myself.

Chris Cross

"But then I started on the Visage thing with Rusty and the Magazine guys and Billy, and at that point Ultravox had just got back from America. I couldn't believe that this band was sitting there looking for someone who could play and sing. It just seemed right."

Currie: "I didn't like the thought of Ure joining at the time. But it seemed good after we rehearsed and he was at that stage where he wanted to develop himself and there was no chance of him hanging onto his past. We needed his solidity. I never thought that he'd leave quickly. I feel quite confident that this is not something he'll just touch and then piss off. Maybe he will get bored a bit later but he doesn't get a clinging vibe off me. If he wants to, he can leave tomorrow. But he is definitely a band member."

Ultravox always attempted to blend their influences into something as provocative as early Roxy, as challenging as early Floyd. They never had the art or the heart and, despite themselves, never looked the part. They tried to be so much more than just a pop group. Ure has disciplined their pretensions into something more realistic. Ure was never quite there, Ultravox was never quite there, together they make inessential but stylish synergic pop.

'Vienna' is their fourth album but it has the feel of a first, and for Ultravox an unusual consistency. It is the most listenable record either Ure or Ultravox have made, something sweet to play after you've sweated through Cabaret Voltaire and want to flick through some magazines.

In some ways Ultravox's experimental tendencies have been smoothed away by Ure, but the group claim that the record's unexpected success will enable them to strike out at a tangent, be more distortive; not to end up making bland quasi-synthetic European equivalents of American post-punk pop.

"We just feel really good that we've finally done it. I don't feel that we've got to cling onto it at all costs. It'll make it easier for us to experiment, not the other way round."

IN A CAFE around the corner from Ultravox's two star Edinburgh hotel, Ure and I have an uneatable breakfast. There are two 16 year old waitresses. Years ago their equivalents would have eaten Ure instead of serving him foul eats. He's wearing the look he claimed Jobson ripped off him (but Jobson claims it was the other way round). I ask him if he joined Ultravox because he felt that it was inevitable, because of Numan, that the group would succeed.

"I thought it was going to stay on the same level. I hoped that they were going to be successful, but when I joined the band they had no money but I was really just pleased to be in on it. My ideas are getting through and this is the first chance that I've had. They're pop based ideas — what else could they be with my past? — and that's probably my saving grace. I've got a commercial ear. That's nothing to be ashamed of, or embarrassed of. That was what was needed with this band."

Ure has also brought in a less clumsy, contradictory sense of style. Ultravox now have a visual hardness.

"Style is all important. I think fashion is irrelevant. The cycle is getting smaller and smaller, we're living ten years ago. If you've got style you're above all that. It does matter what you look like. I mean, it sounds cliched, but the thing I like about Bowie is that all through the new wave thing he was still up there somewhere, way above it. He brought out 'Low' and it is still all totally relevant.

Midge Ure

"That's style, to me anyway. The fashion of it all means nothing. We're in danger of being a fashionable band. It's fashionable to like Ultravox right now, and that's horrible, it's really short lived. A fashion for nine months and then something else is in."

Does Ure think that, at last, as a pop craftsman, he'll be taken seriously?

"I'm not your arty type at all, but I don't like to be sneered at. I don't like people dismissing me. I think some of the things I do are fairly relevant. I don't think they're instantly disposable. A lot of the stuff in the past has been, a lot of the stuff in the future will be — the Visage things are right, escapist stuff. But I'd hate anyone to take what I'm doing with Ultravox with a pinch of salt. I'm very serious about this group."

For everyone else, the thing is not to take them seriously, and then for the first time you might see a point in Ultravox's existence. This is pop, with style, within reason, without too much pretention. Ultravox and Ure are wanted.

For how long . . .

Ultravox 1977: Cann, Currie, Shears, Foxx and Cross.

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SINGLES

"Uh . . . don't look now guys but I think there's an unidentified singles logo up there . . ." The Cramps by Anton Corbijn.

SINGLE OF THE WEEK
THE CRAMPS: Drug Train (Illegal). In a week when vinyl wastage has been scaled to the lowest possible depths, this crazed, marvellous out-take from The Cramps' 'Songs The Lord Taught Us' album reaffirms the 45 rpm record as a source of profound pleasure.

'Drug Train' was the missing cut from 'Songs' — dropped, apparently, because of producer Alex Chilton's insistence that it was "too R'n'B orientated". One can only marvel at Chilton's decision, seeing that the number doesn't remotely sound like R'n'B and it's arguably the best number from the album sessions that sired the motherlode of the album.

A werewolf yowl — "all aboard the drug train" and the group get loose in the caboose with a fervour so godforsaken it mates the best bedrock bop feel of primo rockabilly to the equally frenzied hyper locomotion of 'Sister Ray' period Velvet Underground.

The twin guitars of Bryan Gregory and Ivy Rorschach drive along a shakedown that rings out with the potency of 'Beginning To See The Light'. The whole shebang resounds with crazy voices whooping it up, fellow cronies bouncing off walls and Lux Interior pulling all his 'voice-with-built-in-reverb' yowling and hawking stunts to maximum effect.

As to the exact drugs being transported, no specific intoxicant is mentioned, perhaps because the overall sound would lead one to believe that every chemical available to Western society was used for the session.

As if this many splendoured work were insufficient, both 'Love Me' and 'I Can Hardly Stand It', the items gracing the B-side here, are hot items too. The former, an antique rockabilly curio performed originally by The Phantom in 1959 (his career was cut short by an auto accident, trivia fans) allows Lux to utilize his idiosyncratic ballad voice whilst the latter roars out with red blooded vengeance.

A fitting epitaph to The Cramps when Bryan Gregory was a member and a great record for exorcising depressions.

ROCKPILE: The Wrong Way (F-Beat). This is not an immediately impressive record. Dave Edmunds, now free of Swansong, has moved over to F-Beat and, along with Messrs Lowe, Bremner & Williams has made a Rockpile album.

'The Wrong Way', produced by Edmunds, has neither the immediacy of 'Girls' Talk' or 'Cruel To Be Kind', say, and seems peculiarly tentative as regards its general clout. The twist to the deal is that the number is in fact a Difford/Tillbrook composition and that what often sounds impeccable when performed using Squeeze's rigid studio policies doesn't necessarily work in the context that is Rockpile.

When one get acquainted with the number itself the song has a strong hookline. As it should. But a niggling feeling remains that this record is more a display of group democracy than anything else. And that is frankly not a particularly invigorating beginning.

THE SPECIALS: Stereotype (2-Tone). If the Rockpile record is disappointing, this is simply plain whacky. What starts out like an Irish show band playing 'Sketches Of Spain' develops into flamenco guitars, drum machine, trumpet, a touch of Enrico Morricone and a mild mannered chap singing about some equally mild mannered chap who forgets the punch-line to jokes, drinks wine, drives home at night, has a fiancee and a colour TV.

"He's just a stereotype," goes the chorus and you're left wondering if one Jerry Manners is doing a Ray Davies until the punch-line: *"he's a stereotype . . . and he doesn't really exist".*

As odd as its departure from previous Specials records is courageous, 'Stereotype' could well be commercial suicide. Or a number one hit for Abba fans who don't get the joke.

I'm certainly looking forward to the new album much more as a result.

JIMMY PURSEY: Lucky Man (Polydor). From Pursey's soon-come solo album, one presumes, this is a woeful piece of codswallop clumsily mating a kind of bankruptman's Clash (circa 'Rope') sound with honest Jim's niggling puerile lyrics and jarringly overwrought delivery.

Everything here is so ill-conceived, so half-baked in its belly-aching protestations that Pursey has finally proven himself beyond any shadow of doubt as the P.F. Sloan of punk.

Nick Kent rattles off a few rounds down at the 45 rpm corral.

Neville Staples and Terry Hall check up on some American business associates. Pic: Joe Stevens.

THE SOUND: Heyday (Korova). One of these half-wits who writes for *Sounds* and who fervently believes he's pioneering the future of rock'n'roll went postively arse-over-tit about this opus last week, claiming it to be the finest debut effort since The Jam's 'In The City'. 'Heyday' however warrants only the sparsest of commendations, never mind superlatives, being a revved-up guitar into built into a number with remarkably little to grasp on to. Melodically and vocally, it's pitifully unexceptional. Nothing, really nothing to turn up, off, sideways or stupidly sycophantic over.

SAXON: Suzie Hold On (Carrere).
SCORPIONS: The Zoo (Harvest). Is there any more depressing excuse for music than heavy metal? Saxon go for the Boston approach, attempting to soften the usual wretched parachord drubbing with a bit of melody thrown in to keep things from deteriorating into the fuzz-toned migraine dull ache that The Scorpions achieve in their wretched offering and which could well stand as a perfect representation of the H M milieu at its most grotesquely witless.

THE NEWS: Modern Toys (Polydor). Clever clever precision-tooled pop: the two singers sound very pleased with themselves as they croon over a bouyant, addictive extended work-line of a song. Forsaking personality for pop precociousness, the band and song stray dangerously near to sounding like an Attractions (that's minus E.C.) out-take.

MARIANNE FAITHFUL: As Tears Go By/Come And Stay With Me/This Little Bird (Decca).
CAT STEVENS: Matthew & Son/I Love My Dog/I'm Gonna Get Me A gun/A Bad Night (Decca).
JOHNNY & THE HURRICANES: Beatnik Fly/Red River Rock/Down Yonder/Rocking Goose (Decca). Meanwhile back down Memory Lane, Decca are knocking 'em out like there's no tomorrow.

In EP form, the company are banging out the early Oldham-produced Marianne Faithful stuff: pre-Jagger, pre-junk plus that oh so virginal voice that makes her latter day 'Broken English' croak so perversely effective by comparison. The songs, however, are all pretty dire and Decca could've given everyone concerned a much better deal simply by packaging '68's 'Something Better' and Ms F's original 'Sister Morphine'.

Before Cat Stevens became the darling of the bedsit set with his cosmic platitudes, he cobbled off some not disagreeable little commercial ditties for Decca. 'Matthew & Son' and 'I Love My Dog' possess decent melodies and fairly grand arrangements for their time but the shoddy items gracing side two of this EP prove that ol' doe eyes had his 15 minutes back in '65 and those minutes didn't amount to much.

Johnny & The Hurricanes are pure unadulterated trash of the first order and their Decca grab-bag of 'Beatnik Fly', 'Red River Rock', 'Down Yonder' and 'Rocking Goose' is actually recommended for purely that reason.

At this point, the real Nick Kent became unable to continue the Singles column, due to the strenuous demands of his feeding cycle. A search instigated by the editorial team revealed only a trail of half eaten cheddar biscuits and several empty pint cartons of yoghurt. The search continues as a dummy Nick Kent, fortified by a mug of sugar with two coffees, seats himself at the control modules . . .

SUGAR HILL GANG: Hot Hot Summer Day (Sugar Hill). The loquacious rapper turns his attention to the vagaries of the English weather in a manner sorely bereft of chutzpah. "There are ladies in the stores everywhere/Trying to purchase their seasonal wear", quoth he. Like, dullsville, daddyo. Not to say a trifle tardy.

BARRY ANDREWS: Rossmore Road NW1 (Virgin). Osmoses an almost palpable aura of B-movie fog, despite the sturdy presence of Robert Fripp. Andrews' second solo effort nevertheless steadfastly refuses to achieve that vital frisson. Jean-Luc Godard can feel justifiably proud.

THE UPSET: Hurt (Upset). Fresh from his trials with Jona Lewie, former Rumour henchman Bob Andrews presides over a brusque upbeat turkey trot from The Upset, a band whose acquaintance I have hitherto neither made in person nor on vinyl, although the rhythmic cut and thrust and an intermittently feisty horn timbre warrant placing them under further scrutiny.

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STEPHANIE AND HER PET RAT

Steve and Steph search for the rat (unnamed).

Pic: David Corio

Lynn Hanna tells the heart-warming story of a former Mancunian tax officer who packed her rodent and headed for London to find everlasting happiness with MANICURED NOISE.

STEPHANIE NUTTALL recently packed her pet rat in a transit van crammed with the rest of her possessions, drove down from Manchester to Chiswick and moved into the flat she now shares with friend and manager Linda Tricker.

Stephanie's a diminutive tax officer who started playing side drum in her local church brigade at the age of nine. Ten years later she graduated to her first full kit — formerly owned by the Buzzcocks — and with boyfriend Owen Gavin plus friends Jodee Taylor and Peter Bannister formed Manicured Noise.

When I met her, she'd just recovered from a direct hit on the head by a full beer can while she was deputising on drums for friends, Out Of Blue Six. Stephanie staggered off stage and collapsed with concussion. But, as she tells me with grim humour, Manicured Noise are a band who've had a lot of bad luck. It's fortunate that they have a resilient sense of humour and a keen appreciation of the absurd.

With Linda and guitarist Steve Walsh, we walk to a pub beside the river where we discuss the group's past misfortunes and future plans.

Steve squirms a bit if you mention his past. At the dawning of punk, he was rehearsing in a band called the Flowers Of Romance with Sid Vicious, ex-Banshee Kenny Morris and Viv of the Slits. "It was a way of wasting time," is all he says. When he heard that Manicured Noise were looking for a guitarist he moved up to Manchester and everything was set for the group's first series of semi-catastrophes.

Around October '78, they started by playing abstract snatches of John Barrie type film music. Approaches by Factory were never pursued. At that time, says Steve, Manicured Noise were under the virtual dictatorship of singer Owen Gavin with Stephanie bearing the brunt of his bullying.

"He was such a pig in that sense," Steve sighs. "And," he adds in a passable parody of John Wayne "I don't like to see guys treating gurls badly."

Stephanie laughingly recalls the battles that raged in the rehearsal room.

"It was fun at first, in a bitchy sort of way," says Steve. "Then it got really boring."

Matters came to a head when Owen insulted Pete Bannister's hat. A fresh fight flared and Owen Gavin gave in, leaving Manicured Noise the parting present of a legal injunction on all their material, including their unreleased single 'Bikini World'.

Steve took over singing and the situation improved. They signed a deal with Charisma's label Pre, spent a couple of months writing more material and released 'Moscow 1980' as a long-shot.

Steve explains: "We'd never played the new stuff live, and when I heard it on vinyl, I thought it sounded like a joke that was going to fall flat — which it did. I loved Danny Baker's review. It was something like 'sounds like a goose being worried by a sheep dog'."

Their current single was recorded during the same session. 'Faith' is fresh, distorted soul-funk, a delicate piece of pop dance music. But Steve isn't satisfied with either single.

"They were both written at a really exploratory stage. They're nowhere near representative of what we subsequently became."

FROM THESE beginnings Manicured Noise began to shape their music from an individual interpretation of old influences.

Steve: "I was always amazed that the press didn't make a big deal about Steph and Jodee because they were in the traditional, functional male role of the rhythm section. It was all accidental, but it did so much to shape our sound. They were much more suited to playing soul because the rhythm doesn't rely on that horrible rock aggression."

In Manchester, Steve plundered the record shops for old Northern Soul standards.

"A lot of people just nick stuff wholesale," he says. "But it's better put through the process of your own ideas. I try and restate only certain things about a song, or bring influences together in unlikely combinations, like Spaghetti Westerns into disco, Latin American into funk.

"We were always quite fixated with tradition, making noises that refer specifically to other pieces of music. It's not direct derivation. It's just that you don't create music out of thin air, you're unconciously conditioned by what you've heard. It seemed more logical to be conscious about it and I try to tailor the music around the *feel* of a certain song.

" 'Faith' has the same kind of devices as 'Rescue Me' by Fontella Bass, and the B-side 'Free-Time' is tailored round Betty Everett's 'You're No Good'."

Manicured Noise reached a stage in their career which Linda describes as "just beginning to simmer". A tour was set up supporting Magazine, scattered dates were arranged in France and Belgium and Charisma booked the band into Pink Floyd's 24-track Brittannia Studios.

Then came trauma number two. The day before they were due to start recording, bassist Jodee announced her departure.

Steve: "I said 'It's alright, I'll play the bass line.' We went into the studios and they brought in this succession of hired basses and I couldn't play a note on them! Jodee's style was very smooth and solid, and I was all over the place. The whole magic of the rhythm section was lost. All I could see were pound signs floating in front of my eyes. We just sat there with a whole box of percussion, about 20 basses, all this equipment, with the guy from Charisma watching his investment falling apart."

"He looked like he was going to cry," muses Linda.

And Manicured Noise? Were any of you about to burst into tears?

"We couldn't stop laughing," replies Stephanie. "It must have been hysteria. We were really upset underneath."

Saxophonist Peter Bannister shrugged his shoulders, packed his bags and left the same night.

Which left Steve and Stephanie with just an undiminished desire to make their own music.

"I'm not satisfied with the way the new wave has turned out," says Steve. "It doesn't do enough for me to just sit and listen to it. I want to go out and do something." Which is one of the few legacies of punk he still thinks is healthy.

"In some ways my music is an active form of criticism, because in playing a certain sort of music you're making a critique of other types. Rock music has become pessimistic for its own sake. It's very myopic. People like the Pop Group seem to twist themselves into little ideological circles because they're preaching gloom and despondency yet they want you to dance at the same time. They say funk lyrics are escapist, but people do fall in love and go to parties. Rock lyrics may say 'smash the system'. The thing is they *don't* smash it, instead they're bought up and incorporated into it like anyone else.

"It all boils down to what you think music can achieve. You can't divorce music from ideology because it always reflects the dominant ideology of the culture that produces it and the people who make it. But music is impotent when it comes to changing things. It can only mirror the ideology."

MANICURED NOISE'S own philosophy is realistically simple. They describe it as humbly admitting to their own lack of heroism, making happy music that's not vacuous, condescending or self-centred and accepting the challenge implied by the fine line between accessibility and substance.

"That balance is the most interesting thing there is," says Steve. "It produces the most electricity, the best tension."

To help achieve it, they were in the habit of huddling in a corner of the dressing-room and deliberately psyching themselves into a state of nerves before taking the stage.

"I want to get something out of it," states Stephanie. "Not just play a few tunes and hear them clap. I want to get some sort of emotion, some sort of reaction, even if it's anger. Although, obviously I'd prefer an audience to like us."

Steve: "We want to use the meaning of pop music and substitute different disciplines, imprint our own idea of what it should be."

You sound so optimistic.

"We are," they reply.

"English music is weighed down by the horrible grey climate," Steve says. "I can't really relate to all this doomy, apolcalyptic stuff. I always wonder whether we're actually in touch with those emotions or whether that sort of music is speaking a language that derives from a certain type of rock. It seems hysterical to me.

"It's because I can get really down myself, that I don't want to have to handle it in my music. That seems negative and fruitless. That's why I like the idea of happy, outgoing African music."

Now that Manicured Noise have recruited a bass player and saxophonist cum pianist with whom they're soon to start rehearsing, they're free to incorporate fresh influences of African and Latin-American music. And they anticipate different contributions from their new members, both of whom, they say, have strong personalities but share the same basic tastes.

"We'll never give up the idea of playing soul and funk-based dance music, because that's something we've always wanted to do," says Steve. "But hopefully we'll start on a whole new thing. We're definitely going to get a percussionist. The more percussion the better. The ideal thing would be like a salsa orchestra with loads and loads of people on stage. . ."

"Manicured Noise are expanding," remarks Stephanie. "Literally."

And in more ways than one.

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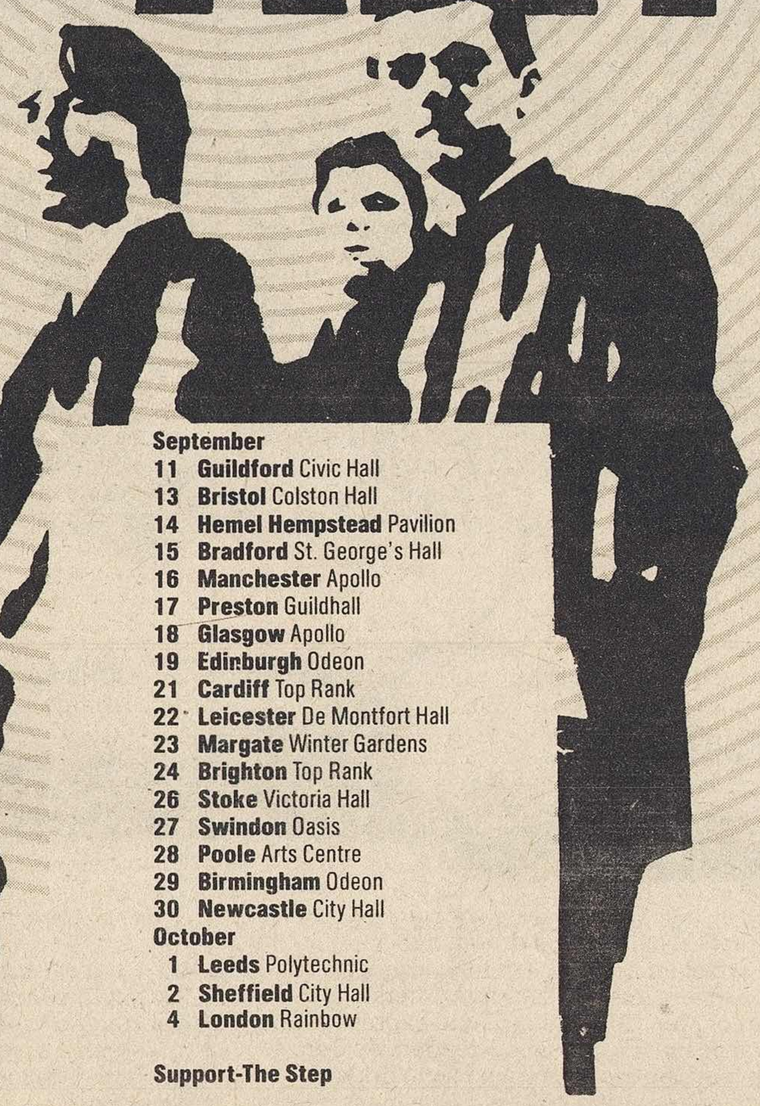


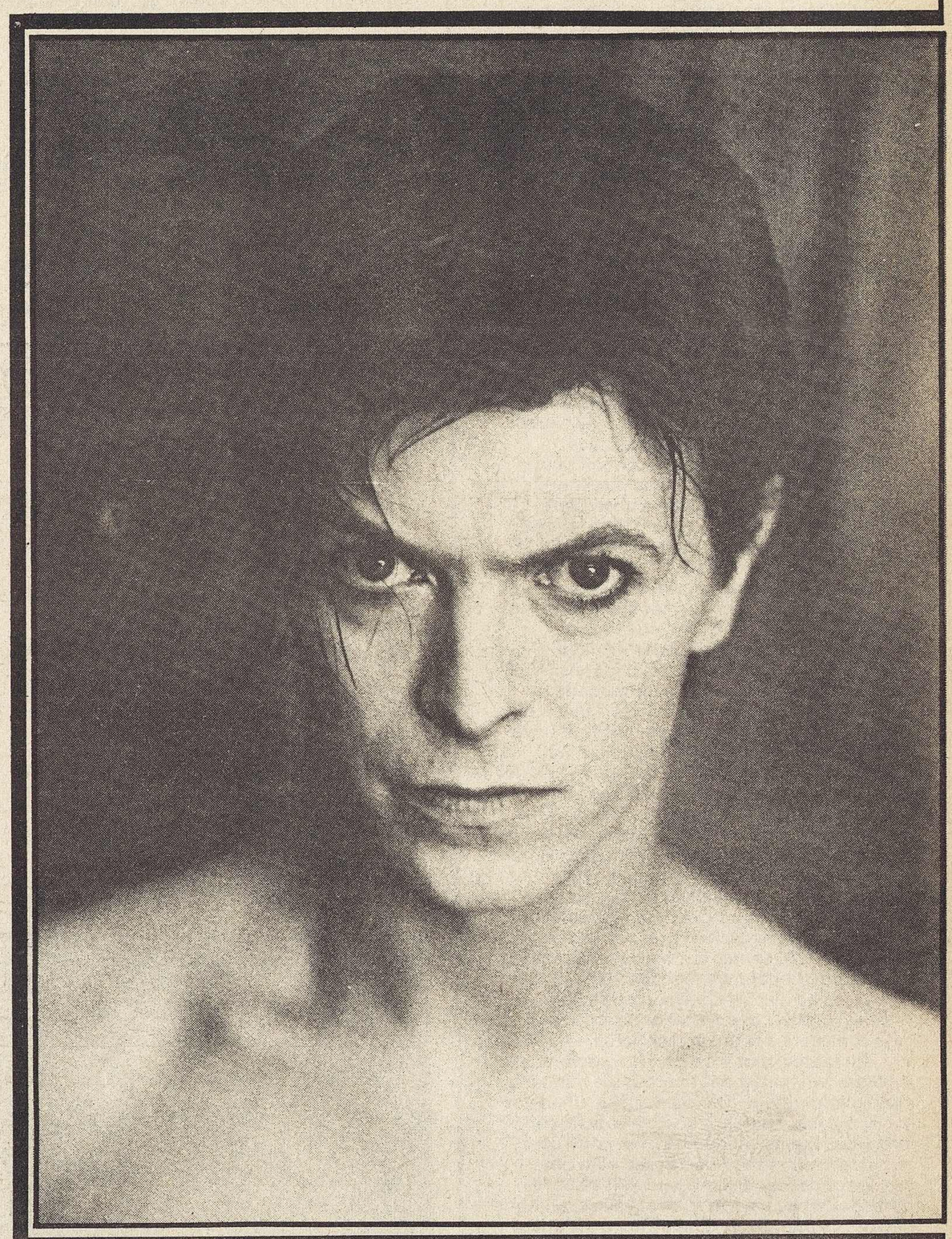
September
11 **Guildford** Civic Hall
13 **Bristol** Colston Hall
14 **Hemel Hempstead** Pavilion
15 **Bradford** St. George's Hall
16 **Manchester** Apollo
17 **Preston** Guildhall
18 **Glasgow** Apollo
19 **Edinburgh** Odeon
21 **Cardiff** Top Rank
22 **Leicester** De Montfort Hall
23 **Margate** Winter Gardens
24 **Brighton** Top Rank
26 **Stoke** Victoria Hall
27 **Swindon** Oasis
28 **Poole** Arts Centre
29 **Birmingham** Odeon
30 **Newcastle** City Hall

October
1 **Leeds** Polytechnic
2 **Sheffield** City Hall
4 **London** Rainbow

Support-The Step

THE FUTURE ISN'T WHAT IT USED TO BE

David Bowie talks about loneliness, insecurity, and myth. And the dangers of messing with Major Tom.



Interview by Angus MacKinnon
Photographs by Anton Corbijn

ONLY ITS PRETENTIOUS facade and brash neon hoardings distinguish the otherwise nondescript exterior of the Blackstone Theatre from its surroundings in downtown Chicago. Its mirrored foyer gives access to a surprisingly spacious and comfortable auditorium that faces a wide, deep stage.

Walls and ceiling are in a restrained neo-classical style, and only the chill rush of air-conditioning reminds you that this is not the West End — that and the fact London audiences are extremely unlikely to see the performance the Blackstone is currently hosting: David Bowie starring in the American National Theatre and Academy production of New York-born and bred playwright Bernard Pomerance's *The Elephant Man.*

The Elephant Man was premiered in London at the Hampstead Theatre in 1977, has won several awards, played both on and off Broadway and recently enjoyed another London run with Paul Scofield in the leading role of John Merrick, the grotesquely deformed so-called Elephant Man from Leicester who was rescued from a sad and sorry life as a Victorian freakshow attraction by the eminent surgeon Frederick Treves and who was subsequently lodged at the London Hospital in Whitechapel from 1886 until his death at the age of 27 in 1890.

Although it takes as many liberties with Merrick's genuinely pathetic story as does David Lynch's forthcoming but very different film on the same subject, Pomerance's play is a concise, fast-moving and compelling piece of theatre, by turns deathly serious and archly amusing, and one that places heavy demands on its lead player.

Merrick's physical abnormalities were extensive. His head was huge, egg-shaped and some 36" in diameter, his face terribly distended and dominated by a gaping, salivating maw of a mouth, his body draped with pendulous folds of skin that were themselves covered in foul-smelling, cauliflower-like fungoid growths, his right hand and arm a useless, unwieldy lump; only his left arm, its almost feminine hand and his sexual organs were left unscathed.

As a result it would be impractical if not impossible for the actor playing Merrick to hobble about the stage for some two hours encased in some sort of second skin that realistically depicted such ravages, and so Pomerance resorts to dramatic artifice. The audience is soon made aware of Merrick's disabilities by the device of having Treves show a series of slides taken of the Elephant Man when he was first admitted to the London.

At this point in the play a curtain is pulled back to reveal a spotlit Bowie wearing nothing but a loincloth and standing with his legs apart and arms outstretched. As Treves dispassionately enumerates Merrick's afflictions, so Bowie amplifies the gist of the surgeon's lecture by gradually straining himself into the crumpled stance he will, one short scene excepted, adopt for the remainder of the play. This brief sequence of mime is astonishing enough, but there's better to come.

As well as having to adopt the Elephant Man's crippled gait, Bowie is obliged to speak in an odd, high, fluted voice out of the side of his mouth, which in turn he has to violently contort. The character is also denied any degree of facial mobility since Merrick's own face was rendered effectively static by its peculiar bone structure, and so Bowie must rely on eye and head movements to express emotion, something he manages with unsettling conviction.

Bowie succeeds in extracting a dramatic maximum out of the part and more significantly perhaps, he appears to have won the confidence and support of what is a very distinguished professional cast, one that he will leave behind him when he re-opens the play on Broadway in September. I can only add that I found Bowie's performance deeply affecting.

Merrick (whose real name was Joseph not John; Treves himself made the mistake) was by all accounts a remarkable man who possessed great intelligence and sensibility beneath his horrifying exterior. Both these faculties blossomed after he was taken into the London, and are dwelt on in some depth by the play. To be able to portray the first outward stirrings of this unusual mind encased in its shell of literally rotting flesh is no mean task in itself, made doubly difficult since *The Elephant Man* depends entirely on the ability of the actor playing Merrick to constantly project the man's awareness of his own predicament or, as Bowie puts it, his "newness" of mind and "physical vulnerability".

That Bowie manages as much and more in what is his first 'legitimate' role in the theatre is, to say the least, impressive — especially in the light of his last, excruciatingly hammy appearance on screen in *Just A Gigolo.* Time and again *The Elephant Man* hovers precariously between drama and melodrama, between tenderness and mawkishness, but Bowie's evidently absolute immersion in the part of Merrick enables him to express every nuance that Pomerance intended. As Dan, a hip black Bowiephile from New York who's passing through Chicago on business, remarks to me after Thursday's show, "the play's the thing. It really doesn't matter who is Merrick as long as he's good — and yes, Bowie is very, very good."

DESPITE LONG-DISTANCE interference from Barbara De Witt, who is nominally in charge of Bowie's press worldwide and who calls from Los Angeles to tell me that I will find myself in "a one-hour situation with David", and despite the incompetence of RCA's Chicago office, who can only play me five tracks of 'Scary Monsters' and who drone on imbecilicly about Bowie's "incredible creative input", photographer Anton Corbijn and I arrive at the Blackstone early Thursday evening. We have both met Bowie briefly after the play the previous night, but our impressions were at best fleeting.

We go backstage and are again ushered into Bowie's cramped dressing room. Anton asks if he can take pictures during the interview, but it is firmly rebuffed by Bowie: "I never allow it. Never. I find it *most* distracting". Exeunt Anton and Coco Schwab, Bowie's enigmatic personal press assistant, a helpful but reserved girl who has worked with Bowie for the past six or seven years, travelling with him wherever he goes, and who adopts a distinctly protective attitude towards the man.

Bowie grins a lot, looks extremely well and, lighting the first of a virtual chain of Marlboro, settles back opposite me adopting a suitably expectant but nonetheless commanding air. Almost shaking the Cola out of a paper cup with nervousness, I broach the vexatious matter of De Witt's time limit on the interview.

Bowie seems understanding of my position, but unimpressed by my banter. I've never met him before but I rapidly appreciate that he is not to be crossed. I begin to suspect that if he felt so inclined he would simply stop proceedings by elegantly stalking out of the room.

His good eye fixes me for an instant, he pulls deeply on his cigarette then, as if suddenly resigning himself to my presence and the obligations it entails, he replies with surprising hesitance: "The thing is, you see, that — well, the reason why I haven't given any interviews in recent years is simply because I've become, I think, very private. Also *(pause)* to be honest I really don't think I've got that much to say. But why don't we just start and see how it goes?"

I mumble assent and we begin. Bowie's earlier self-assurance seems to desert him occasionally during the 40-minute interview. If I ask him straightforward factual questions, he replies promptly enough. But if I touch on more sensitive areas, he becomes extremely evasive. He'll either, infuriatingly, agree with everything I've said, divulge so much (not much) before deciding some psychological Rubycon is about to be crossed and changing the subject or simply answer me with a question of his own.

Bowie laughs frequently, sometimes because he's amused but more often because he's only too well aware of what Ian MacDonald later describes to me as the "double vector" of our conversation. In other words, Bowie laughs whenever it occurs to him that he's said or admitted something in a private encounter that is being recorded for public consumption. It's as if with this reflex reaction he can somehow shrug off the momentary anxiety he feels at having, perhaps, given too much away.

Talking with Bowie makes me more than usually aware of the manifold absurdities inherent in the interview process. Why should Bowie tell me anything at all? He has little to gain and much to lose by doing so. We're total strangers compelled by our respective positions and professions to confront each other for a ludicrously short time. For all Bowie knows I might just want to run for home and then tear him limb from limb in print. Mutual confidence and trust are understandably not easily won in such situations.

But if Bowie does worry on this score, he needn't. I make a conscious effort to steel myself against his gushing charm, an attribute he can and indeed does call on at will with both men and the small crowds of the merely curious and fanatically adoring that greet him every night at the Blackstone's stage door, but I still find myself liking the man; he's in fact surprisingly *sympat.*

Although one of the most profoundly amoral people I've met, Bowie is nonetheless hamstrung by an acuity of self-awareness that constantly threatens to bemuse or even overwhelm him. I really don't think he likes himself very much at times — and Bowie is extraordinarily introspective. His hyper-active mind resembles an entropic vortex that pulls a bewildering succession of variety of ideas, interests and influences into its orbit, arranging and then disarranging them at lightspeed. Concentration on any one thing for any length of time must pose him serious problems.

Bowie is also, or so it seems, painfully insecure. This is not something he flaunts in

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▶BOWIE

the hope of earning sympathy, but more of a compulsion. What he calls his "old re-examination programme" evidently entails continual reassessment and often comprehensive re-writing of his past, an intensive form of self-therapy which in turn forces him to be forever redefining the motivations and behaviour of the various characters he has created and whose mantles he has adopted.

In this respect Joseph Merrick is no exception to the rule. The sheer pathos of the Elephant Man's existence obviously entrances Bowie and so Merrick — or rather elements of what Bowie perceives Merrick to be — will undoubtedly merge imperceptibly in the man's mind with all the other self-analytical data already accumulated there by the likes of Ziggy. To that extent, nothing's changed. Bowie always has and probably always will 'blame' his characters for his own more irresponsible or, in his view, otherwise inexplicable actions. This exaggerated, almost hapless identification with what are really no more than sub-personalities of himself will presumably continue to provide Bowie with some very necessary degree of solace.

It is of course something that most of us periodically catch ourselves at, but Bowie's past insistence on giving such characters concrete form by shining them through the distorting prism of the image-obsessed rock medium has meant that he's developed the faculty to an extreme degree, and thereby totally bamboozled himself in the process. In fact Bowie has externalised so much of himself so often that he seems virtually incapable of confronting fundamentals. When I eventually ask him why he thinks people continue to find him interesting, he backs off with an immediate disclaimer that he'd never even try to answer such a question. Small wonder then that he finds it so hard — and yet so absorbing — to make mental ends meet.

A 'weak' person in the pejorative sense of the term Bowie most certainly isn't though — a more wilful individual I can't imagine. But given the complexities of his mercurial temperament — this a dark, deep pool from which I will draw no more than a glassful or two in the hour and a half I spend with him in Chicago — it becomes almost superfluous to have to point out how inconsistent he is and how often he bluntly contradicts himself.

Which doesn't mean that nothing Bowie says can ever be taken at face value — far from it — but merely that it's never any more or any less than what happens to cross his mind at a particular moment. The point's been made on every occasion Bowie's given a substantial interview, but its validity has, I'm convinced, increased rather than decreased with time — as, I feel, has Bowie's pronounced ability to phrase what he says in such a way as to utterly disarm his interviewer; he's uncannily adept at telling you exactly what he thinks you want to hear.

So much for psychoanalysis — when it's all dripped and dried Bowie must speak for himself.

MACKINNON: How did you come to play the part of Merrick?
BOWIE: Very simply. I saw the play just after Christmas. I wanted to see it on off-Broadway before it got all glossed up, but I wasn't in America at the time. So I saw the thing, liked it as a piece of writing and for myself I thought I would have loved to have had the part if it had ever been offered me — but it hadn't been.

And that was the last I thought about it until February of this year when I was back in New York recording the 'Scary Monsters' thing. Jack Hofsiss the director approached me and asked me if I would consider taking over the role at the end of the year (on Broadway).

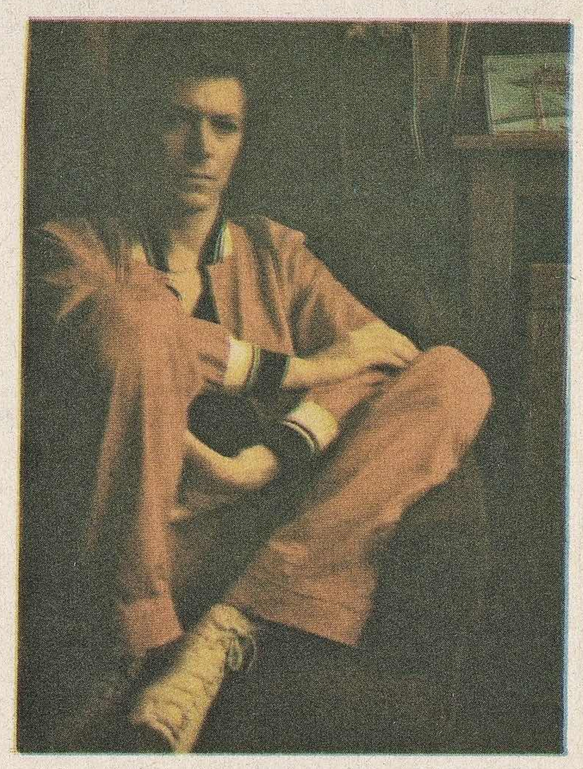
I wasn't sure if I liked the idea. I wondered if he'd seen me perform or if he knew anything about me. But then he told me about my concerts and things, so he had indeed seen me — or if not then he had a great scriptwriter. I thought that as long as he directed me I'd be quite willing to take the chance. It's the first piece of legitimate acting I've ever done per se. So I thought I might as well. It's a very complex and difficult role, but if I was going to jump in anywhere, I might as well jump there.

Did you know anything about The Elephant Man himself before you saw the play?
Sure. A lot of those strange freak stories appealed to me in my teens and then stayed with me — everything from hairy women (laughs) to people with 15 lips. I read all that stuff avidly and of course I did my homework on Merrick.
It must have been a rather unsettling experience for you. The last time you encountered audiences as closely as you do here must have been back in the Ziggy days.
Yes, it makes on suddenly very aware of how one's body and one's facial expressions function. It's — you do feel you're being scrutinised to an unbearable extent. It's not that pleasurable actually.

But I think that was the first thing I had to fight. After we'd finished rehearsals and opened in Denver I was furious with myself on the first night that the thing that was preoccupying me during the performance was how people were adjusting or relating to my body movements and that I hadn't been considering the character at all. It took a good week to shake that feeling off and become interested and involved onstage with Merrick.

I suppose the obvious thought must have crossed your mind that people were coming to see the play simply because you were in it.
Yeah, but I also knew that if I hadn't been successful within the first 15 or 20 minutes, then they'd have got up and started leaving because it's not the kind of part you can fuck about with, frankly. You've got to be credible. You've got to be a believable Merrick or it all falls to pieces.
Especially as the full extent of Merrick's deformities is measured through the other characters' reaction to him. It's their faces that register the shock and fright and fascination whereas, although you have to imitate Merrick's crippled walk, you are pretty much as you are — with no make-up to speak of and certainly no folds of fungoid skin.
Absolutely. You've got to be forthcoming with some kind of physical vulnerability, to show that you have a sharp but 'new' mind — new inasmuch as Merrick hadn't been in a situation where he could take advantage of the quite excellent mental process that he had. He had never been involved in that kind of higher society before. So in those terms it was a new mind, encased in this terrible grotesqueness.

"Numan? I think he did a good job on that stereotype, that element of 'Man Who Sold The World' but it's that false idea of hi-tech society. I don't think we're anywhere near that sort of society. It's an enormous myth."



And you have to imply all that at once. It's a terrible burden.
What about the physical aspects of the role — the walk, the way you have to speak out of the side of your mouth, and so on?
I didn't find that any problem at all. I went back into mime training during rehearsal and I had to use the pre-imposed exercises before and after performances to get myself into and out of it. One's spine can be damaged very badly. I had one night of excruciating pain when I didn't do the exercises. I've been to a chiropractor every now and then just to check I'm not putting my spine out of place. It's quite possible to do that, especially if you sit down in that position. You hear a click and you think that's it. That was also quite frightening for the first week, but you learn just how much pressure to use and when to lay back a bit.
You must have explored the character in some depth by now. Merrick mirrors people; they all have their own preconceptions about him.
"We polish him so that he may better reflect ourselves," as it's later stated.
Yes, and that struck me as a role you might possibly relish.
It's certainly one in which I can see strong parallels with other kinds of folk that I've tried to develop. Yes *(insistently)*, after you — you had a line of thought there.
I've lost it.
(Laughs) OK, we'll backtrack a bit. Yeah, studying Merrick. On a pedestrian level the first thing I did when I was told I actually had the part a couple of weeks before rehearsals started . . .

It was a very fast move. I had to make up my mind immediately I was told, so fortunately it didn't give me time to get cold feet. I think if I'd had a couple of months to think about the part I would definitely have got cold feet — over little things like could I project that far in a theatre without a microphone, stuff and nonsense like that. When it comes to the crunch those things are really important.

But I didn't have the chance; I had to say yes or no within 24 hours. I think they knew that as well. I think that Hofsiss knew that if I'd had time to think about it I would have dropped out. He was very clever psychologically in forcing me to face an issue like that.
So presumably you'd finished working on 'Scary Monsters' by this time?
Yes, I was biding my time and was quite set to go back to the East or something. Then Hofsiss came to see me . . .

So anyway the first thing I did was to go to the London Hospital and see what's left there. The real letdown was seeing the bloody church which he built. The real thing he made — in fact he gave it to Mrs Kendal and she donated it back to the hospital — was a penny plain and tuppence coloured thing that the nurses actually cut out for him; all he did was bend it up and stick it down. I was really disappointed that it wasn't a little wooden structure that he had patiently and tenderly carved by hand.
But that liberty in the play is justified, isn't it?
Oh yes, since one has to see that the purity Merrick was developing is evidenced in real form by the church that he was building. It's a good idea to hang onto the old church as a symbol — and also of course his enraptured idea of what heaven was going to be like and that he would be saved.

There was no doubt about it in his mind. Even though God does these terrible things to man and sits back and waits for them to ask for forgiveness . . . despite that, Merrick was prepared to believe in heaven, because of Jesus, not so much because of God.
In fact Merrick's very like the central character in that Werner Herzog film *The Enigma Of Kaspar Hauser*. That particular part was played by someone called Bruno S whom Herzog just found on the streets and who demonstrated that same sort of 'newness' of mind. You know, like Merrick he has that capacity to swing between what seems to be the height of naivety and incredible, unnerving insight in the course of one remark. It's like Herzog really believes that children are *it*, that they understand much more than adults and that growing up and gaining experience just destroys the power and the subtleties of their thinking.
It's really such a used idea. I think it still captures the public's imagination now for the same reasons that the original Elephant Man captured the Victorians' attention — because he looked funny. But what the play is actually doing is shoving that pure 'new' spirit into the middle of sordid society and then seeing what sort of juxtapositions you get.
On the one hand you've got the play having a dig at Victorian notions of morality and of helping or 'improving' people, and on the other there's this peculiarly English thing of fascination with the grotesque, something that you can trace all the way back to, say Elizabethan bear-baiting, and further.
Absolutely. There are also, I must say, elements of the same thing in *The Man Who Fell To Earth*, although in that instance the purity of the character was corrupted.
You took the words out of my mouth. Thomas Jerome Newton is partly that corrupted innocent and partly — well, he's obviously the creation of a very high level of technology and he can use that same technology very efficiently when necessary. So he's charming, appealing and yet quite ruthless.
Yeah, he has this hi-tech emotional drive. He discards people and their values all the time. Actually though, it's a false illusion of purity and in that sense it's very Nic Roeg. Sorry, Nic, I love you but. There's such a corruptness in Nic's thought, one that *(pause)* . . .
That reached its zenith or nadir, depending on how you look at it, with *Bad Timing*.
I saw it, I saw it. Wait for the next one. He starts it off at Christmas on Haiti. It's about voodoo and if any of that crew come off that island alive I'd be very surprised. Nic is always presenting something that is none too clear but which seems superficially to be everything that one's first impressions would have it be.

You know, pure spirit comes to earth, and they fuck it up. In fact, it's nothing of the kind. There's this insidious lie going on throughout the film; Newton is a far better person at the end of the film than he was when he came down. He's actually found some sort of real emotional drive; he knows what it is to relate to people, and what the effects of all that on him are is secondary. When he first comes down, he doesn't give a shit about anybody.
I've always seen Roeg as something of a fatalist, and sometimes a pretty demonic one at that.
I find him more like Puck. I would far more work with Roeg than, say Mr Anger *(Kenneth Anger, author of 'Hollywood Babylon')*.

There is, you see, a great purity in Nic's own thought. It's convoluted, but it's there. There's an enormous struggle going on in his own mind. It's very tense; he asks himself *why* he wants to create things, to make films. He knows though that he's undertaking some great magic — I'm wary of saying spell, but it's some kind of ritual thing when he's making a film. I mean, knowing the man it's very hard to look at the film *(Bad Timing)* without going back and feeling involved with him again. It's *such* a personal film.
But talking about *The Man Who Fell To Earth* — I got the impression that Roeg had been very dictatorial with you, that he'd very much said that it was *his* film, that he had a very definite idea of how he wanted you to appear in it, that he really didn't care whether you had any interesting ideas about film-making or not — those things could be discussed off the set but if anybody was going to channel them into the film it was going to be him.
Absolutely correct, all the way down the line. There was no — no, very little essence of myself. I think the only freedom I was given was in choosing how the character would dress. That was it. That was the only thing I could claim at all, that I chose my wardrobe and that I put in again — I had to — that Japanese influence, something that I felt had something to do with my very weak analogy between spacemen or a spaceman and what Westerners regard the Orientals as: an archetype kind of concept.
But *you* say there was very little of you in the film, whereas I'd say that there was as much David Bowie or whoever as we're ever likely to see of you on film. I thought that you weren't only at times physically naked but at others metaphysically so as well.
Yes, I agree there too, strangely enough. There are few directors who have the kind of discipline over actors that Nic has and who can then pull out more of the actor by doing that.
In *The Man Who Fell To Earth* you were almost, as it were, non-acting, just sublimating yourself to what you call Roeg's discipline, whereas in *Just A Gigolo* you were obviously trying to act very hard and the results were abysmal, truly appalling.
Yeah, the film was a cack *(laughs loudly)*, a real cack. Everybody who was involved in that film — when they meet each other now, they look away *(covers face with hands, laughs)*.

Yes, it was one of those. Oh well, we've all got to do one and hopefully I've done mine now. I think the great failure on my part for becoming involved in that particular venture was my acceptance of the director (David Hemmings) as a person rather than actually bothering to consider what the script consisted of — or rather didn't consist of, since it contained absolutely nothing — and also what experience the guy had had as a director.

I love Hemmings. He's a terrific fella, and I fell for that. He's wonderful and a *great* talker *(laughs)*. Listen — you were disappointed, and you weren't even in it. Imagine how we felt. Really, it was such a shame. I can only say that David and I are still great friends and we know what we did. We'll never work together again. Friendship was saved, if nothing else.

Fortunately it's been so long now that I don't feel so uptight when I talk about it, but the first year or so after I'd made the thing I was furious, mainly with myself. I mean, oh God, I really should have known better. Every real, legitimate actor that I've ever met has told me never to even approach a film unless you know the script is good. If the script isn't any good, then there's no *way* a film is going to be good.
Back a bit — what about the music you wrote for *The Man Who Fell To Earth*?
Well, only one piece survived and became 'Subterraneans' on 'Low'. I really can't remember the details, but there was a great row — not between Nic and I because we kept apart from those areas; I didn't want to row with Nic. It was a production row I had with British Lion, a couple of er, unusual people who were putting the thing together.

I was under the impression that I was going to be writing the music for the film but, when I'd finished five or six pieces, I was then told that if I would care to submit my music along with other people's . . . and I just said "Shit, you're not getting any of it". I was *so* furious, I'd put *so* much work into it.

Actually though, it was probably as well; my music would have cast a completely different reflection on it all. It turned out for the better and of course it did prompt me in another area — to consider my own instrumental capabilities, which I hadn't really done very seriously before. The area was one that was suddenly exciting me, one that I never really considered would. And that's when I got the first inklings of trying to work with Eno at some point.
I had the impression that several of the songs on 'Station To Station' were quite strongly linked lyrically to *The Man Who Fell To Earth*: 'TVC 15' and 'Word On A Wing', for instance, and also but more indirectly 'Wild As The Wind' and 'Golden Years'.
'Word On A Wing' I can talk about. There were days of such psychological terror when making the Roeg film that I nearly started to approach my reborn, born again thing.

It was the first time I'd really seriously thought about Christ and God in any depth and 'Word On A Wing' was a protection. It did come as a complete revolt against elements that I found in the film. The passion in the song was genuine. It was also around that time that I started thinking about wearing this *(fingers small silver cross hanging on his chest)* again, which is now almost a left-over from that period.

I wear it, I'm not sure why I wear it now even. But at the time I really needed this. Hmmm *(laughs)*, we're getting into heavy waters . . . but yes, the song was something I needed to produce from within myself to safeguard myself against some of the situations that I felt were happening on the film set.
At the end of my review of 'Lodger' I said rather flippantly that I thought you were ripe and ready for religion. That album seemed so desperate, so disparate, just a snapshot collage of journeyman melancholy; God seemed to be just about all you had left.
(Laughs) Yes, I can understand that, but I think

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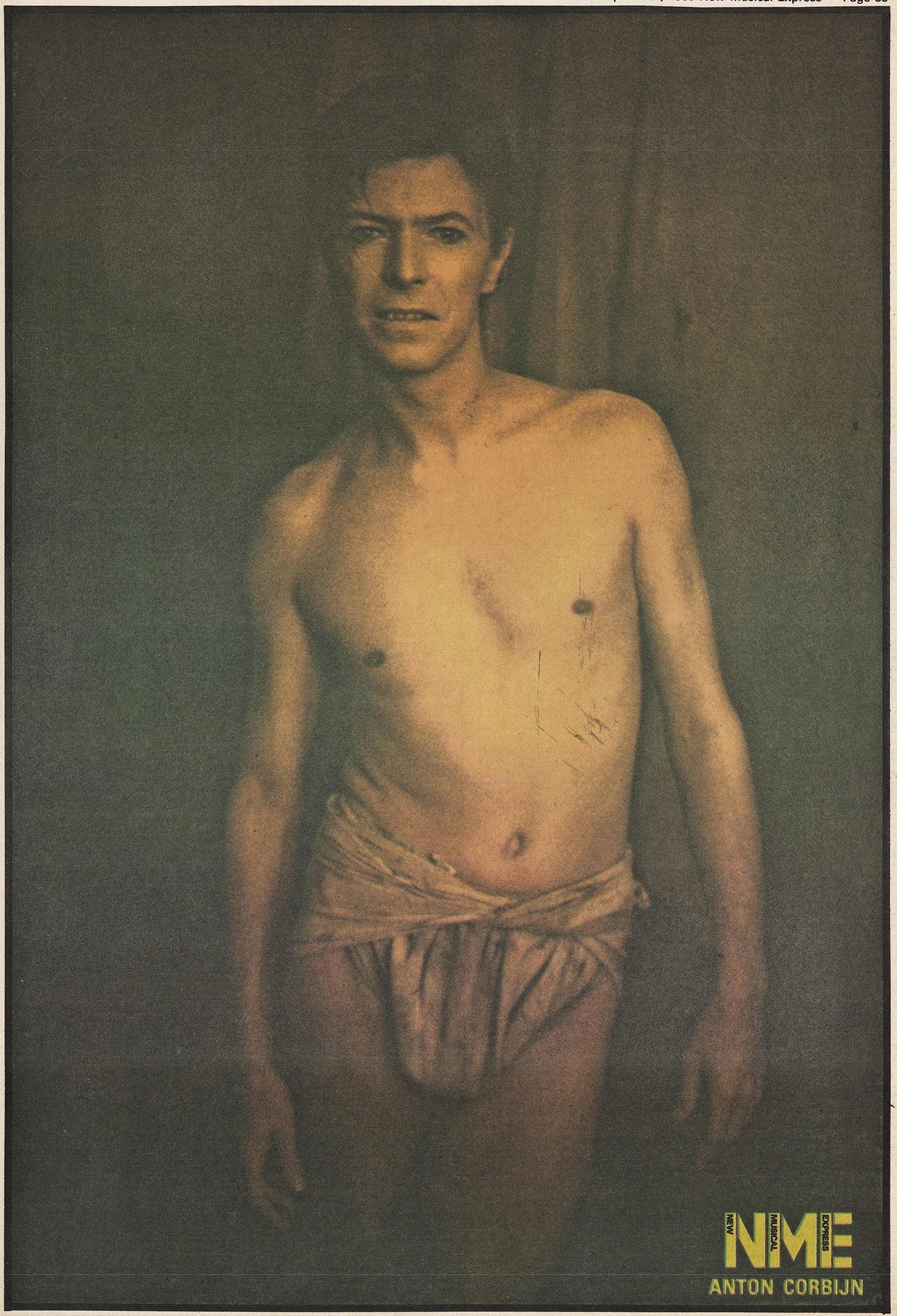
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▶BOWIE

you were probably post-period there. It had already hit me. There was point when I very nearly got suckered into that narrow sort of looking — no, finding the Cross as the salvation of mankind around the Roeg period.

That whole period stretching through to '76 was probably the worst year or year and a half of my life in the old re-examination programme.

I imagine Berlin must have knocked a lot of that stuffing out of you.

Oh yeah, it was best thing that could have happened to me. I'd come out of the American thing with *(pause, sigh)* smashed ideals inasmuch as I'd found that the ideals I did have weren't worth a shit anyway, that I was too willing to jump from point of view to point of view without taking into account the consequences of anything I was doing, just breaking out of the American cocoon. And so yes, Berlin was definitely the best place I could have gone.

At least 'Low' and "Heroes" both had a certain emotional consistency, although it was sometimes a very distraught, withdrawn and perhaps cynical one. At least you were — well, looking at things again, or maybe for the first time, as opposed to just staring at images or reflections.

Yeah, looking at things, but with not that much conviction about whether I'm right or wrong about what I'm seeing. I think those three albums helped *me* to appreciate that my make-up is generally much more of a microcosm of what society is than me standing back and saying "This is what society is about".

Before, up until the '76 period, I was far more of the opinion that I had some kind of definite viewpoint on how society was made up and what it represented. But now I'm feeling like a society in myself, so broken up and fragmented that it's best just to throw me into the *(pause)*. . .

Into the ring? But isn't all that just the belated arrival of some sort of maturity, some realisation thay you were fallible?

It was. To use a cliche — and why not? — it was . . . some kind of maturity.

Which brings us to your rather extraordinary means of arrival at Victoria Station in late '75. I was very perturbed by that: the black Mercedes, the handsome blonde outriders and everything. I was there *(at which point Bowie laughs briefly, as if embarassed)* and I came away thinking you were some sort of fascist maniac. The incident has never been very satisfactorily explained; I just thought you must have consumed an enormous amount of cocaine in Los Angeles *(Bowie chuckles broadly)*. I mean, that *Rolling Stone* interview with the darkened room, the black candles and the bodies falling past the window, and then seeing the *Cracked Actor* television film of the 'Diamond Dogs' tour at around the same time — it all convinced me and a lot of other people that you'd flipped completely, wanted to take over the world or had some such equally idiotic, megalomanic gameplan.

(Still laughing) No, I'm sure none of that helped in the least.

So what *were* you up to then?

Well, actually, Victoria station *(long pause)*. . .

"It's not infrequent I wake up on a chilly morning and wish I was in Kyoto or somewhere and in a Zen monastary. That feeling lasts well over five or six minutes before I go and have a cigarette and a cup of coffee to shake that off."

now this you're not going to believe, but everything else you're saying is absolutely correct. I had indeed been bombed out for quite a long time.

This was all an escape plan heralded by a couple of friends of mine — I won't say who they are — who helped me get out of America and get back to Europe, whatever. That whole 'Station To Station' tour was done under duress. I was out of my mind totally, completely crazed. Really. But the main thing I was functioning on was — as far as that whole thing about Hitler and rightism was concerned — it was *mythology*.

I was in the depths of mythology. I had found King Arthur. It was not as you probably know because . . . I mean, this whole racist thing which came up, quite inevitably and rightly. But — and I know this sounds terribly naive — but none of that had acutally occurred to me, inasmuch as I'd been working and still do work with black musicians for the last six or seven years. And we'd all talk about it together — about the Arthurian period, about the magical side of the whole Nazi campaign, and about the mythology involved.

All that stuff was flying around, buzzing around the skies. I could see it. Everywhere I looked there were these great demons of the past, demons of the future on the battlegrounds of one's emotional plain (plane?) and all that, . . I was in a haze of mythology. Mixed up too of course were my own fucking characters. The Thin White Duke — throwing him, it was like kicking him. There was *such* an addictive thing about what was happening there that actually being able to ride that particular storm I was able to send a lot ot those demons back to their — well, wherever it is they live.

Altogether, none of it is something to be dealth with unless you're in a particularly stable frame of mind.

Yes. the temptations to draw all the wrong conclusions are too great. But you can always notice these thing surfacing into the cultural mainstream. I mean, the number of books you'll find in the "Occult" racks of, say, Smith's these days about the Third Reich and its supposed occultist tendencies.

Oh God yes, I know it all . . . ghastly stuff.

Yes, and there's more and more of it now. They're even writing pulp novels on the subject, that connection between Arthurian literature and legend and the Reich. There's James Herbert's *The Spear* and Duncan Kyle's *Black Camelot:* the SS and their Grail castles, very subversive and dangerous material, you know.

Yes, I know. Only too well. It's *so* insidious — and of course the first thing that happened to me when I got to Berlin was that I really had to face up to it, because all the people I had as friends there were naturallly extreme leftists.

Suddenly I was in a situation where I was meeting young people of my age whose fathers had actually been SS men. That was a good way to be woken up out of that particular dilemna, and start to re-function in a more orderly fashion — not totally ordered, but you know . . . yeah, I came crashing down to earth when I got back to Europe.

And Los Angeles, that's where it had all happened. The fucking place should be wiped off the face of the earth. To be anything to do with rock and roll and to go and live in Los Angeles is I think just heading for disaster. It really is. Even Brian (Eno), who's so adaptible and quite as versatile as I now am living in strange and foreign environments, he couldn't last there more than six weeks. He had to get out. But he was very clever: he got out much earlier than I did.

Alright, so we have this sort of manic destabilisation in L.A. and then re-adjustment in Berlin, up to a point at least. But there again at the end of 'Red Money' on 'Lodger' there's that line about *"responsibility, it's up to you and me"* — whereas in 'Up The Hill Backwards' on the new album there's more than a suggestion of admitting defeat, or if not that them implying that there's bugger all you or I or anybody can do about the state of things.

Well . . . admitting it? I don't actually agree with that viewpoint, you see. To digress completely for a moment — I still adopt the view that music itself carries its own message, instrumentally I mean. Lyrics are not needed because music does have an implicit message of its own; it makes its case very pointedly. If that were not the case, then classical music would not have succeeded to the extent that it did in implying and carrying some definite point of view, some attitude wich presumably can't be expressed with words.

That's why I'm furious you didn't get to hear the album because the lyrics taken on their own are nothing without the secondary sub-text of what the musical arrangement has to say, which is *so* important in a piece of popular music. It makes me very angry — and I'm not saying you're doing it at all — when people concentrate only on the lyrics because that's to imply there is no message stated in the music itself, which wipes out hundreds of years of classical music. Ridiculous.

If that's the case then I suppose I'd better concentrate on what I've heard and seen. The 'Ashes To Ashes' video is very striking. Did David Mallett (who made the three 'Lodger' videos) direct that?

That's my first direction. Well, no, I'll cross with him there. The other three that were done for 'Lodger' were co-directions inasmuch as I gave David complete control over what I wanted put in there. But this one I story-boarded myself, actually drew it frame for frame. He edited it exactly as I wanted it and has allowed me to say (adopts Edward Heath voice) *publicly* that it is my first direction. I've always wanted to direct and this is a great chance to start — to get some money from a record company and then go away and sort of play with it.

Those recurring images of the astronaut, they're very reminiscent of H.R. Giger's sets for Ridley Scott's *Alien* film.

Yes, they are, and intentionally so. It was supposed to be the archetypal 1980s ideal of the futuristic colony that has been founded by the earthling, of what that looks like — and in that particular sequence the idea was for the earthling to be pumping out himself and to be having pumped into him something organic. So there was a very strong Giger influence there: the organic meets hi-tech.

There're an awful lot of cliched things in the video but I think I put them together in such a way that the whole thing isn't cliched — at least inasmuch as the general drive of the sensibility that comes over is some feeling of nostalgia for a future. I've always been hung up on that; it creeps into everything I do, however far away I try to get from it. It does recur and it's something I have to admit to and I can't . . . and that's obviously part of what I'm all about as an artist *(this said with uncharacteristic assertion)*.

Now I tend to go with it rather than escape from it because it's obviously an area that, even if I refuse to face it, does interest me. The idea of having seen the future, of somewhere we've already been keeps coming back to me.

Do you extend that to believing in the possibility of cyclic civilisations?

No, not on that kind of simplistic level. I don't . . . I think I work even more these days from dream sequences.

But then surely you're acknowledging some sort of wellspring of the collective unconscious? It's hard to think straight about this kind of thing — I mean, is it all down to *2001*-type interference? You know, *They* came from other worlds to give us knowledge, and so on.

(With sudden enthusiasm) Have you ever read a book called *The Origins Of Consciousness In The Dawn Of The Bi-Cameral (?) Mind?* It sounds an awful title but it's really a very easy book to read. In fact it's an extraordinary book written by a guy called J.P. Haines *(?)* which suggests that at one point the mind was definitely of a schizoid — no, a dual nature and that the right hand passed messages through to the left side of the brain, and vice versa. It's written in a very academic manner but it's highly interesting.

I related to that tremendously because I've often had that feeling very strongly with myself that . . . well, it's like what Dylan said about the tunes are just in the air. I still believe in that kind of naive approach to writing. I leave the cerebral stuff to the Enos and Fripps of this world. Because I'm far more tactile in my approach to what I do, I think it's probably why we work together so well.

CONTINUES ▶

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SEPT 20TH	UNIVERSITY OF EAST ANGLIA
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UNITED ARTISTS RECORDS

▶BOWIE

We could go off at a tangent and talk about the vagaries of human intelligence for hours, but it doesn't look as if we've got the time. But thinking about Eno and Fripp — I used to like most of what they did on their own records a lot, but now have my doubts about all this endless conceptualising. I just don't think it ultimately delivers in most cases; Fripp's 'God Save The Queen/Under Heavy Manners' album struck me as a prime example — some of its theory was fascinating, but much of its practice, of what acutally appeared on the album was unremittingly dull. The same, I felt, went for Eno's 'Music For Airports'.

I must say I like working with Brian a lot, but I think this happens to conceptualists; they often have the seeds and germs of truly revolutionary ways of doing things, which I believe Brian does.

I really think he's one of the brightest minds I've met in this particular area, although of course he's duplicated many times over in the field, in the so-called more serious world of painting, where you can find a conceptualist for every square yard. But there are few in this business and Brian is defintely one of then, and he has moments of true genius. I think some of the music on 'Another Green World' was really, for want of a better word, transcendental. I dare say we'll be working together again.

Some more specific points — this question of Major Tom reappearing in 'Ashes To Ashes' . . . he seems to be a fairly indestructible character. Why does he continue to interest you?

Again, the sub-text of 'Ashes To Ashes' is quite obviously the nursery rhyme appeal of it and for me it's a story of corruption. It's also about as subversive as one can get in popular music terms inasmuch as I would love to get a record played by the BBC containing the word "junkie". I thought that was quite successful *(grins).* There's not much you can do these days; we're all such a blase, worldweary lot *(laughs).*

But if one can make anything more serious out of it all other than that it's The Further Stories Of, it's that when I originally wrote about Major Tom I was a very pragmatic and self-opinionated lad that thought I knew all about the great American dream and where it started and where it should stop.

Here we had the great blast of American technological know-how shoving this guy up into space and once he gets there he's not quite sure why he's there. And that's where I left him. Now we've found out that he's under some kind of realisation that the whole process that got him up there had decayed, was born out of decay; it has decayed him and he's in the process of decaying. But he wishes to return to the nice, round womb, the earth, from whence he started.

I guess it's that simple. I really don't think there's anything more insidiously perverse about the thing at all. It really is an ode to childhood, if you like, a popular nursery rhyme. It's about spacemen becoming junkies *(laughs).*

What about the new, simpler version of 'Space Oddity'?

That came about because Mallett wanted me to do something for his show and he wanted 'Space Oddity'.

I agreed as long as I could do it again without all its trappings and do it strictly with three instruments. Having played it with just an acoustic guitar onstage early on I was always surprised as how powerful it was just as a song, without all the strings and synthesisers. In fact the video side of it was secondary; I really wanted to do it as a three-piece song.

Are you story-boarding the other two videos for 'Scary Monsters'?

Oh yes, now I've started, no one will stop me. Also another thing I've come up with over the last six months are my first stoned-out video tapes that I did in 1972 on black and white reel to reel, which are *so* exciting, and some later ones I did after 'Diamond Dogs'.

In those I recreated the set for 'Diamond Dogs' — this was in the Pierre Hotel in New York — and I built three or four-foot high buildings out of clay on tables. Some were standing up, others were crumbling and I took the camera and put a micro-lens on it, zooming down the streets in between the tables.

I tried animation out and had all these characters; the whole thing is so bizarre I'm going to put that together and put it out as a cassette. And as it's silent — there's a few bits of strange music on it but nothing much else; mainly I used the 'Diamond Dogs' album as a backing track . . .

You know, I wanted to make a film of 'Diamond Dogs' *so* passionately, *so* badly; I really wanted to do that. I had the whole roller skating thing in there. We had no more cars because of the fuel problems — which was super stuff to look back on and say yes, I thought that then — and these characters with enormous, rusty, sort of organic-looking roller skates with squeaking wheels that they couldn't handle very well. Also I had groups of these cyborgy people wandering around looking so punky it's going to be a lovely tape to put out. I want to write some new music for it though: a piece of music accompanied by a sort of strange black and white vision.

Because 'Diamond Dogs' is certainly a retro-active sort of idea, one that seems to work much better after the event.

Now there's a certain quaintness in some of its arrangements that pieces it into the '70s as an artefact of the time.

Chopping and changing a bit, tell me about 'Fashion' and the first part of 'It's No Game', both of which I have heard.

The Japanese lyrics to the first 'It's No Game' are exactly the same as the others, although 'Part 1' sees a more sort of animal approach on my part. Also, repeating me parrot fashion but in Japanese is a young Japanese girl friend of mine who says the lyric in such a way as to give the lie to the whole very sexist idea of how Japanese girls are so very prim. She's like a Samurai the way she hammers it out. It's no longer the little Geisha girl kind of thing, which really pisses me off because they're just not like that at all.

And 'Fashion'? You mention "the goon squad" — fascism?

No, not really. It's more to do with that dedication to fashion. I was trying to move on a little from that Ray Davies concept of fashion, to suggest more of a gritted teeth determination and an unsureness about why one's doing it. But one *has* to do it, rather like one goes to the dentist and has the tooth drilled. I mean, you have to have it done, putting up with the fear and the aggravation. It's that kind of feeling about fashion, which seems to have in it now an element that's all too depressing.

But that's hardly surprising when so many kids are leaving school today and not being able to find jobs, is it? If that is the case, then you're going to make bloody sure you have a good time down the disco or wherever.

I don't know, you know. The American disco I went to in the early '70s in New York when it was supposed to be the hot new thing that was sweeping the city — well, I never felt that grim determination that one feels now. There is that. Yes, I must say I did feel it when I was in London. I was taken to one extraordinary place by . . . Steve Strange? God, what was it called? Everybody was in Victorian clothes. I suppose they were part of the new new wave or the permanent wave or whatever . . . *(enter Coco making throat-slitting gestures)* . . . it's the Valkyrie *(laughs).* We'll have some more time but I'll have to keep it to a minimum.

AS WE finish, I protest to Bowie about this "minimum." I overstate my case to Bowie, and he suddenly snaps "Alright, alright, don't *sell* it to me, Angus. I don't need anybody to *sell* me anything". I retire in confusion and, convinced that I've aged years in less than an hour, make my exit.

FRIDAY afternoon finds Anton and I awaiting Bowie and Coco in a small, seedy bar opposite the Blackstone. They arrive on time and Bowie, sharing Anton's delight at having found Sinatra's mildly heretical rendition of 'That's What God's Face Looks Like' on the jukebox, agrees to the photographer's request to do a session there and then, but not without first consulting Coco.

The bar's proprietor, a Chicano with knife scars criss-crossing the left-hand side of his face and neck, looks on in amazement.

We move to the theatre and on a whim Bowie suggests we do the interview onstage. I agree and so we heave table and chairs into position. The contrast with the claustrophobic dressing room couldn't be more complete. Whereas yesterday Bowie and I fenced tensely at each other, today we both seem much more at our ease. For my part I have noted down some dozen simple, factual questions and, when these are dismissed, I plan to freewheel. Bowie seems positively expansive. It's as if we're both convinced we have the other's measure.

As it transpires, the interview's very informality belies the way it progresses. Much to my surprise, after initial evasions Bowie begins to discuss himself with very little prompting and answers off-the-cuff questions I'm quite prepared for him to ignore altogether. Or so it seems.

On reflection it occurs to me that wondering whether or not Bowie is being as straightforawrd and forthcoming as he appears to be is pointless, just as to depict him as the archetypal manipulator-chameleon who invariably vanishes behind a verabl snokescreen of his own making is both fatuous and unfair. Suffice to say that, soon becoming quite oblivious to our surroundings, Bowie and I talk intensively for some 35 minutes. If our conversation doesn't follow a very logical course, that's only because most conversations don't but, since this one had a peculiarly insistent flow, I've left it unedited, intact.

Why did you choose to do a Tom Verlaine song ('Kingdom Come') on the new album?

That particular cut, it was simply one of the most appealing on his album. I'd always wanted to work with him in some way or another, but I hadn't considered doing one of his songs. In fact Carlos Alomar, my guitarist, suggested that we do a cover version of it since it was such a lovely song.

It's about the notion of grace. Did that influence you at all?

Yes and no. The song just happens to fit into the scattered scheme of things, that's all.

Why did you release two more versions of 'John, I'm Only Dancing'?

Only because we dug them up and the beat version was something that never got on the 'Young Americans' album. It seemed so right at the time and RCA wanted to put it out, and I agreed to it fully. It was just some more material that was held back there. I've still got lots of things canned like that which I'd like to release, things like 'White Light White Heat' with the Spiders.

Do you have complete control over what RCA put out under your name?

Oh no, they've put out things without my approval. 'Velvet Goldmine' is the one that immediately springs to mind. That whole thing came out without my having the chance to listen to the mix; somebody else had mixed it — an extraordinary move.

But haven't you recently re-negotiated your contract with RCA? Surely you can put a stop to that sort of thing?

No, I most certainly haven't. We're miles away from that and shall just have to see what happens.

There were rumours that RCA weren't very happy with 'Lodger'.

That's true. They weren't very happy with 'Low' either. At the time the one comment I received from them was "Can we get you — another pad in Philadelphia?", so that I could do another 'Young Americans'. That was the kind of attitude I was having to cope with.

Does that appeal to you, making another 'Young Americans'-type album?

I don't know. You see, my own needs were satisfied within that area in the '73/'74 period, when I was staying as much as I could there, crashing down with people in either Philadelphia or New York. I spent an awful lot of time in that kind of environment.

Leaping about a bit —

That's alright, I'm in the mood.

'Red Sails' from 'Lodger' — was the Neu influence there intentional?

Yes, definitely. That drum and guitar sound, that especially, is quite a dream. The moments of difference though, they came from Adrian (Belew, Bowie's guitarist at the time) not being played Neu; he'd never heard them. So I told him the atmosphere I wanted and he came up with the same conclusions that Neu came up with, which was fine by me. That Neu sound is fantastic.

You seemed at one time to have a fondness for using rather hysterical lead guitarists: Earl Slick, Ricky Gardener and then Belew.

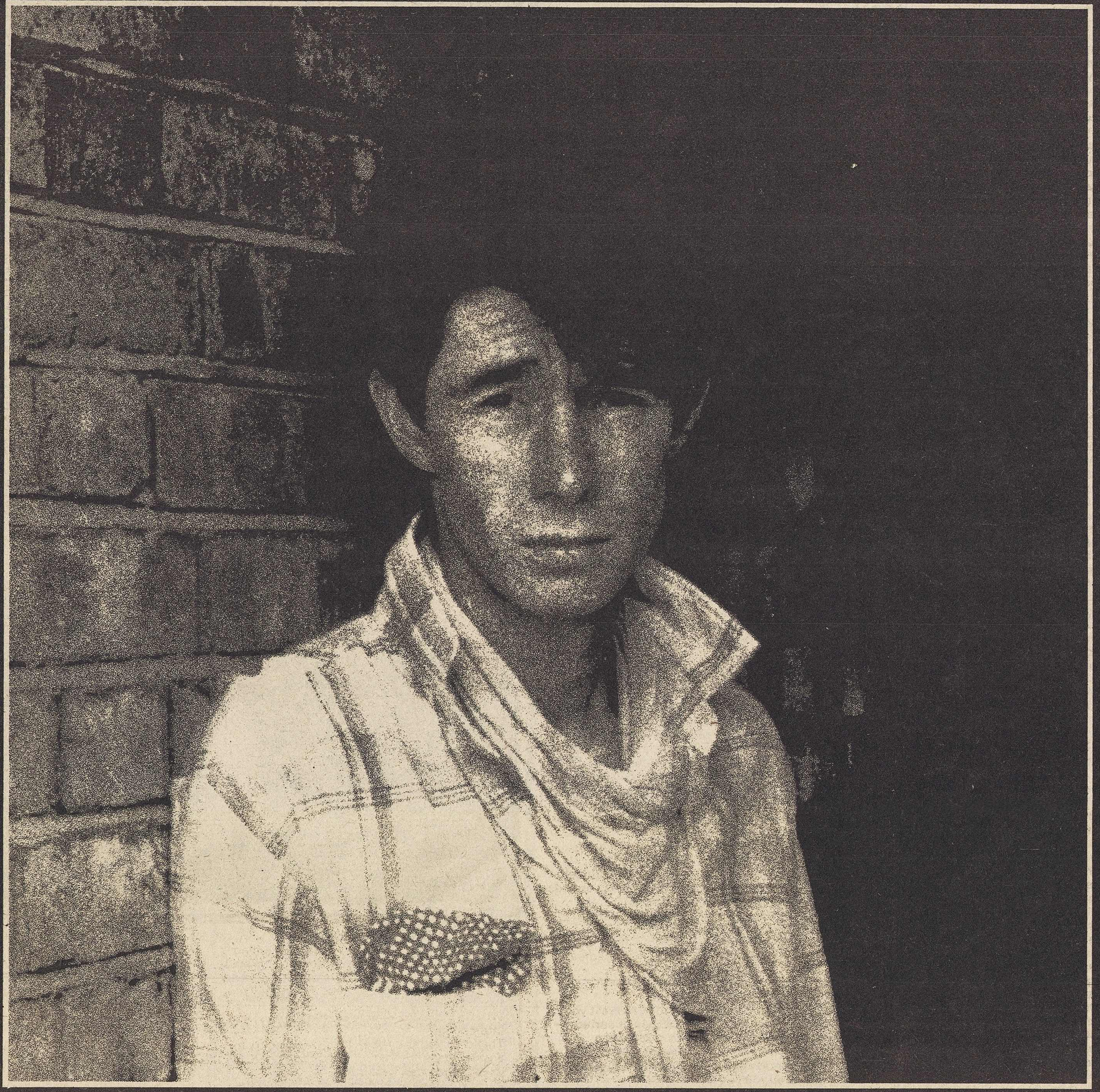
Well, that's a contrivance of my own. What I

CONTINUES▶

"Just A Gigolo — Listen, you were disappointed, and you weren't even in it. Imagine how we felt ... It was my 32 Elvis Presley movies rolled into one."

JIMMY PURSEY

THE NEW SINGLE



LUCKY MAN

polydor

▶BOWIE

do is, say, use four tracks for a recorded solo and then I cut them up, knock up a little four-point mixer clipping the solos in and out. I give myself arbitrary numbers of bars in which they can play within a particular area, and go backwards and forwards from one track to another. So yes, the effect is somewhat histrionic.

Moving on again to 'Teenage Wildlife' on 'Monsters', is it addressed to anybody in particular?

I guess. . . no, if I had my kind of mythical younger brother, I think it might have been addressed to him. It's for somebody who's not mentally armed.

To cope with what?

The shell shock of actually trying to assert yourself in society and your newly found values. . . I guess the younger brother is my adolescent self.

And who are the *"midwives to history"* who put on *"their bloody robes"*?

(Laughs) I have my own personal bloody midwives. We all have them. Mine shall remain nameless. For the sake of the song they're symbolic; they're the ones who would not have you be fulfilled.

You still seem to be quite concerned with giving advice to younger people.

I think that more and more that advice is given to myself; I often play questions and answer time with myself, however momentarily. I don't seriously think I could offer anybody else any advice at all. It would be about as profound as *(chuckles)* Alfred E. Neuman *('Mad's' late cover artist and humourist).* It's just not my thing, maaann.

Obvious questions which I suppose I'm obliged to ask — what do you think of Gary Numan and John Foxx and all the other little 'Diamond Dog' clones?

I only have opinions on them because I've been asked about them; I never had any before. I've already been asked once about Numan over the last month.

Foxx — I think he gives himself a wider berth; I think there's more diversity in what he does and could do.

Numan? I really don't know. I think what he did — that element of 'Man Who Sold The World' and 'Saviour Machine'-type things — I think he encapsulated that whole feeling excellently. He really did a good job on that kind of stereotype, but I think therein lies his own particular confinement. I don't know where he intends going or what he intends doing, but I think he has confined himself terrifically. But that's his problem, isn't it?

What Numan did he did excellently but in repetition, in the same information coming over again and again, once you've heard one piece. . .

It's that rather sterile vision of a kleen-machine future again.

But that's really so narrow. It's that false idea of hi-tech society and all that which is. . . doesn't exist. I don't think we're anywhere near that sort of society. It's a enormous myth that's been perpetuated unfortunately, I guess, by readings of what I've done in that rock area at least, and in the consumer area television has an awful lot to answer for with its fabrication of the computer-world myth.

Those lines from 'Ashes To Ashes' spring to mind: *"I've never done good things/I've never done bad things/I've never done anything out of the blue"*. You seem to be saying that you're not prepared to judge your own achievements. Do you feel any — how shall I put it? — guilt about having helped propogate the sort of delusions we're talking about?

Well, how did you define those three lines?

Like many of your lyrics, they're infuriatingly ambivalent *(at which Bowie grins).* They could be referring to the Major Tom character specifically or — well, to put it another way, I can accept that in your career there has been more than a certain amount of calculation, which I think you've probably exploited in retrospect. That's to say you've claimed you planned A, B and C —

Yup.

***(Pause)* Whereas in fact you may well have planned D, E and Z. But it worked, and you've been very fortunate in that respect. I don't know, I tend to believe that more often than not people's morality is completely screwed when they assume positions of public prominence, and that audiences presume a lot, too much perhaps, of those in whom they invest so much commitment.**

I agree *(pause)*. . .

So would you dissociate yourself from that statement?

(Sigh) No, not really. Those three particular lines represent a continuing, returning feeling of inadequacy over what I've done. *(Bowie absently traces a finger around his mouth then proceeds, choosing his words very carefully)* I have an awful lot of reservations about what I've done inasmuch as I don't feel much of it has any import at all. And then I have days when of course it all feels very important to me, that I've contributed an awful lot. But I'm not awfully happy with what I've done in the past actually.

So what would you include amongst your positive achievements?

The idea that one doesn't have to exist purely on one defined set of ethics and values, that you can investigate other areas and other avenues of perception and try and apply them to everyday life. I think I've tried to do that. I think I've done that fairly successfully. At times, even if only on a theoretical level, I've managed that. As far as everyday life goes, I don't think so. . .

I have this great long chain with a ball of middle-classness at the end of it which keeps holding me back and that I keep sort of trying to fight through. I keep trying to find the Duchamp in me, which is harder and harder to find *(laughs).*

Why should middle-classness be a problem? Isn't that kind of exaggerated class consciousnes a peculiarly English affliction?

Yes, of course, and class consciousness is a very great wall of contention with me, always getting in my way.

What is it that you feel then, you should have 'suffered' more for your art or something?

Oh no, not at all. Not on that level. I just keep finding my vision gets blinkered and becomes narrowed all the time. I'm continually trying to open it up and break it down and do shattering things to it — and that's when it becomes dangerous, I suppose.

But don't you understand your own creative faculties any better now than when you started writing? Doesn't some at least of the more critical attention you receive in the media help you in that respect?

I don't know, you see. There are few magazines or newspapers or televison programmes that will deal with me on the same level that your paper would, for instance. In the majority of the media — there I'm completely stifled. I have been for years. I have never been anything other than Ziggy Stardust for the media en masse.

And yet even that — well, it's a ghost of your own making. When you toured and recorded what became the 'Stage' album, for example, the first part of the show was old songs, very old songs. I suppose I over-reacted, but I must admit I did feel a vague sense of betrayal.

Really?

Yes, because I'd been impressed by 'Low' and 'Heroes' at the time, although I feel differently about them now. But I just felt you were very consciously trying to recover your old audience again — a move that seemed to cancel out the validity of the newer material. Altogether I was naive enough to think it was a bit of a cheap trick.

I think it was rather to do with two ideas that I felt strongly. One was that I actually wanted to play the 'Ziggy' album from top to bottom, from bottom to top, one to nine, because I suddenly found it again an enjoyable piece of music to listen to, having not done it for quite a few years on stage. So there was pure personal enjoyment value in there. On the other hand, I'm only too willing to admit to the number of people who come to see me to hear a lot of those old songs and without any hesitation I'm quite willing to play them. I will also play the things I'm doing currently. But I have absolutely no qualms about playing older things of mine that people like.

Do you have any plans to tour?

Yes, next spring. I say this every time and I hope it happens — I want to play smaller places. I think this, the play, has helped a lot; it encourages me to work in smaller environments.

At the same time Broadway is beckoning. After all, 'Scary Monsters' can be used as a very convenient crutch. It's a new Bowie album and there hasn't been one for some time, therefore it will probably sell well enough with or without you touring. Are you or would you be tempted by the prospect of taking another part on the stage or perhaps another film lead?

At this time, as we talked yesterday about my 32 Elvis Presley movies contained in one, I wouldn't jump at the first thing that came along by any means. No, whatever it was, it would have to be a script that had the same kind of power as *Elephant Man.*

You give the impression that by becoming involved in the play and the part you've proved a lot to yourself.

Oh yes, I was well surprised that I was able to do this successfully. My confidence was at a very low ebb on opening night. I was terrified actually.

And you must have also proved to yourself that you can exist quite satisfactorily outside of the rock sphere —

I've been doing *that* for a long time *(laughs),* since '76 in fact.

Not so satisfactorily as now.

For me completely so . . . oh, but you mean on a public level?

Yes.

Ah well, maybe not then.

Obviously music continues to interest you, but you skim quite a bit across its surface — an African influence here, a Japanese influence there. Do you ever feel you're in danger of misrepresenting some of the cultures you're very fond of?

I don't think that by taking a Japanese or an African emblem or motif I try to represent *them* at all. I would have thought it was pretty transparent that it was me trying to relate to that particular culture; not in my wildest dreams would I think I was trying to represent them.

But relating to what end? To your own satisfaction?

Because I've been there. Because it was there, rather. It is no more than . . . it does get back onto the sketchpad basis for songs for me. Often. And I guess that 'Lodger' was the sketchpad of all of them.

Do you feel you're too old to be writing rock songs anymore?

I don't know how much of it is rock anymore. Music then? I don't think I'm too old to be writing the music I write either. (Laughs) That was an extraordinary thing to say. I mean, good God, when was the last time I wrote a rock song? Can you remember? I'm damned if I can.

It depends. Place one of your recent albums against one of Van Halen's and we're obviously not talking about the same sort of thing.

Well, *there* you are. I don't think I would try to revitalise the same area of energy and sensibilities that, say, Ziggy had. I wouldn't attempt that again, because I haven't got that same positivism within my make-up anymore. I mean, the very juvenile sort of assertiveness and arrogance of that period. He said modestly *(laughs).* I can't write young.

But you address yourself to the young — what about 'Because You're Young' on 'Monsters'?

I think repeatedly that having got a nine-year-old son that's an area where I can try and talk to an age group that I've been through.

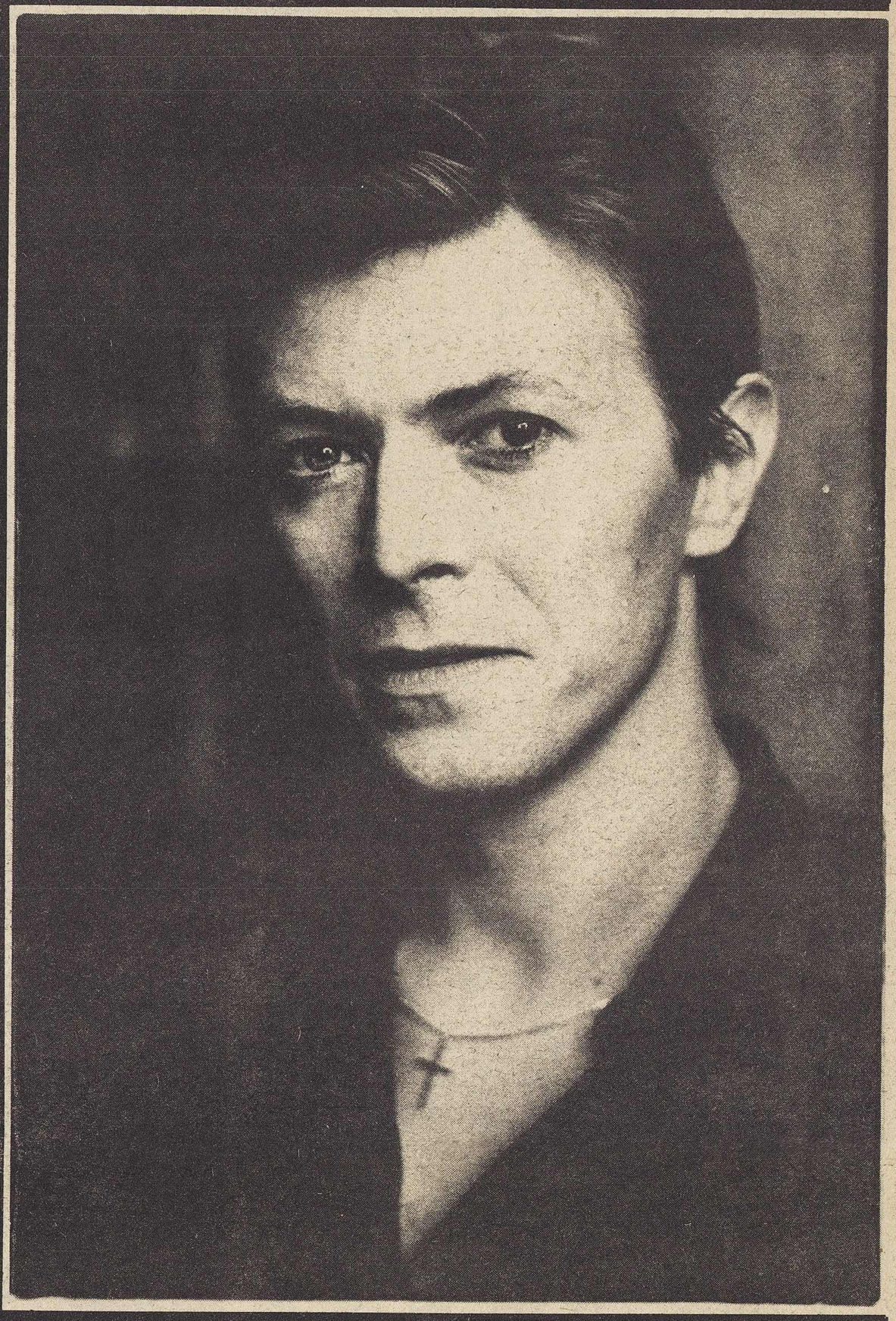
Do you think any of your audience have grown with you, so to speak, all the way?

Not necessarily. My audience has diminished remarkably over the years.

Does that bother you?

No, not at all.

"What I write is so inadequate ... the worst joke God can play is to make you an artist but only a mediocre artist."



Does it bother you financially?

Yes it does. On those terms doing something like this is not something one does for the kind of money that rock and rollers can charge. And also of course I've never made any money on tours. Ever. Ever.

Why do you think people continue to find you interesting?

That's for you to answer. I'd never even try to answer that.

Because you don't want to?

Because I don't want to, and I don't want to because I can't. That's something that I would really have no interest in trying to find out. I think I would far prefer to spend more time on finding out if I am still interesting to myself, if I still feel, if I still relate, if I still have any capacity for understanding where I am within the very tight, very small area of society that I physically live in.

That for me is more interesting. If I can then broadcast my own doubts through my pieces of music, however that's related to by an audience, that's quite honestly where the responsibility for me stops. I can do no more than write about how I feel about things or how I . . . what dubious kind of thoughts I have about where I am and what I've done.

Your saying all that makes you seem quite er, vulnerable, quite unsure of yourself. But can you draw up any sort kind of moral guidelines

CONTINUES ▶ 61

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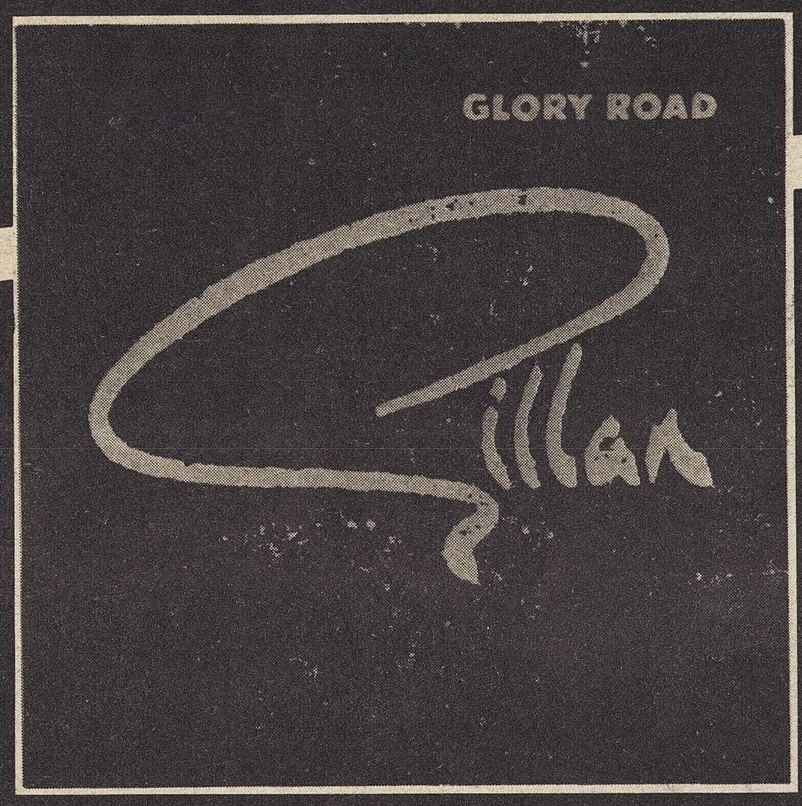

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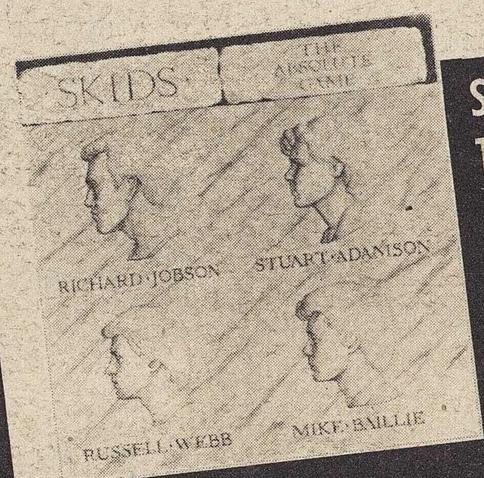

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ALBUMS

Just a buncha smarties

XTC
Black Sea *(Virgin)*

XTC'S fourth outing, called, for no apparent reason, 'Black Sea', greets the reviewer like nothing so much as a bowl of Frosties on a wet morning.

Such a literary gum-drop is, though I say so myself, only too apt in the case of XTC, who often verge on absurdity themselves. This is both the hallmark and the bugbear of a group with a sense of humour and no sense of purpose.

Critical consensus has it that they've evolved beyond the matinee phase and are now deserving of mature consideration, but one detects a slight injustice in that approach to what remains a perfectly inconsequential and hugely diverting combo who have never once threatened to produce great art, although the truth is that sometimes Frosties are not enough.

Far more pressing than any discussion of XTC's position in the musical galaxy, however, is the question of why they should unfailingly suggest to my impressionable mind several unwholesome juvenile foodstuffs!? Their music has the perky, cheerful appeal of a breakfast cereal, the fizz, zest and tang of lemon sherbet, and the cumulative effect of a dozen Milky Bars. The price of their eccentricity, I suppose.

Time has not dimmed this quality — which used to be denoted by the word quirky hanging over their heads like a question mark — and 'Black Sea' exhibits all the characteristic slap-dash playfulness as it skips from inspired folly to inspired folly, never seeming to pause long enough to actually craft a song except in the case of 'Towers Of London', Andy Partridge's look at the era of Victorian engineering and empire.

'Black Sea' proceeds at XTC's usual tumult; as though they were afraid to let go of some sort of brink-of-the-moment inspiration that sweeps them along. Remove the exhilaration from XTC and they'd deflate like a balloon.

Or perhaps not. Despite the fact that they could easily have been written in the back of a school exercise book, Andy Partridge's songs — the bulk of this album and the mainspring of whatever it is you associate with XTC — cover typical territory (girls, society, more girls) from untypical angles. He doesn't like to moan about things — which may be why XTC always seem so lively. He grins and (at best) bares them; serving up his subjects with lashings of off-hand wit. A sort of tart with custard.

All this is jolly endearing for a limited engagement and a good antidote to the gloom and despondency that manifests itself more and more in today's cultural life. 'Living Through Another Cuba', for instance, presents a cheeky optimistic face to adversity. 'Respectable Street' chuckles at the suburban attitudes that have been rich pickings for Partridge. Much of the rest of 'Black Sea' either fails to hit the mark or leaves no mark at all.

The trouble with XTC is that just as sweets rot the teeth, so XTC wear away their welcome. Till the next time.

Paul Rambali

Andy Partridge shelters beneath the Virgin umbrella. Pic: Chris Horler.

THE CARS
Panorama *(Elektra)*

WE ALL know those stock descriptions of The Cars: sleek, shiny, smooth running, polished. Well, the news is that the old cliches, glib as they might be, still apply as much as they ever did. And the plain fact is that it's high time they didn't. This is one too many albums of the same from Ric Ocasek and his Boston blo-wavers; patience runs short. If you're one of those who's been keeping an open mind about this allegedly promising outfit, then 'Panorama' should be enough to make you close it once and for all.

'Panorama' is the third LP from a group that some will persist in terming US new wave; once again it's produced by Roy Thomas Baker (he of Queen and Foreigner reputation) and the process of formularised slickness has been extended to the point of bald commercialism at its most cynical. Whilst they've at last dropped the fixation with glossy girlie packaging (this cover's not sexist, just extremely dull) every other aspect of this affair says 'product' loud and clear, and product of the least inspired variety at that.

I did try my best; I've played the thing time and time again, whether concentrating or using it as background, and still it doesn't work. The sound of The Cars — showcased here on a bunch of the most vacuous, characterless songs you'll ever hear — goes in one ear and directly out of the other. It's squeaky clean American rockpop, not so inane as The Knack, not so lively as Cheap Trick, not so imaginative as Tom Petty. It's precise, it's soulless; it's flawless, it's watery. It's see-through. There's nothing to take hold of.

The word 'bland' might almost have been invented for The Cars. And there on my turntable, 'Panorama' has just passed away . . .

Paul Du Noyer

Awe and terror from the inner Minds

SIMPLE MINDS
Empires and Dance *(Zoom)*

I'M DANCING as fast as I can! 'Empires And Dance', an LP of terror-songs, vigilance and vanity, starts with 'I Travel', one of the great voluted disco-rock songs, and nowhere else on the record are things so conventionally warming, so generously active. Nowhere else on the record is the sound so tangible.

The impudent accessibility of 'I Travel' is no insulting gesture: Simple Minds have always been potentially an important group, and they move into play with something close to the plausible freak out to show that they now have the sense and essence of their music under control. Dancing into control.

'Empires And Dance' is a weird, agitating record, unsettlingly exisiting as if between the world of pure imagination and the world upon which it depends. It isn't simply 'unconventional'; it succeeds on so many 'elusive' levels. It is not of the 'rock' routine, nor is it for the 'rock' fan. The music is inevitably incomplete and indefinite, and that says much more than any fake perfection or illusory cheerfulness.

The songs on the record are elegies, nervous studies, flippant reflections, mysteries, overall an arbitrary concatenation of images. Singer Jim Kerr interprets life as dull unease, a struggle against impossible odds, a shabby pathetic failure, a series of disconnected encounters, rumours and giggles. Myth, mess and mistake.

The music represents all this tragic (or perfect) illogic with trance-like force and an eerily remote, but not sterile, determination. The Minds' understanding of sound and structure, soul and atmosphere, rhythm and climax, goes directly against all rock conditioning, against the grain. The music melts and shifts and rumbles. It lurks, it doesn't bounce and bore. Their music is no luxury. I'm laughing as loud as I can.

The Minds have been single-mindedly journeying into the depths ever since their fallible first LP, spiting the pressure of the record industry's commercialism which demanded that they churn out variations on the chiming 'Chelsea Girl' theme ('I Travel' comprehensively mocks that whole bigoted attitude), refusing to conform and thus dishonestly console. It would have been easy all along the way for them to have withdrawn into winning pop ways. Instead they've been carefully searching for a less suspect, less negative process of documenting and communicating critical, ambiguous feelings.

In songs like 'Today I Died Again' (a spectral song), 'Celebrate' (a song of crisis and hypocrisy), 'Capital City' (a song of unknown treasures), 'Constantinople Line' (of faith, fear and futility), all majestic in their own way, there is nothing immediate or friendly to grab hold of, hook in on. Not even Kerr's voice grants any favours. He affects an exaggerated detachment to convey his pagan rage, a disorientating mixture of impassiveness and impassion. Time crawls, but it's needed to get used to both sound and voice, to understand their points of view, recognise the signs and symptoms. The most accessible moments other than 'I Travel' come with the suspense of 'Twist/Run/Repulsion' and the extreme paranoia of 'Thirty Frames A Second'.

Elsewhere the music restlessly craves to equal through sound the struggle and aspiration of Kerr, this felt best on the magnificent 'This Fear Of Gods.'

An inspirational gothic and scenic piece, it's the Minds most impressive work to date, exemplifying the spiralling, demonic, constantly coalescing state of current Minds music, the ways each instrument's role is exaggerated (Derek Forbes' bass and Brian McGee's drums) or distorted (Charlie Burchill's guitars and Michael McNeil's keyboards). 'This Fear Of Gods' is the extremity of Kerr's detachment, his grudge against reality, and it becomes a kind of inspiration.

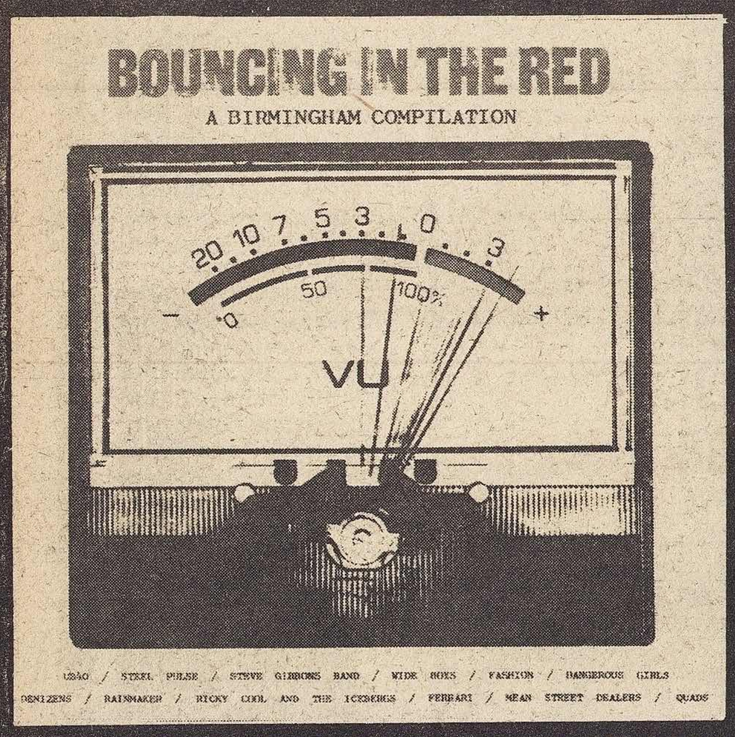
Other songs are not overshadowed by 'Gods' (although that should be the one to finally convince the non-believers.) Some seem swallowed by darkness, others oscillate between high seriousness and furtive enjoyment, all are full of comfortless noises, decentralising percussion, dissolving effects.

Simple Minds have invented their own ways: melodramatic yet modernist. An authentic new torch music. I'm dancing as fast as I can.

Paul Morley

Minds bend at the outer limits. Pic: Barry Stacey.

BOUNCING IN THE RED



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VARIOUS ARTISTS
Bouquet Of Steel
(Aardvark)

THE PAST month or so has seen the release of at least half-a-dozen sampler albums from the faraway towns from Leeds and Manchester to Glasgow and Cardiff to Portsmouth and Scunthorpe.

Despite the current glut though, the regional compilation is usually a drab and limiting affair, destined never to replace the more stylish one-off single as the best avenue to instant recognition of the independent front.

And, surely enough, just as rapidly as they appeared on the market, such compilations are already being outflanked by the avalanche of home-produced cassettes.

Sheffield's 'Bouquet Of Steel' is undoubtedly one of the better compilations: well recorded, representative and neatly packaged with a free glossy 28-page booklet on the Steel City music scene. But it still suffers from the perennial sampler drawback of being strictly a hit and miss affair.

The album sets out to dent the myth that the only bands from the area are drummerless electronic trios in the mould of Cabaret Voltaire and The Human League.

In doing that it is an unqualified success, showcasing bands as diverse as popsters The Negatives and extremely esoteric ethnic experimentalists De Tian. But the quality control is also rather erratic and the majority of bands included are almost certain to remain only local heroes.

Of the fifteen bands on the album, one-third are out-and-out pop combos. Of the five, the Flying Alphonso Brothers, B-Troop and the posey Y? are all pleasant enough, if a shade on the wet side. The Shy Tots' buoyant 'Robot Maid' is salvaged by some eye-opening piano but even The Negatives superior pop of 'Was It The Night' lacks the sublime class of the Distractions or Undertones.

Things hardly look up among the five more obviously experimental bands on show.

Most disappointing is The Musical Janeens' succinctly titled 'Glen *(sic)* Miller And His Contemporary Intimacies Meets The Musical Janeens Uptown With A Packet Of Jellies And A Caribbean Monolith'. As Graph, this trio were responsible for the excellent 'Fear Of Drowning' on Bob Last's first earcom, but this displays little of their former magic.

As for the others, Vendino Pact and I'm So Hollow reinforce the very same austere and industrial myths the album sets out to destroy, while De Tian's echoed chant 'Chorale' and Artery's percussive rant 'The Slide' fail to live up to both bands' growing reputations.

The best tracks are, unsurprisingly, those that evade simplified pigeon-holing. The Scarborough Antelopes spoil their slow, elastic funk with self-consciously moderne vocals as do Veiled Threat on their choppy 'Torch'. It is left to the Fall-like Disease and the stylish Comsat Angels to make things worthwhile.

Particularly impressive are the Comsats, who evoke an early-album Roxy Music feel on their rolling 'Ju Ju Money', a track recorded for, but not included on, their current Polydor album.

For sheer spirit though, the most unlikely band come out on top. Repulsive Alien, as their comic punk name suggests, are pure second-generation three-chord thrashers. Their barnstorming 'Say And Do' is as playable and pogoable now as it would have been in 1977. Where most bands here try too hard to make all the right noises without ever sounding totally convincing, Repulsive Alien — along with Comsat Angels — inject the few glimpses of real life to be found on the LP.

The Repulsives, by the way are one of the few bands here not actually from the city, but the surrounding area. Appropriately enough, they hail from *Drone*field.

Adrian Thrills

Ian Page blows own trumpet shock. Pic: Fin Costello

End of an affair?

SECRET AFFAIR
Behind Closed Doors
(I Spy)

THOUGH MOD never got as far as its second summer, it served Secret Affair's purpose. Seeing the movement coming, Ian Page used its momentum to throw his band to the top of the pile and he was too astute to collapse when the bottom fell out of the short-lived boom.

He began broadening the dishearteningly narrow campaign platform of their debut album 'Glory Boys' with their contagious 'My World' (included here). Less rigidly dogmatic in sound, he fleshed out the gleeful rush of a rhythm with a great brash string/sax arrangement persuasive enough for you to forgive the song's divisive sentiments — penned, like the ugly 'Time For Action' by guitarist Dave Cairns.

The single was the first to feature Page in complete control of production and arrangements, breaking up his long-standing partnership with long-term co-writer Cairns. Unfortunately, the promise of Page's solo direction of 'My World' is only partially fulfilled by the rest of the album.

It's a shame, as Secret Affair's best traits seemed to have disappeared along with the barely missed restrictive party lines. Unlike 'Glory Boys', 'Behind Closed Doors' lacks any real focus or overall coherence.

It's a collection of patchy movie scenarios composed , mostly separately, by Page and Cairns. But the bittiness of the more sophisticated sound makes it apparent that the two need each other.

Page's melodies aren't really strong enough to support the expansive widescreen arrangements he attempts, while Cairns' dogged lyrical pursuit of a youth movement no longer there could do with an injection of the singer's pragmatism.

The guitarist does show a more human face on his 'Through My Eyes', in which he tries to justify his earlier divisive songs. Above an admirably straightforward rock/pop tune, highlighted by the sax Dave Winthrop weaves through the riff, his lyrics defiantly challenge: *"No matter what you say/It's not what it seems to you . . . I was looking at the world through my eyes."* Page, however, betrays a more likeable uncertainty when he reasseses his past on 'Live For Today': *"We're all night runners/One look and we're gone/But how I wish we knew/What we're running from."*

Elsewhere, his sentimentality works against him. His maudlin re-makes of a bleary-eyed Dean Martin philosophising at the bar, on 'Life's A Movie Too' and 'When The Show's Over' almost succeed in re-vitalising stock scenery, thanks mainly to Page's strong torch singing, but again, as elsewhere, his arrangements are too sketchy and incomplete to hold him up.

His over-reliance on Dave Winthrop's stirringly evocative sax as main weapon renders it ultimately ineffective. The counterweight of chilled strings enhance some numbers, but the basic thrust is inexplicably missing throughout.

Where before he would employ solid thumping drums and bountiful, dancing basslines, he's got the rhythm section this time trotting out insignificant, directionless riffs, the worst example being on the album's art rock opener 'What Did You Expect'. 'Streetlife Parade' on the other hand, aims for Springsteen credibility with its E Street Band type work-out, but only arrives at a sort of second-hand Billy Joel literacy.

Only when Page is given the surging rhythm and pop melody of Cairns' aforementioned 'My World' do his talents as arranger really shine, proving that though they probably dislike the notion, they still need each other. Until they swallow their pride and realise the fact, neither they nor Secret Affair will make the albums they're capable of.

Chris Bohn

SUGAR MINOTT
Black Roots *(Island)*
Give The People *(Ballistic)*

THE MAJOR record company moguls have finally and inevitably caught up with the burgeoning talents of Lincoln 'Sugar' Minott, the ghetto youth with the cold hard stare and the purring Rolls Royce voice.

The most surprising thing is not that labels such as Island and UA's Ballistic reggae outlet have actually seen the light of day, but that it has taken them so long to do so. Minott probably confirmed his status as JA's fastest rising young singing and songwriting talent on his British visit of last year, from when these two albums originally date.

'Black Roots' — its name inspired by the record label and youth promotions set-up run by Sugar himself — was previously available as a pre-release on Mango while 'Give The People' was first put out last year on the Warrior label under the title 'Bitter Sweet'.

'Black Roots' is the better album of the two. Whereas Prince Jammy is at the controls on 'Give The People', Minott himself handles production chores here and gives full vent to the rootsy ghetto feel he aims to make his trademark.

The rhythms are languid and simple, benefitting from the uncluttered mix in which only Ansel Collins' masterly organ embellishments decorate the basic groove. Minott's lyrics, too, stay close to the bone, dealing with day-to-day sufferation and repression: *"No matter what I do/I can't seem to get through/Every little thing I try/Babylon try to stop me, why?"*

'Give The People' is mellower and not quite as sharply focussed, dealing largely with more general problems and lovers' themes — there's even a slushy soul ballad.

The playing is more restrained and Jammy's production much lusher, going as far as the incorporation of a horn section of Bobby Ellis and Deadky Headly on a few tracks.

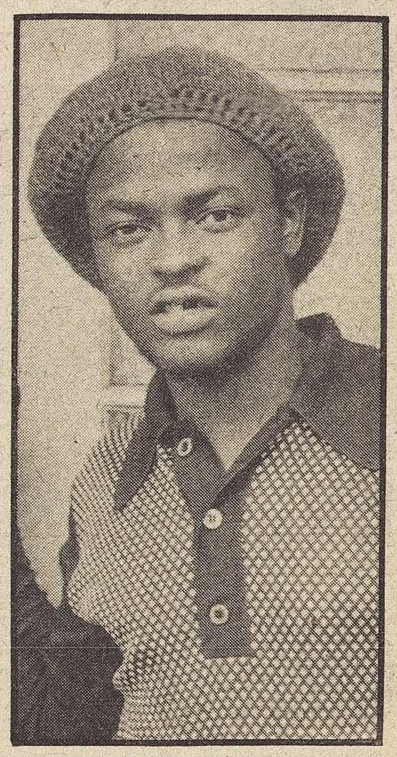
The flaw common to both albums stems straight from Minott's sheer productivity. With every song a self-composition, the singer's heartfelt sentiments do tend to recur with a gnawing regularity after a while. Maybe, for the sake of diversity, he should try something by one or two other writers.

A nagging samey-ness aside, both records stand as an indication of his great potential.

But there again, any man whose early albums had sleeve notes claiming things like "there are no words eloquent enough to describe this vibrant and promising youngster," has something to live up to.

Adrian Thrills

Sugar models knitwear.
Pic J. B. Sohiez



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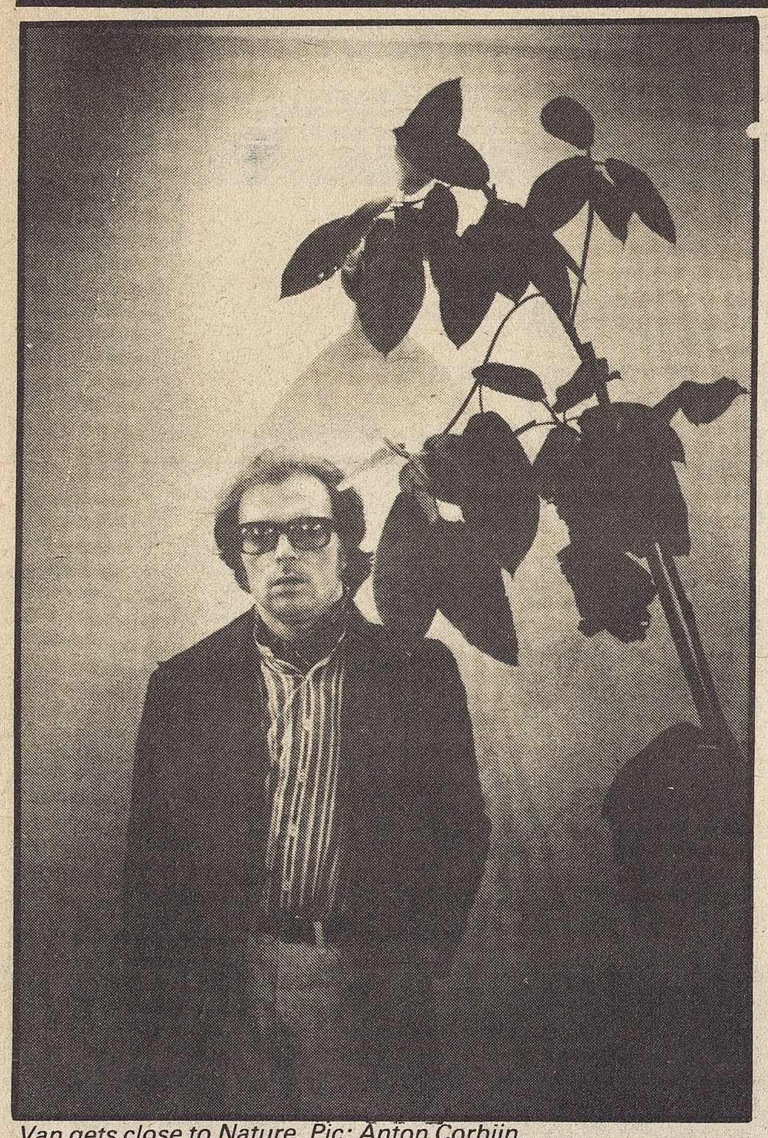

Van gets close to Nature. Pic: Anton Corbijn.

Working for the claptrap

VAN MORRISON
Common One *(Mercury)*

OR DEAN Martin sings Kahil Gibran. Let me put it bluntly — 'Common One' is colossally smug and cosmically dull; an interminable, vacuous and drearily egotistical stab at spirituality. Toot, toot, and into the muzak.

It's an unexpected displeasure. Van has *never* been this tedious, this pretentious. And when 'Wavelength', his finest album in years, was followed by 1979's 'Into The Music', an only slightly inferior piece, it seemed he'd finally overcome the erratic course his work had taken in the mid-70s.

'Common One' throws up all the old doubts, and more. His penchant for 'mystical' utterance takes a nosedive into pure banality while his stylistic hallmarks — the scatting, repeating of phrases — have never seemed more pointless or contrived.

At the heart of 'Common One' are two 15 minute tracks (the whole affair clocks in at nearly an hour) so soporific, so monumentally boring that listeners will need a flask of hot coffee and regular pokes with a pointed stick if they are not to fall into a deep sleep.

'Summertime In England' begins with a pleasantly jostling rhythm and curious references to Wordsworth and Coleridge *"smokin' up in Kendal"*, but is soon meandering ever more slowly through a meaningless ragbag of mythical and literary references — *"James Joyce wrote streams of consciousness books"*, Morrison solemnly intones between invitations to someone in red robes to go *"ridin' down by Avalon"*.

The track slows to a snail's pace as the end approaches, Morrison drawing things out to ludicrous extremes by repeating every line four or five times — and when these lines are gems like *"It ain't why . . /It just is . . . /That's all . . . /That's all there is about it /It just is"*, you long for someone to administer a salutary kick in the pants.

'When Heart Is Open' is even more laboured, more trivial. It begins ponderously with flugelhorn blasts reminiscent of the *2001* theme before Morrison adds asthmatic humming and lyrics like *"Oh, my darlin'/Oh, hand me down my big boots/Oh, hand me down my big boots/I believe I'll go walkin' in the woods."* It doesn't seem to occur to him that his, er, spiritual authority is somewhat undermined by the fact that he can't get his own bloody boots down.

The track idles on and on, via a few sections where flute and keyboards doodle in the background while Morrison moans like a man in the throes of terminal constipation.

The remaining four songs are, thankfully, briefer though decidedly lightweight and the album suffers throughout from a bunch of musicians who are never more than tasteful. The muted funk of 'Satisfied', running on a minor but punchy horn riff, provides the album's most enjoyable moments, though it's not exactly action. And the lyrics are too revealing, a drone of smug complacency: *"I'm satisfied/With my world/Cause I made it/The way it is"*.

Yeah, maybe he did, but we sure as hell don't have to like it. 'Common One' is the most indulgent and irrelevant LP I've heard in months.

Oh Bullshit, up yours!

Graham Lock

HAWKWIND
Live Seventy Nine *(Bronze)*

RECORDED over the course of Hawkwind's winter tour late last year, this live LP should, ironically enough, find its biggest market among the very people who have the least need for it — namely those hard core devotees of the band who'll already own all the music in the form of its original (and generally superior) studio versions. But that's how it is with live albums. And given the size and perennial loyalty of Hawkwind's following, this appeal alone will be enough to ensure respectable sales returns.

For better or for worse, I think we all know what to expect of any Hawkwind set these days; so far as this selection's concerned what you expect is exactly what you get. I saw four dates off the tour in question and can testify to (a) the unchanging nature of the dedication which the group inspire, and (b) the efficient if unadventurous expertise with which they go on earning it. Having spent a sizeable chunk of this century developing and perfecting the distinctive Hawkwind sound, leader Dave Brock isn't about to throw it away in the name of innovation and experiment.

Although they are the very model of constancy in many ways, the personnel changes continue unabated — combined with a ruthlessness in policy decisions that's reminiscent of the Borgias and Machiavelli. Line-up this time around stands as follows: Brock, Simon King ("drums and sweat and hard work", it says here), guitarist Huw Lloyd Langton, bassist Harvey Bainbridge and newest addition, big-on-the-Continent synth player Tim Blake. The names change, but the institution remains.

And yes, they do play 'Silver Machine' at the end. . .

Paul Du Noyer

IMPORTS
by Fred Dellar

The advent of *The Last Waltz* movie hailed not only the end of an era for The Band but also the beginning of a new career for **Robbie Robertson.** For when the waltzing was done with and the memories of Scorsese's inept interviews swept away, along with the underseat ice-cream cartons and torn tickets, one thought remained — that Robbie Robertson was, give or take an acting lesson or two, a true star, a potential Hollywood hero with a Face that could launch a thousand clips and eyes that were camera kind.

Apparently Robertson thought so too. For he's since become a movie producer and cast himself in *Carny*, a fairground saga, for which he's also provided enough music for a soundtrack album (Warner Bros).

One side is devoted to purely incidental music supplied by 70 year-old Alex North, the composer-arranger who's scored countless celluloid dreams including the recently TV-screened *Cheyenne Autumn*, so the interest is all down to Robertson's mainly instrumental 'Midway Music' that comprises the other fifty per cent of the album.

So what you get is 'Garden Of Earthly Delights', a bluesy toon for hip strippers; 'Pagan Knight', a calliope strut, with Dr John pumping the organ and Jerry Peterson crying through his sax; a lighthearted workout on Domino's 'The Fat Man', with Robertson vocalising, Busey thumping the tubs and Rebennack taking it all down home to New Orleans; a funky 'Sawdust and G Strings', featuring the sax of Randall Bramblett; a fragmentary 'Freak's Lament'; and 'Rained Out', a final tilt at the blues, replete with coda straight out of the Duke Ellington tone poem collection.

It's hardly good value though with full-price imports pulling six and a half green 'uns, and those seeking a more substantial rock soundtrack are therefore pointed in the direction of **'Rock, Rock, Rock'**, now available on the Aussie Reel'n'Rock label. The movie, which was one of those strung around the personality of Alan Freed, originally surfaced in 1956.

Dotting the storyline — which was a pithy tale about Tuesday Weld's attempts to buy a strapless dress to wear at a high school prom — were some 20 numbers by acts that included The Flamingos, Jimmy Cavello's Houserockers, The Johnny Burnette Trio, Chuck Berry, Freed's Rock'n'Roll Big Band, The Moonglows, LaVern Baker and the luckless Frankie Lymon.

Everything is recaptured on the Reel'n'Rock offering, which even comes in a lavishly illustrated gatefold sleeve. 'Rock, Rock, Rock', is, quite simply, the perfect rock history lesson. Students are advised to attend.

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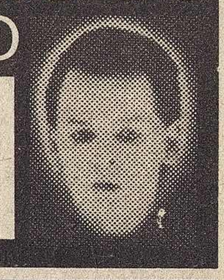

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NATIONWIDE GIG GUIDE

COMPILED BY DEREK JOHNSON

THURSDAY

Bath Moles Club: **Alarm Clox**
Birmingham Barrel Organ: **Little Willy**
Birmingham Mercat Cross: **Sky Diver**
Birmingham Railway Hotel: **Titan**
Blackpool Jenks Bar: **Private Sector**
Brighton The Concorde: **Midnight & The Lemon Boys**
Bristol Hippodrome: **Hall & Oates**
Burntwood Troubadour: **The Amazing Dark Horse**
Burton 76 Club: **Circles**
Cambridge Gt. Northern Hotel: **Moonstone**
Falkirk The Magpie: **H20**
Glenrothes Rothes Arms: **The Sound**
Grangemouth International Hotel: **The Wall**
Grimsby Central Hall: **Stray**
Guildford Civic Hall: **Secret Affair**
High Wycombe Nags Head: **Arrogant**
Hull Wellington Club: **U2**
Ilford The Cranbrook: **Rye & The Quarterboys**
Kingston Three Tuns: **Kicks**
Leeds Royal Park Hotel: **Spyder Blues Band**
Leeds Wigs Wine Bar: **Dodgy Tactics**
Letchworth Wilbury Hotel: **Dancing Counterparts**
Lincoln Cornhill Vaults: **Time Out**
London Camden Brecknock: **Sad Among Strangers**
London Camden Dingwalls: **The Up-Set**
London Chiswick John Bull: **Telemacque**
London Clapham 101 Club: **The VIPs**
London Covent Garden Rock Garden: **BIM/The Fuglemen**
London Finchley Torrington: **Juice On The Loose**
London Fulham Golden Lion: **Alibi**
London Fulham Greyhound: **Peter Bardens' Mole/Fruit Easting Bears**
London Fulham The Cock: **Bob Kerr's Jazz Friends**
London Hammersmith Clarendon Hotel: **The Au Pairs/The Chefs**
London Hampstead Giovanni's Club: **Spartacus**
London Herne Hill Half Moon: **Modern Jazz**
London Islington Hope & Anchor: **Viva**
London Kensington De Villiers Bar: **Gold Dust Twins**
London Marquee Club: **Grand Prix**
London Oxford St. 100 Club: **Pressure Shocks**
London Rainbow Theatre: **Allman Brothers Band**
London Richmond Brolleys: **Classix Nouveau**
London Shepherds Bush Trafalgar: **The Orange Cardigan**
London Upton Park Ace Cinema: **Gregory Isaacs**
London Victoria The Venue: **Alibi/Lynda Hayes**
London Waterloo Royal Victoria: **Freddy's Feetwarmers**
London West Hampstead Moonlight Club: **The Reluctant Stereotypes**
Manchester Band on the Wall: **Loose Change**
Manchester Middleton Civic Hall: **Quartz**
Manchester Rafters: **Pink Military**
Manchester Wythenshaw Cock O'The Norrh: **The Swinging Lampshades**
Morecambe The Hall: **Mistress**
Nottingham Hearty Good Fellow: **The Drug Squad**
Nottingham Imperial Hotel: **Gaffa**
Poynton Folk Centre: **Callisto/Peter Hughes/Folk Dance**
Sheffield Moonlight Club: **The Moondogs**
Skifnal The Star: **Spider**
Southampton Gaumont Theatre: **Gary Numan**
South Shields The Commando: **Genocide Exit**
St Austell New Cornish Rivera: **Don McLean**
Stalybridge Buckton Castle: **Night Visitors/Terminal Music**
Stirling Albert Hall: **Young Marble Giants/Thompson Twins/Local Heroes**
Torquay The Policeman: **S.U.X.**
Weymouth Cellar Vino: **Talon**

FRIDAY

Bacup Rose Mount Club: **Side Effect**
Birkenhead The Gallery: **Mistress**
Birmingham Bournebrook Hotel: **Brian Brain**
Birmingham Cannon Hill Park Avenue: **The Master Musicians of Jajouka**
Birmingham Mercat Cross: **Situation Critical**
Birmingham Railway Hotel: **The Accelerators**
Blackpool Norbreck Castle: **Circles**
Bognor The Sussex: **The Techniques (also Saturday)**
Bolton Bulls Head: **Side Effect**
Bradford Palm Cove: **Gregory Isaacs**
Bristol Hippodrome: **Gary Numan**
Burton 76 Club: **Dedringer**
Colchester Guisnes Court: **V.H.F.**
Coventry Ryton Bridge: **Streetlite**
Croydon Crawdaddy: **TV Personalities**
Derby Assembly Rooms: **Rory Gallagher**
Exeter St. George's Hall: **The Au Pairs**
Glasgow Apollo Centre: **Ossie Osbourne's Blizzard Of Oz**
Grimsby Central Hall: **Patrik Fitzgerald**
Hemel Hempstead Pavilion: **Dr Feelgood**
Holmes Chapel Leisure Centre: **Small Change**
Huddersfield Cleopatra's: **The Fall**
Isle of Sheppey Island Hotel: **Ben E. King**
Kettering North Park WMC: **Black Jack**
Kinghorn Cuinzie Newk: **The Sound**
Kingston Three Tuns: **The VIP's**
Knaresborough Borough Bailiff: **Hot Vultures**
Launceston White Horse: **S.U.X.**
London Camden Dingwalls: **Luther Allison**
London Camden Southampton Arms: **Jellyroll Blues Band**
London Chiswick John Bull: **More/Rock Roadshow**
London Clapham Two Brewers: **Sad Among Strangers**
London Covent Garden Africa Centre: **Oshama**
London Covent Garden Rock Garden: **The Dance Band**
London Fulham Golden Lion: **Dana Gillespie**
London Fulham Greyhound: **Red Beans & Rice/Steve Hooker Band**
London Fulham The Cock: **Jazz Sluts**
London Greenwich The White Swan: **The Coconut Dogs**
London Hackney Queen's: **Avenue**
London Harrow Rd. Windsor Castle: **The Kicks**
London Herne Hill Half Moon: **Margo Random & The Space Virgins**
London Islington Hope & Anchor: **The Little Roosters**
London Marquee Club: **9 Below Zero**
London New Barnet Duke of Lancaster: **Clientelle**
London New Cross Royal Albert: **Rubber Johnny**
London Oxford St. 100 Club: **Jazz Afrika/Terri Quaye**
London Peckham Walmer Castle: **Shadowfax**
London Putney White Lion: **The Reluctant Stereotypes**
London Stockwell Old Queen's Head: **Doll By Doll**
London Stockwell The Plough: **Southside**
London Stoke Newington Pegasus: **Juice On The Loose**
London Tottenham The Spurs: **Sons of Cain**
London Victoria The Venue: **The Stray Cats**
London West Hampstead Moonlight Club: **Blurt/X-O-Dus**
Maidenhead Riviera Club: **Morrissey-Mullen Band**
Manchester The Millstone: **The Naughty Boys**
Manchester UMIST: **The Things**
Middlesbrough Rock Garden: **Stray**
New Brighton Empress Club: **Asylum**
Newcastle Mayfair Ballroom: **Tygers of Pan Tang**
Perth Riverside Bar: **Young Marble Giants/Thompson Twins/Local Heroes**
Retford Porterhouse: **The Moondogs**
Scarborough Penthouse: **Quartz**
Scarborough Taboo Club: **U2**
Shifnal The Star: **The Buzz**
Southampton Gaumont Theatre: **Hall & Oates**
Southend Top Alex: **The D.S.**

SATURDAY

Barnsley Civic Hall: **Limelight**
Birmingham Bogarts: **Withered Man**
Birmingham Cedar Ballroom: **Dr. Feelgood**
Birmingham Golden Eagle: **The Au Pairs/Fast Felief**
Birmingham Mercat Cross: **Handsome Beasts**
Birmingham Railway Hotel: **Mean Street Dealers**
Blackpool Norbreck Castle: **Dedringer**
Bristol Colston Hall: **Secret Affair**
Bristol Hippodrome: **Gary Numan**
Chorley Joiners Arms: **Mistress**
Coventry General Wolfe: **The Cheaters**
Coventry Queen Inn: **Moonstone**
Croydon The Cartoon: **Seven Year Itch**
Dartford YMCA: **Triarchy**
Derby Ajanta Cinema: **Anti-Pasti/Skin Patrol/The Attack**
Dundee Caird Hall: **Ossie Osbourne's Blizzard Of Oz**
Dunfermline Bellville Hotel: **The Sound**
Evesham Town Hall: **Blurt/Flackoff/Spoils Of War**
Grimsby Mariners Club: **The Woolly Trunks**
Hove Cliftonville: **Eye To Eye**
Kidderminster Town Hall: **Circles**
Leeds Fforde Green Hotel: **Chevy**
Leeds Haddon Hall: **Agony Column**
Leeds Queen's Hall (Saturday & Sunday): **'Futurama 2' Festival with Siouxsie & The Banshees/Echo & The Bunnymen/Gary Glitter/Athletico Spizz 80/U2/Hazel O'Connor/The Psychedelic Furs/The Soft Boys/The 4 be 2's/Classix Nouveau/Brian Brain/Young Marble Giants and many more**
Leeds Rugby Club: **Dodgy Tactics**
Lincoln Cornhill Vaults: **Ethel The Frog**
London Camden Dingwalls: **Straight Eight/The Accelerators**
London Canning Town Bridge House: **Jackie Lynton's H-D Band**
London Chiswick John Bull: **The Flatbackers**
London Clapham 101 Club: **Canis Major**
London Covent Garden Rock Garden: **The Reluctant Stereotypes/Exodus**
London Crystal Palace Hotel: **The Books**
London Edmonton Pymmes Park Festival: **Clientelle**
London Fulham Golden Lion: **The Dance Band**
London Fulham Greyhound: **The Ram Jam Band/The Zoots**
London Fulham The Cock: **Darryl Way Band**
London Hammersmith Lyric Theatre (lunchtime): **Bob Kerr's Jazz Friends**
London Herne Hill Half Moon: **Motion Pictures**
London Islington Hope & Anchor: **Tenpole Tudor**
London Manor Park Three Rabbits: **Hedgehog**
London Marquee Club: **9 Below Zero**
London Putney Star & Garter: **Trimmer & Jenkins**
London Regents Park Cecil Sharp House: **Martin Carthy**
London Soho Pizza Express: **Al Haig Trio**
London Stoke Newington Pegasus: **Big Chief**
London Victoria The Venue: **The Stray Cats**
London West Hampstead Moonlight Club: **The Dumb Blondes/The Images**
Manchester Cyprus Tavern: **The Hamsters**
Manchester Mayflower: **Gregory Isaacs**
Manchester Portland Bars: **Zanathus**
Middlesbrough Rock Garden: **The Moondogs**
Milton Keynes Woughton Campus: **Dancing Counterparts/The Fictitious**
Newcastle City Hall: **Rory Gallagher**
Nottingham Boat Club: **Stray**
Nottingham The Test Match: **No Tigers**
Portsmouth Guildhall: **Rick Wakeman**
Retford Porterhouse: **Quartz**
Sheffield The Leadmill: **The Fall**
Shifnal The Star: **The Lazers**
Slough Fulcrum Centre: **The Hollies**
Southend Top Alex Alexandra Hotel: **V.H.F.**
St. Austell New Cornish Riviera: **The Specials/The Swinging Cats**
St. Ives St. Ivo Centre: **White Spirit**
Stoke (Etruria) Rose & Crown: **Small Change**
Stroud Leisure Centre: **Billy Connolly**
Wishaw Crown Hotel (lunchtime): **The Pests**
Wollaston Nags Head: **Red Hot In Alex**
Wolverton Craufurd Arms: **Junction 13**

SUNDAY

Birmingham Railway Hotel: The Out
Birmingham (Yardley) The Swan: **Video**
Bradford Panache Club: **The Wall**
Brighton Jenkinson's: **The Piranhas/The Chefs**
Bristol Locarno: **The Specials/Swinging Cats**
Bromley The Northover (lunchtime): **Bill Scott & Ian Ellis**
Coventry General Wolfe: **Moonstone**
Coventry Theatre: **Hall & Oates**
Croydon Crawdaddy: **The Skavengers**
Croydon Fairfield Hall: **The Hollies**
Daventry Dun Cow: **Hot Vultures**
Derby Assembly Rooms: **Don McLean**
Dougles (I.o.M.) Summerland Leisure Centre: **Rock'n'Roll Festival with Shakin' Stevens/Crazy Cavan and many top rock revival bands (for a week)**
Edinburgh Harvey's: **The Sound**
Hemel Hempstead Pavilion: **Secret Affair**
Leeds Fforde Green Hotel: **Quartz**
Leeds Opera House: **Jasper Carrott**
Leeds Queen's Hall: **Futurama 2' Festival (see Saturday for details)**
Leeds Royal Park Hotel: **The Windows**
Liverpool Bradford Hotel (afternoon): **The Swinging Lampshades**
London Acton Kings Head: **The Directions/Riff Raff**
London Battersea Nags Head: **Jugular Vein**
London Brixton George Canning: **Southside**
London Camden Dingwalls: **Rough Stuff**
London Charing Cross Duke of Buckingham: **The Invisibles (for four days)**
London Chiswick John Bull: **John Shepherd's Golden Oldies**
London Covent Garden Rock Garden: **The Phones/Montel/The Jackals**
London Dalston Pembury Tavern: **Avenue**
London Finchley Torrington: **Red Beans & Rice**
London Fulham Golden Lion: **Peter Bardens' Mole**
London Fulham Greyhound: **The Books/White Light**
London Fulham The Cock: **The Works**
London Herne Hill Half Moon: **The Expressos**
London Islington Hope & Anchor: **Knox**
London Rainbow Theatre: **Gregory Isaacs**
London Richmond Brolleys: **White Spirit**
London Soho Pizza Express: **Harry Walton Trio**
London Stockwell Old Queen's Head: **The Pulsaters**
London Stoke Newington Pegasus: **Combo Passe**
London W.1 Portman Hotel (lunchtime): **Dave Shepherd Quintet**
Manchester The Squat: **Belladonna/Diagram Brothers/The Mekons**
Middlesbrough Town Hall: **Rory Gallagher**
Newquay Central Hotel: **The Winners**
Nottingham Hearty Good Fellow: **Medium Medium**
Oxford Corn Dolly: **Spring Offensive**
Poynton Folk Centre: **The Teeside Fettlers**
Redcar Coatham Bowl: **Dr. Feelgood**
Redhill Lakers Hotel: **Zorkie Twins**
Slough Fulcrum Theatre: **Billy Connolly**
Southend Railway Hotel: **Steve Ashley**
Thorne White Hart Hotel: **The Moondogs**
Tonypandy Star Hotel: **Nerve Centre**
Wolverhampton Lafayette: **Circles**

MONDAY

Birmingham Barrel Organ: **Gangsters**
Birmingham Romeo & Juliet: **Quartz**
Birmingham Railway Hotel: **The Ramparts**
Blackburn Castle Hotel: **Zorkie Twins**
Blackburn The Castle: **Dedringer**
Bradford St. George's Hall: **Secret Affair**
Brighton Dome: **Rick Wakeman**
Bristol Stonehouse: **Red Alert**
Burton-in-Kendal Longlands Hotel: **Mistress (for three days)**
Bury Nailers Green: **Side Effect**
Cambridge Raffles: **The Stingrays**
Cardiff Sophia Gardens: **The Specials/Swinging Cats**
Edinburgh Odeon: **Ossie Osbourne's Blizzard Of Oz**
Edinburgh Tiffany's: **Dr. Feelgood**
Ewell The Grapevin: **Avenue**
Grangemouth International Hotel: **The Sound**
Leeds Opera House: **Jasper Carrott**
London Camden Dingwalls: **Great British Hope/The Untouchables/Wow**
London Covent Garden Rock Garden: **The Androids Of Mu/Real Insect**
London Deptford Albany Empire: **The Searchers/The Realists**
London Fulham Golden Lion: **Bob Kerr's Whoopee Band**
London Fulham Greyhound: **Jane Kennaway & Strange Behaviour/The Locators**
London Fulham The Cock: **Recoil**
London Hammersmith Odeon: **Gary Numan**
London Islington Hope & Anchor: **Brian Brain**
London Marquee Club: **U2**
London N.4 The Stapleton: **The Syndicate**
London Oxford St. 100 Club: **Chris Hunter Band**
London Putney Star & Garter: **Penny Royal**
London Richmond Snoopy's: **Fish Turned Human**
London Stoke Newington Pegasus: **Combo Passe**
London Victoria Apollo Theatre: **Shirley Bassey (for a week)**
London W.1 Gillray's Bar: **Fred Rickshaw's Hot Goolies**
Manchester Apollo Theatre: **Hall & Oates**
Manchester Cyprus Bar: **The Wall**
Manchester Free Trade Hall: **Don McLean**
Nottingham Hearty Good Fellow: **Bad Publicity**
Nottingham Imperial Hotel: **Gwaihir**
Nuneaton 77 Club: **Religious Overdose/Service**
Preston Guildhall: **Rory Gallagher**
Reading Cherry's Bar: **The Pictures**
Slough Fulcrum Centre: **Billy Connolly**
Southend Zero Six: **The D.S.**
Watford Bailey's: **Liquid Gold (for a week)**
Windsor Jethro's Wine Bar: **Sunday Drivers**

TUESDAY

Birkenhead The Gallery: **Stun The Guards**
Birmingham Barrel Organ: **Cromo**
Birmingham Fighting Cocks: **Brujo**
Birmingham Mercat Cross: **The Ramparts**
Birmingham Railway Hotel: **Speed Limit**
Bournemouth Stateside Centre: **The Skavengers**
Bradford Library Theatre: **Magna Carta**
Derby Assembly Hall: **Rick Wakeman**
Doncaster Rotters: **Madness**
Gravesend Red Lion: **Zorkie Twins**
Helensboro Trident: **Geno Washington Band**
Leamington Crown Hotel: **The Human Cabbages**
Leeds Opera House: **Jasper Carrott**
Liverpool Brady's: **Atomic Rooster**
Liverpool Rotters: **Dr. Feelgood**
London Camden Dingwalls: **The Expressos**
London Covent Garden Rock Garden: **Durutti Column**
London Fulham Golden Lion: **Academy**
London Fulham Greyhound: **The Planets/The Shout**
London Fulham The Cock: **The Artistes**
London Greenwich White Swan: **Tagus**
London Hammersmith Odeon: **Gary Numan**
London Hornsey King's Head: **Main Avenue Jazzband**
London Islington Hope & Anchor: **The Stray Cats**
London Islington The Bluecoat Boy: **Harfoot Brothers**
London Marquee Club: **Martian Dance**
London N.4 The Stapleton: **Brett Marvin & The Thunderbolts**
London Plumstead Prince Rupert: **Avenue**
London Putney White Lion: **The Soul Band**
London W.1 New Merlin's Cave: **The Coconut Dogs**
Malvern Nags Head: **The Au Pairs**
Manchester Apollo Theatre: **Secret Affair**
Manchester Fagin's: **The Foundations (for five days)**
Nottingham Boat Club: **Young Marble Giants**
Nottingham Imperial Hotel: **Hollow City Rhythm Circus**
Oakham Rutland Angler: **Last Resort**
Oxford New Theatre: **Billy Connolly**
Preston The Moonraker: **Side Effect**
Rotherham Rawmarsh Cricket Club: **Limelight**
Southport Theatre: **Hall & Oates**
Stoke Trentham Gardens: **The Specials/Swinging Cats**
Tipton Coneygre Youth Club: **Circles**

WEDNESDAY

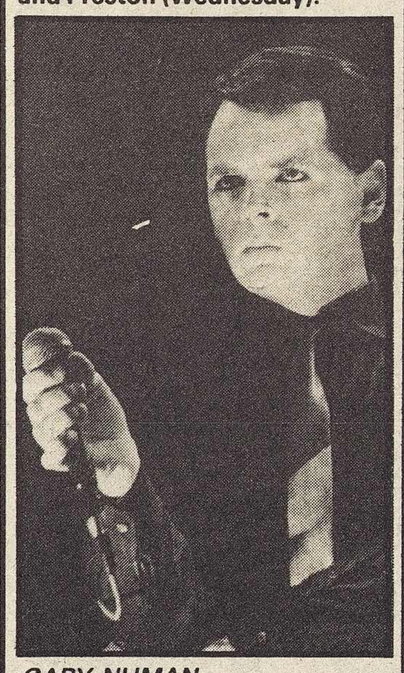
Alton Panda Club: **The Stephen Radford Birthday Band/Rockoprer**
Birmingham Barrel Organ: **Reality**
Birmingham Bogart's: **White Spirit**
Birmingham Golden Eagle: **U2**
Birmingham Mercat Cross: **M.S. Nightwork**
Birmingham Railway Hotel: **Ezra Pound**
Birmingham (Yardley) Bulls Head: **Roses**
Brighton Top Rank: **Dr Feelgood**
Cambridge Great Northern Hotel: **VHF**
Cheltenham Plough Inn: **Roadsters**
Croydon The Star: **The Locators**
Dundee Technical College: **The Moondogs**
Durham Brewers Arms: **Out Of Control**
Ewell The Grapevine: **Avenue**
Hull City Hall: **Rick Wakeman**
Inverness Caledonian Hotel: **The Revillos**
London Action Space: **The Associates**
London Acton Kings Head: **Brian Brain**
London Camden Dingwalls: **Doll By Doll**
London Camden Music Machine: **On The Air**
London Canning Town Bridge House: **The Planets/Zorkie Twins**
London Covent Garden Rock Garden: **Young Marble Giants**
London Deptford Star & Garter: **Talk Over**
London Fulham Golden Lion: **The Europeans**
London Fulham Greyhound: **The Invaders/Modern Jazz**
London Fulham The Cock: **Keith Bates Cosmic Cycle Clip Ensemble**
London Hammersmith Odeon: **Gary Numan**
London Hampstead Starlight Club: **The Stares**
London Islington Hope & Anchor: **Nine Below Zero**
London Knightsbridge The Grove: **Fred Rickshaw's Hot Goolies**
London Marquee Club: **The Salford Jets**
London N.4 The Stapleton: **Combo Passe**
London Richmond Snoopy's: **The Body**
London Victoria The Venue: **Midnight Express**
London Wimbledon Nelson's Club: **Hank Wangford Band**
Newcastle City Hall: **Ossie Osbourne's Blizzard Of Oz**
Newcastle The Cooperage: **The Cheaters**
Oxford New Theatre: **Billy Connolly**
Paisley Bungalow Bar: **Circles**
Penzance Demelza's: **U2**
Preston Guildhall: **Secret Affair**
Rosythe Lion Club: **Geno Washington Band**
Southampton Gaumont Theatre: **Don McLean**
Southport Theatre: **Tompall & The Glaser Brothers/Wanda Jackson/Lloyd Green-/Jimmy C. Newman**
Stanmore Middlesex & Herts Country Club: **Ben E. King**
Sunderland Mayfair Ballroom: **The Specials/Swinging Cats**

Main events of the week

THE PRINCIPAL special event of the week is the two-day 'Futurama 2' at Leeds Queens Hall on Saturday and Sunday, following the success of last year's inaugural festival. It's topped by Siouxsie & The Banshees, and it brings together such contrasting acts as Gary Glitter and Athletico Spizz 80. See under Saturday's listings for details.

SIOUXSIE

The autumn tour season moves up into third gear this week, and among those setting out on the road are THE SPECIALS at St Austell (Saturday), Bristol (Sunday), Cardiff (Monday), Stoke (Tuesday) and Sunderland (Wednesday); and SECRET AFFAIR at Guildford (Thursday), Bristol (Saturday), Hemel Hempstead (Sunday), Bradford (Monday), Manchester (Tuesday) and Preston (Wednesday).



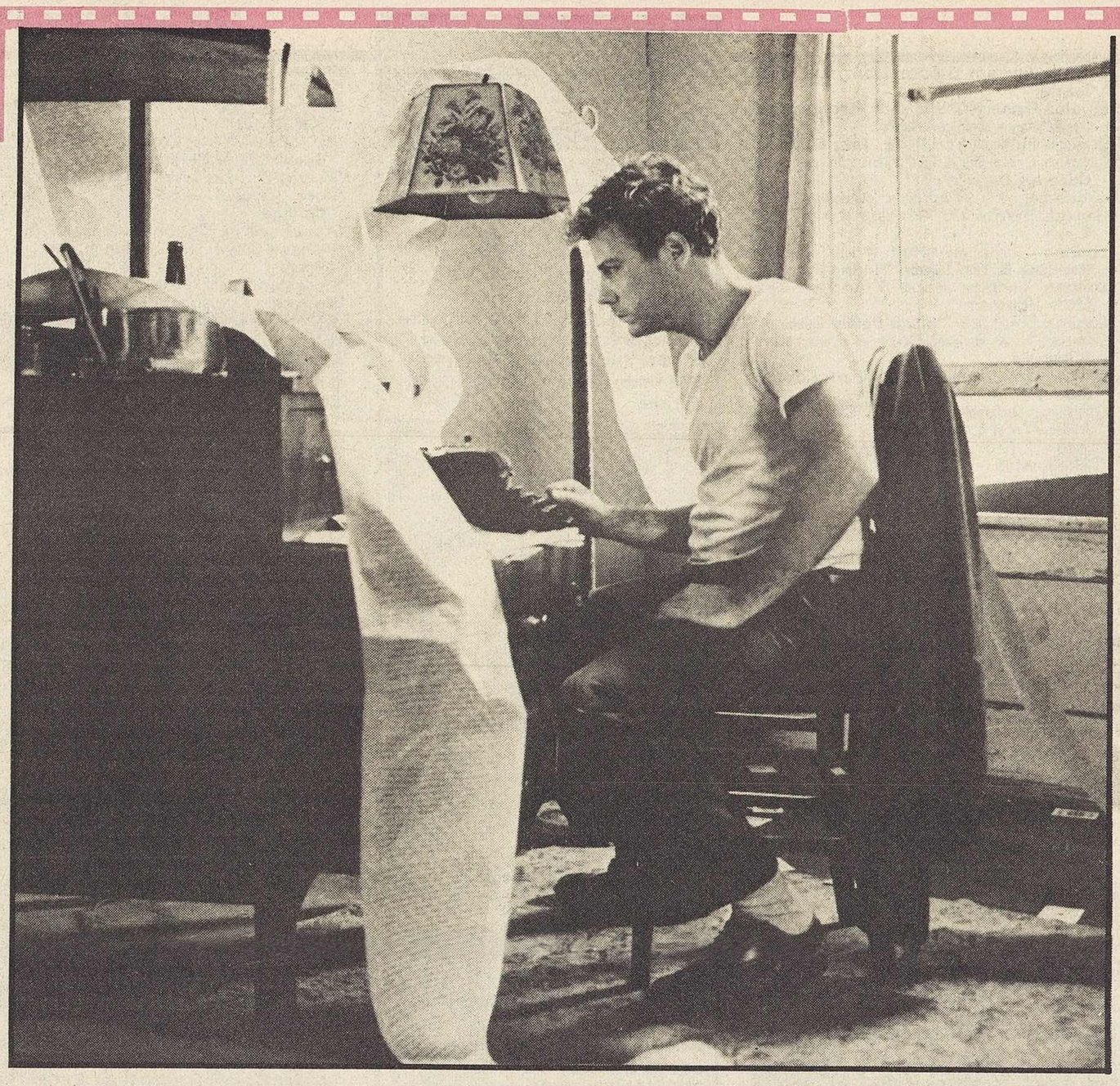
GARY NUMAN

GARY NUMAN is taking his 'Teletour 80' round the country, with stops this week at Southampton (Thursday), Bristol (Friday and Saturday) and London Hammersmith (Monday to Wednesday). HALL & OATES begin their trek in Bristol on Thursday, while on Friday RORY GALLAGHER opens in Derby and DR FEELGOOD in Hemel Hempstead, and Saturday sees the start of the RICK WAKEMAN solo jaunt in Portsmouth.

Other new tours this week are by DON McLEAN, the re-formed ATOMIC ROOSTER, the 'NASHVILLE CAVALCADE' country package and the TYGERS OF PAN TANG.

THE SPECIALS

SILVER SCREEN



The throb of soft neons in the night

CSM goes searching for the old bop rebels. A baggy trousers special.

Heart Beat

Written & directed by John Byrum
Starring Nick Nolte, Sissy Spacek, John Heard *(Orion)*

START ANYWHERE (this vision is crucial, all the details matter): you could start with this small hours gas station cum general store somewhere in the heartland where the attendant has his feet up and his brain in neutral while Neal Cassady tiptoes out loaded down with candy bars and liquor and cartons of cigarettes and then fills up the heisted car very quietly, bump-starts it so as not to wake the man and then he and Kerouac and the teenage runaway he picked up in Iowa sputter off into the approaching American dawn.

Or you could start with Cassady hovering right over the bandstand at Bud's Bop Shop, his eyes bulging like soft marbles just inches away from the flying mallets of the man behind the vibraphone, sweat running off him, in a fit of gone ecstasy with his transported gaze and his benzedrine twitch.

Or with Kerouac himself, hooking down the bennies and flexing his fingers in some greasy flophouse, loading a giant toilet roll of paper into his beat-up portable typewriter so that he can just *blow* — 'I'm gonna play this thing like Charlie Parker,' he announces defiantly as Cassady sits there big and cool and rolls a butt around his mouth watching from behind his bebop shades — unencumbered by having to change the sheet or polish the prose, just get wired into the big switchboard and let the electricity come sparking down him into his fingers and onto the keys. Get in touch, pound it out, just *blow,* writing *On The Road* on the road. Pound it out until the scroll from the typewriter festoons the room like some crazy growth, while the hot lemon light from the American sun carpets the floor and then gives way to some huge storm; not just any storm, but *the* storm, just like the sunlight is not just any sunlight but *the* sunlight.

Yes! Wow! *Heart Beat* (the demi-semi-biopic constructed by — or 'suggested by', which is what it says in the credits — Carolyn Cassady's memoir of the same name) is full of moments such as this, epic tableaux from The American Myth. *Tableaux vivants* probably gets closer to it, parts far greater than the sum of the whole, for *Heart Beat* is an elegiac, sentimental film filled with bittersweet tranquility, events recollected rather than captured in the moments in which they took place.

It is a film about Jack Kerouac — the novelist who celebrated and popularised the 'Beat Generation' myth — and Neal Cassady, his muse, hero and the incarnation of zooming, charging, twitching glory-of-craziness, as seen by Carolyn Cassady, 'the woman who shared them both' as the posters and blurbs hath it. It is not a film *of* Kerouac and Cassady: it it totally bereft of that speed-crazed, manic, driving-for-three-days energy which fuels Kerouac's best characters and his best writing. It is gauzy, it does not zigzag wildly into the further, chasing its nose into the Somewhere Else like Kerouac's 'Dean Moriarty' or 'Cody Pomeray' (the Cassady analogues in *On The Road* and *Visions Of Cody,* respectively), like the hungry, manic urge of the hard bop of Parker and Gillespie which is Kerouac's perpetual soundtrack.

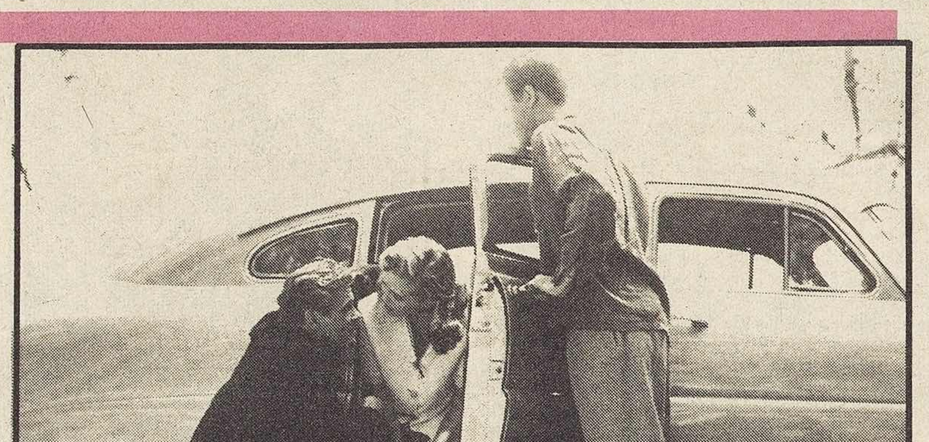
Nick Nolte's Cassady is a marvellous creation, big and cool and charming, but he is not the man who Kerouac described as never walking when he could run. His marijuana drawl is deftly inflected, but several light years away from the incredible, blazing rush of 400 mph non-sequiturs recreated by Kerouac, and — in the case of the older Cassady — depicted by Tom Wolfe in *Electric Kool-Aid Acid Test.* True, we see Cassady driving the Prankster bus in the closing sequences of the film, but despite Nolte's creation of his amphetamine jerk and twitch, this Cassady seems a far milder character than one would believe. One does not sense 'the great god Speed frying in his gizzard' (as Wolfe put it) or 'the wild yea-saying overburst of American joy' that inspired Kerouac.

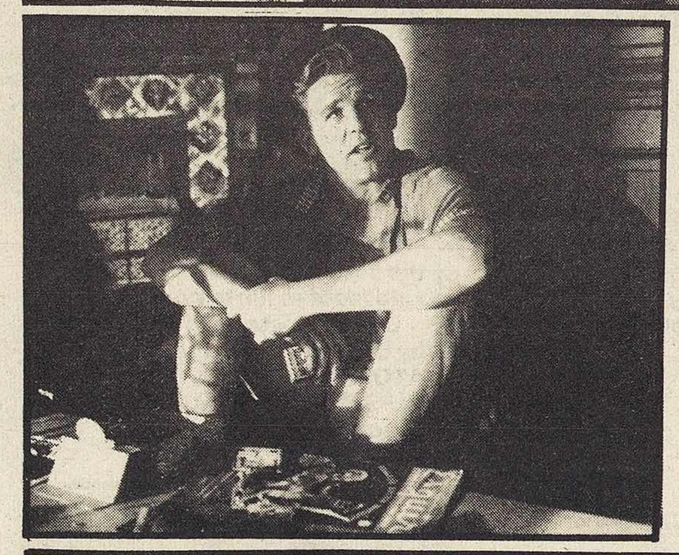
Ol' Jack Duluoz is played by John Heard, best known for *Between The Lines.* His Kerouac is fearful, stuffy, with a bull-necked petulance and a nasty tendency to cling. Despite Kerouac's faults, his mother-fixation, his penchant for living by proxy, he was often described as a saintly man. Here he is less saintly than weak.

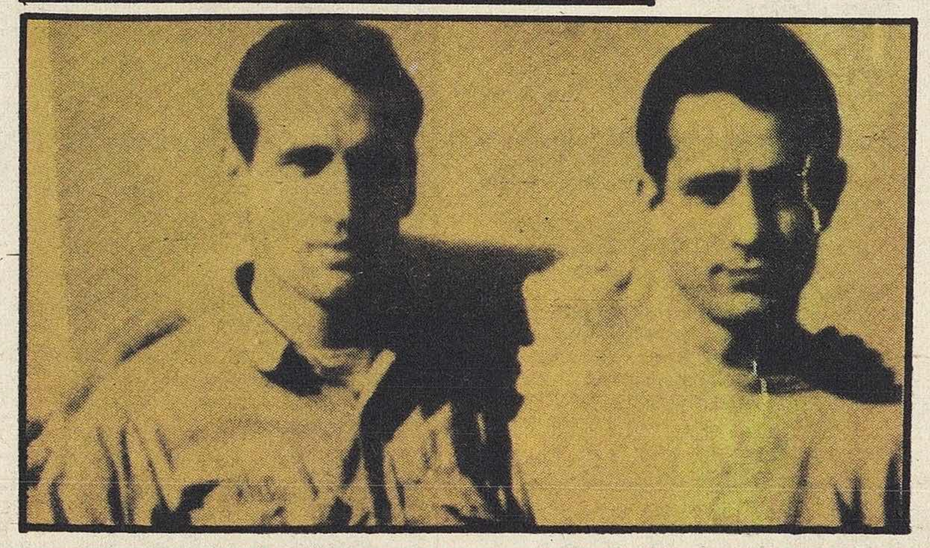
Sissy Spacek's Carolyn narrates the film: her voice-overs are possibly the greatest flaws in writer-director John Byrum's script, endless smug glibness-es and self satisfied dualities, cheap things that aspire to the status of epigram. 'From friends one expects loyalty, from writers only sequels' . . . Carolyn is speedily seduced by this big bustling crazy man and his quiet, guilt-ridden friend: her career as a painter goes down the dumper but whatthehell, there's a couple of trainee folk heroes to be looked after. . .

The one representative of the rampaging drive towards the moment that informed Cassady's life and Kerouac's work is Ira (Ray Sharkey), a character obviously intended to 'stand for' Allen Ginsberg. He introduces the author to his muse, hustles Kerouac's ludicrous manuscript around smirking, supercilious New York publishing houses, taunts Kerouac into getting up off his ass, bellows the bullshit flummery and buried pearls of his poetry in a Chinese restaurant in San Francisco, inveighs against the mediocrity of American life, twitches, rants and generally gives the movie a zest and fire which is absent when he's off the screen. Off-screen, it is his obscenity bust that focuses enough notoriety on the scene to make it worthwhile for a publisher to — at long last — accept *On The Road* and make Kerouac a celebrity.

'Kerouac lacks discipline, intelligence, honesty and a sense of the novel. His rhythms are erratic, his sense of character is nil, and he is as pretentious as a rich whore, as sentimental as a lollipop. Yet I think he has a large talent. His literary energy is enormous, and he had enough of a wild eye to go along with his instincts and so become the first figure for a new generation. At his best, his love of language has an ecstatic flux. To judge his worth it is best to forget about him as a novelist and see him instead as an action painter or a bard . . . I liked him when I met him, more than I could have thought, and felt he was tired, as indeed why should he not be for he has travelled in a world where the adrenalin devours the blood.'
— Norman Mailer, *Advertisements For Myself*







Top: Kerouac writing 'On The Road' and above, on it with Cassady and Stevie. Left, Nick Nolte as Neal Cassady as Dean Moriarty. Below: The genuine articles, with Kerouac on the right.

YES, Kerouac is tired at the end of the movie. Pitifully, he has hitch-hiked to San Francisco to visit Carolyn (she is now divorced from Cassady, who is driving Kesey's bus; it is 1967), and finally he sits shivering in the garden under blankets, waiting for a cab. But this Kerouac is not tired for the reasons suggested by Mailer; *Heart Beat* implies that it is not adrenalin but fear and defeat which has devoured his blood; fear and defeat and compromise. The final voice-over suggests — with a simplistic conceit which takes the breath away — that Cassady's tragedy was that he would never compromise, Kerouac's that he always would. There is no such suggestion in Carolyn's original memoir; her book covers a mere three years, as opposed to the vaulting 20-year span achieved by the film in its tight, concise 110 minutes.

But here we go again, attempting to make a film conform to the dull dictates of public fact and private fancy. This Kerouac and Cassady might not be 'the' Kerouac and Cassady or even 'your' or 'my' Kerouac and Cassady, but 'a' Kerouac and Cassady they are.

It is a melancholic myth, that this pioneering attempt to create new lifestyles (bop, pot, the road, menage a trois, the quest) simply resulted in three tragedies, that the world was not ready for these three free spirits. Their defeat is implicit early on. Cassady displays an early resentment of Kerouac's voyeuristic dependency, Kerouac's final success (= submission to bourgeois values, loss of innocence) with *On The Road* and the subsequent enshrinement of Dean Moriarty destroys their relationship completely.

The film gives up for lost that dream that fuelled both of its male heroes (the dream is denied to women, they end up like Neal's popsy Stevie-Ann Dusenbury in a zestful, credible performance — and go nuts), the dream that it's all out there, that you leap in the goddam car and *go somewhere* and then you find *it,* that salvation can be had in finding ways to live outside the prescribed, approved styles. Broken and ailing in Carolyn's garden, Jack watches Bob and Betty Bendix, the Super Straights whom they've been freaking out with their bohemian zaps all those years, and the Bendixes (Bendices?) are *happy,* they've just drifted obliviously along the rails and they're no more screwed up than they were to begin with anyway . . .

Heart Beat is, first and foremost and finally, a beautiful film: 'beautiful' in the sense that it looks great, thanks to Lazlo Kozacs' virtuoso cinematography. Its nights are hugely black and rainy, its sunshine is velvet, its dusty streets and roads filled with magic, its neon glowing and pulsing like radioactive blood, like the stuff of life itself, its flophouses frame figures like icons. Its flaws are considerable but its merits are undeniable, and even Nicolas Roeg hasn't made a perfect film yet. *Heart Beat* searches for the young bop rebels, in America a very long time ago.

'So many of the young men who are enamoured of the Neal myth, they feel a longing to imitate him. Obviously the image has a response in everybody's longings, and to Kerouac's. But if you get down to what it was in essence, like liberty or lack of restrictions or inhibitions or rules, whatever it was that Neal represented for them, like freedom and fearlessness, Neal was fearless but he wasn't free. Neal wanted to die. So he was utterly fearless as far as chances went because he was asking for it all the time. I kept thinking that the imitators never knew and don't know how miserable these men were, they think they were having marvellous times — joy, joy, joy — and they weren't at all.'
— Carolyn Cassady, quoted in *Rolling Stone,* October 12, 1972

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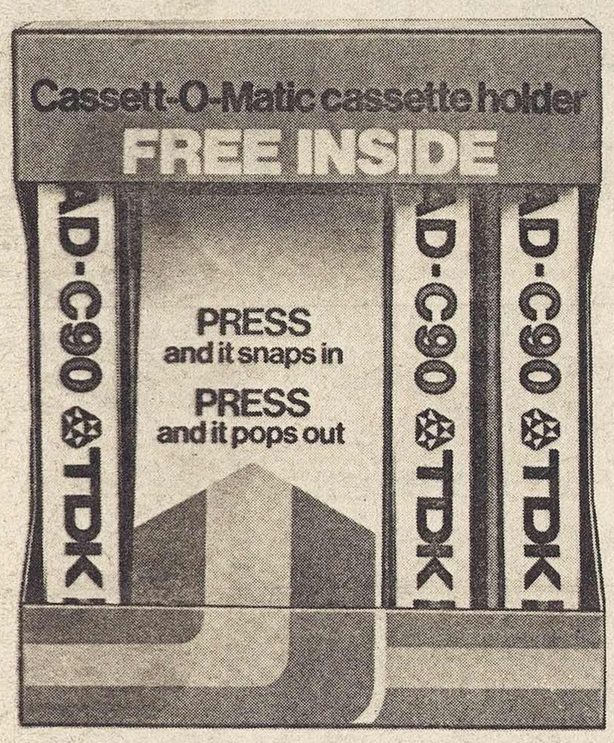

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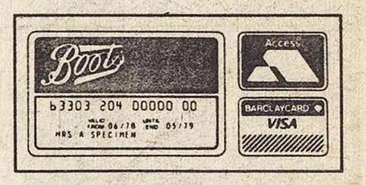

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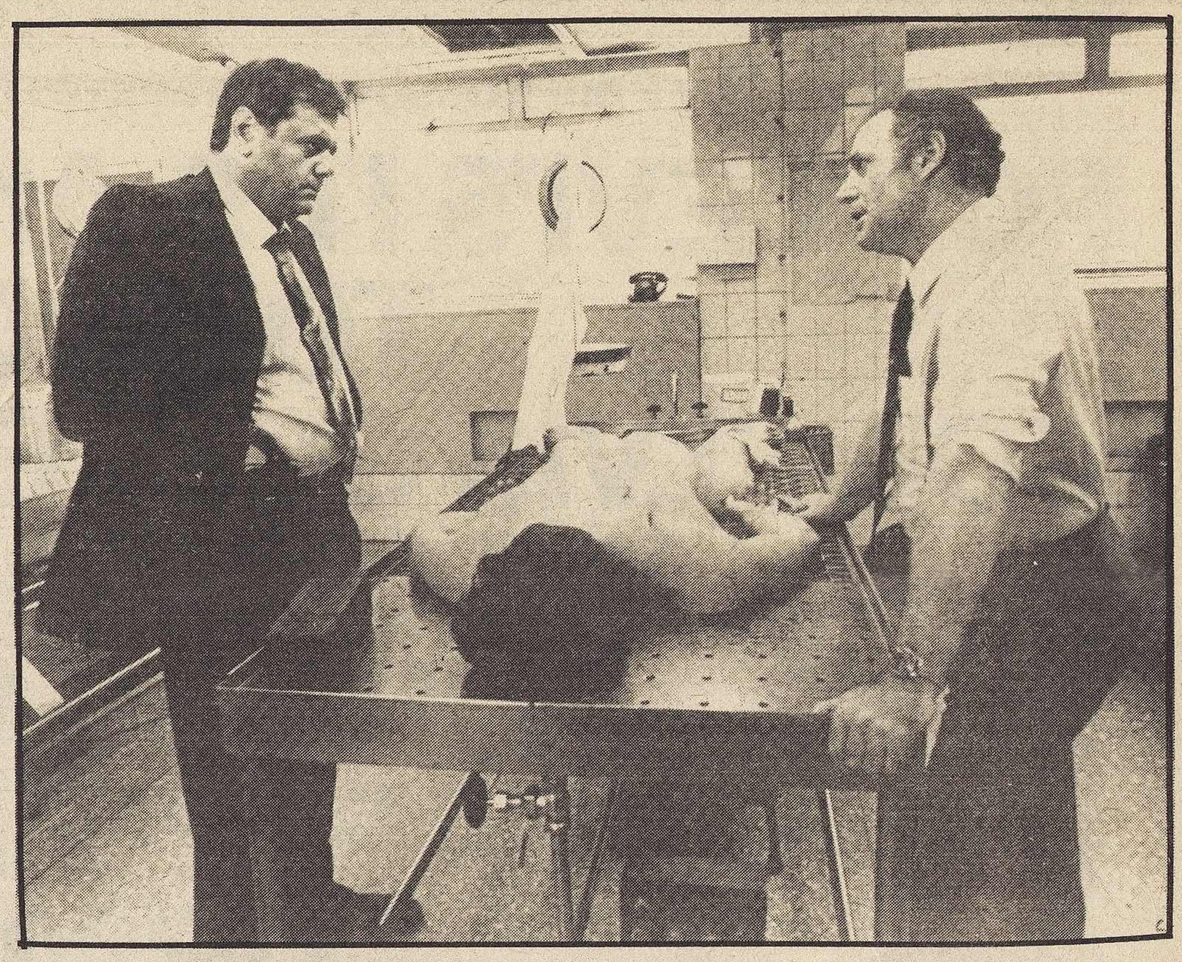
Jungleland

Al Pacino is being typecast as a gay, but does Bill Friedkin care? Now read on . . .



Cruising: "Say — did you see the Rangers game last night?"

Cruising

Directed by William Friedkin
Starring Al Pacino *(ITC)*

A SERIES of unsolved gay murders sensationally exploited in the gutter press bring further pressures to bear on harrassed police Captain Paul Sorvino to find the killer fast. When routine (as depicted here) police brutalising of hustlers and transvestites reveal no clues, he's forced to take the desperate measure of sending a decoy out for the killer.

Swarthy young officer Steve Burns (you've guessed it — Al Pacino) obviously conforms to the Captain's idea of a stereotype (not to mention the movie producer's), so he gets the chance to volunteer, with the incentive of quick promotion.

Thus hooked, he descends into the steamy netherworld of heavy S and M dives, where he learns the hustler's art as he tries to lure out the gay killer. But the deeper he immerses himself, the harder it gets for him to re-surface into the reality of his girlfriend's home.

Kept in ignorance by order of the Captain, she can only puzzle at Burns's sudden bizarre taste for studs and leather and worry about his growing detachment. Plainly, he's not the man he once was — or so the plot's laborious psychological twist would have it.

Of course, if she *were* trusted with the knowlege of his mission, her sympathy and help would have maintained his equilibrium. Instead, her presence is a poorly worked melodramatic device against which we can judge Burns's changes.

As the frightened cop is increasingly affected in a way he's not so sure he understands, Pacino treats us to his usual virtuoso angst-ridden performance, invoking both his nervous bankrobber of *Dog Day Afternoon* and his concerned cop *Serpico.*

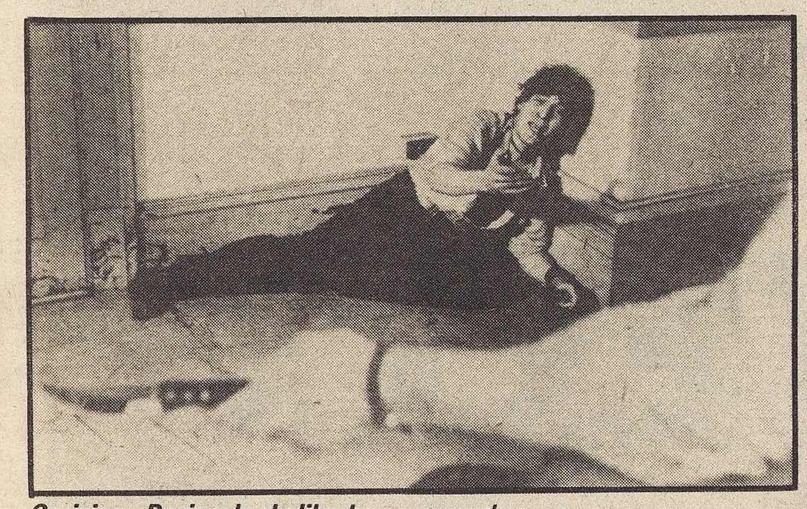
But he's wasting his time. His character's development is secondary to William Friedkin's oft-repeated intention to (circa *The Exorist*) achieve a gut - wrenching reaction from an audience, rather than engaging them with an interesting film. Here he does so by juxtaposing clubroom sequences of sweaty bondaged bodies grinding in unison (to a heavy metal soundtrack) with gruesome murder scenes, recalling *Psycho* in his use of silhouettes — without ever approaching that film's class.

In *Cruising,* suspense gives way to straight shock tactics, the impact of which is weakened by Friedkin's surprising crisis of confidence. For a change he half - heartedly tries to justify his gratuitous choice of setting for an otherwise coventional cops and robbers film with a tenuous explanation of the killer's actions: a father fixation, failure complex and intimations of obsessive religious guilt are suggested.

Other than that, there's the implication attached to Burns' metamorphosis: anyone coming into contact with the S/M scene will be tainted by it. I'm sure that people would be disturbed by a sudden immersion, but whether the effects would be so profound is debatable.

Ultimately, the film loses because Friedkin's juvenile urge to upset people this time got him tangled up in a world he's only willing to exploit, but not explore.

Chris Bohn



Cruising: Pacino lookalike has a grey day

BOX OFFICE

London

1. **Airplane!** (Directors: Jim Abrahams, David and Jerry Zucker)
2. **McVicar** (Tom Clegg)
3. **The Empire Strikes Back** (Irvin Kershner)
4. **The Fiendish Plot Of Dr Fu Manchu** (Piers Haggard)
5. **Fame** (Alan Parker)

Regions

1. **Airplane!** (Abrahams/Zucker)
2. **Friday The 13th** (Sean S. Cunningham)
3. **Kramer vs Kramer** (Robert Benton)
4. **The Secret Policeman's Ball** (Roger Graef)
5. **The Empire Strikes Back** (Irvin Kershner)

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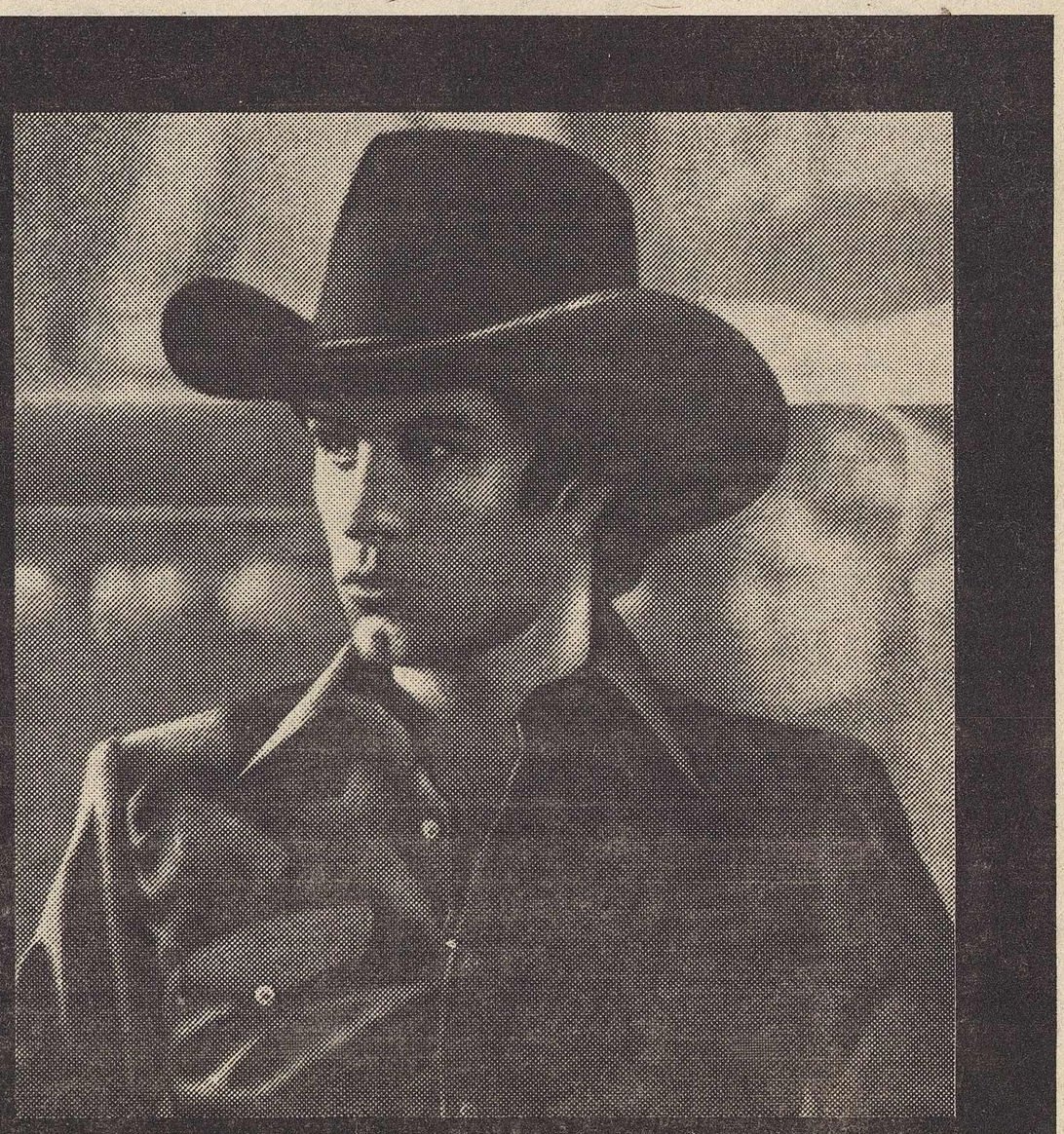
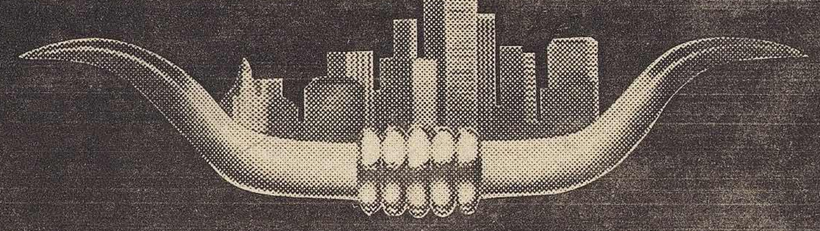


JOHN TRAVOLTA
URBAN COWBOY AA



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ON THE BOX

Thursday September 11
THE LIFE AND DEATH OF COLONEL BLIMP: Majestic start to the offbeat Michael Powell-Emeric Pressburger season (which; unfortunately, won't include the bizarre *Peeping Tom*) with the satiric classic that got right up Churchill's hooter when released in 1943; bad for morale, he thought, with its precise dissection of the stereotypical German and British national characteristics. Starring Roger Livesey, Deborah Kerr and Anton Walbrook, this is the original 2½hr version, unseen since the war. **(BBC 2)**

HIGHLIGHTS: Dennis Waterman and George Cole return in **Minder (ITV),** promising to be even jokier than the first series; here, they're left looking after a racehorse. Specially for Ian Penman, **For Maddie With Love (ITV)** returns and for Danny Baker there's another half-hour compliation from **Benny Hill (ITV).** Best bet remains **Lou Grant (ITV),** affable Edward Asner leading the US import as the L.A. Tribune displays its heart and, occasionally, its teeth.

Friday September 12
TOUCH OF EVIL: The recently rediscovered original 110min print of Orson Welles' extraordinary, labyrinthine 1958 tale of violence and corruption in a racket-ridden Mexican border town. Welles is outrageously over-the-top as both director and actor (oozing evil as the reptilian police chief). Also starring Charlton Heston, Janet Leigh and — in a succession of weird cameos — Marlene Dietrich, Dennis Weaver, Zsa Zsa Gabor and Akim Tamiroff. A genuine odd one, and one of Welles' best. **(BBC 1)**

HIGHLIGHTS: Lord Lucan pops up in **Escape (BBC 2),** a new docu-drama series 'reconstructing' famous you-know-whats; Tony Mathews plus moustache plays nanny-slaying Lucky. Bill Bixby's still turning green in **The Incredible Hulk (ITV)** and Robert Guillame is still black as **Benson (ITV),** the suss butler in a promising spin-off from *Soap.*

Saturday September 13
PAPER MOON: Peter Bogdanovich's 1973 con-man comedy, re-slotted because the Queen Mother recently kicked the bucket, or something. The Depression era Bible belt looks chic in black and white and all the O'Neals are in it except Tatum's mum. Quite funny but quite long. **(BBC 1).**

PAPER TIGER: Not as good as *Paper Moon.* Don't get them confused. **(ITV).**

HIGHLIGHTS: First of the **Hammer House Of Horror** series **(ITV)** is 'Witching Time', **Buck Rogers (ITV)** remains firmly entrenched in the 25th century and **Last Night Of The Proms (BBC 1)** comes live from the Albert Hall circa 1933. Personally, I'll keep the set switched off after **Sesame Street (ITV),** the best show on TV.

Sunday September 14
FIVE EASY PIECES: Towering performance from Jack Nicholson as social misfit Bobby, a middle-class drop out attempting to come to terms with his own and America's hypocrisy. Very funny and terrific support from Billy Green Bush, Karen Black, Susan Anspach and — as a lesbian hitchhiker — Helena Kallianotes. Directed by Bob Rafelson in 1970. **(BBC 2)**

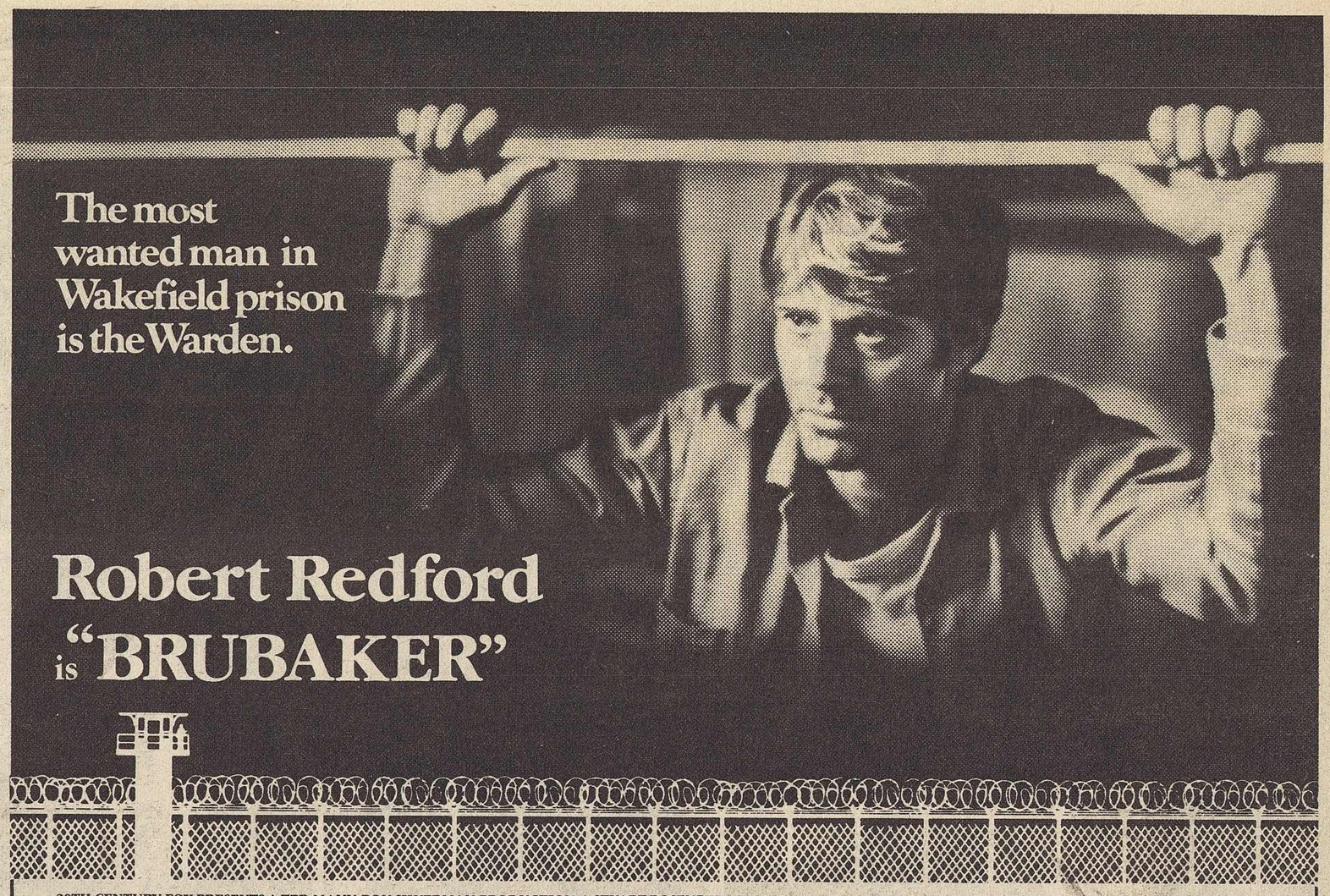
THE RETURN OF THE PINK PANTHER: Peter Sellers as Clouseau in Blake Edwards' 1975 comedy. If you don't laugh at least 26 times you're obviously out on a weekend pass. **(ITV)**

HIGHLIGHTS: 20th Century Box has now finished so you can all go back down the pub again. But another old friend returns later on as **Peter Cook (ITV)** fronts a one-hour special in the company of John Cleese, Rowan Atkinson, Terry Jones and Beryl Reid.

Monday September 15
HIGHLIGHTS: Daley Thompson and James Maw look at the sus laws in **White Light (ITV)** and also at the 'employment' scene.

Tuesday September 16
HIGHLIGHTS: In **The Miracle Workers (BBC 1)** James Hogg examines political dissent in Germany. If you don't find that or **Tommy Cooper (ITV)** funny, try **The Bert Of Not The Nine O'Clock News (BBC 2),** which features the infamous Ayatollah song.

Monty Smith



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ALMOST OVERLOOKED

The Wishing Tree
Directed by Tengiz Abuladze
(Artificial Eye)

SET IN a small Soviet Georgian village, director Abuladze's boisterous pageant of pre-revolutionary life stands as a testament to the freedoms enjoyed by that republic's film industry, as *The Wishing Tree* rarely conforms to the didactic dictates of socialist realism.

Indeed it has far more in common with Fellini's colourful portraits of Italian village life, tempered with the more attainable realism of the Taviani brothers' *Padre Padrone.*

***The Wishing Tree* strings together a stream of anecdotes highlighting the villagers' superstitions, myths and hopes, their prejudices, loves and fears, drawing them around the central unrequited love story of Marita and Gedia. Poignantly handled though this is, the film's more interesting for its secondary themes; like the recurring tale of the village 'anarchist' with his ear to the ground listening for rumblings of rebellion and leading a ragbag army of urchins through the streets, singing about its coming.**

Fortunately, the distributors have re-discovered the original Georgian language script, laudably restoring the true spirit to this vastly entertaining, very human film.

Chris Bohn

LORIMAR PRESENTS A JERRY WEINTRAUB PRODUCTION AL PACINO WILLIAM FRIEDKIN'S "CRUISING" PAUL SORVINO KAREN ALLEN
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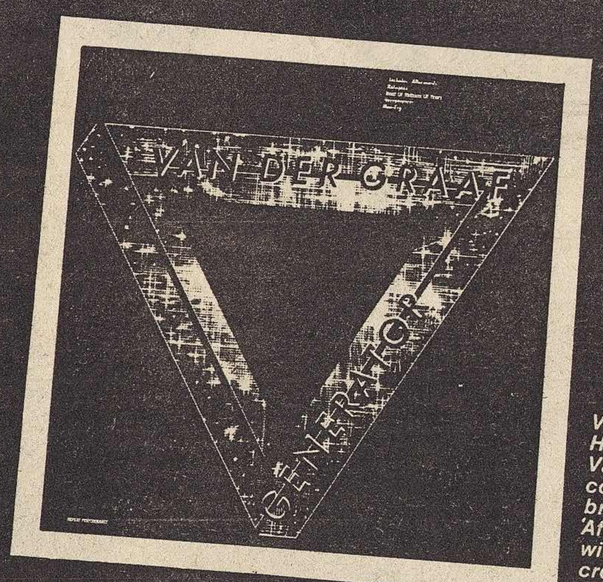

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Ian Gillan tries to bang head, misses wall, falls over etc. Pic: Gary Merrin.

Goon Squads

GILLAN
Glory Road *(Virgin)*
TYGERS OF PAN TANG
Wild Cat *(MCA)*

IN OTHER music papers, Heavy Metal has been irresponsibly ghettoised. *Melody Maker, Sounds, Record Mirror* all have their HM specialists who drily serve a facile, dogmatic purpose, churning out the expected and therefore useless reactions to a musical form that has long stagnated. This review may be equally as 'expected', but is no way useless.

HM has never done anything to deserve being treated as a special case. It's a part, a negative, puerile part, of rock's chaotic flow. For it to be separated from the rest of rock music, glorified and glossed over, does not prove its worth or superiority but clarifies its triviality and emphasises its actual vulnerability. The music needs to be protected, it cannot possibly stand up next to challenging, innovative, changing music.

The fragile, repetitive criticism of the ghetto critics goes some way to perpetuating HM as a commercial force, and its lack of realisitic attack has meant that HM continually gets away with if not murder then sexism, racism, hate, stupidity, degradation, without even thinking about it. Not only that, it has all these 'ingredients' happily extolled.

For criticism of an HM record to be in any way favourable that criticism has to be kept inside laughably tight limits. Any criticism from there cannot be compared to criticism of rock from outside those limits: where we're talking about truth, anger, spontaneity, actual creativity. So when non-ghetto critics review an HM LP, they cannot honestly review from inside those limits — why should they? — and so therefore the LP will be utterly dismissed. HM always deserves to be: this is not dogma but, alarmingly, fact.

HM, because it prides itself on its established limits, and feels that those limits are all that rock music can ever attain to, can never be compared to rock that fights to destroy limitations, that has realistically responded to outside changes. HM has no subtlety, no vision, no excitement, it is pathetic and destructive: its loyal critics, deplorable.

Rock is not simply entertainment and even if it was I quiver to think how 'Glory Road' could rationally be labelled as entertainment.

Stylish? Refreshing? Stimulating? Just a sodden mess. Are these sour, self-indulgent, self-congratulatory songs someone's idea of a good time? They're just part of a sickening routine, a rock group with a heritage (Gillan's Purple, and other people in there who've carved out a worthy rock career) fiddling about in some ruins.

'Glory Road' is ten songs where five men struggle to get worked up about piss-all. Gillan are just concerned with embedding themselves deeper into rock's business-like mythology, not with communicating, or disrupting. It is so safe and patronising to make music like this, which feigns aggression, pain, disgust, cynicism, without dealing directly with these things. It's so hollow and shallow in most normal senses it just doesn't exist.

But there it is in the LP charts, Gillan's reputation forcing it there. An HM governer asserts his rights over all these upstarts. It's all so pointless. It's all about turnover.

Gillan's record is innocuous indeed next to the Tygers Of Pan Tang's vile and vicious record. 'Wild Cat' is packaged fascism, where the soft critical attitude of the ghetto critics starts to become dangerous. They let weak music like Gillan's slip by without a care in the world, and although that is bad it isn't despicable. That a record as cold and callous as 'Wild Cat' can first be released by MCA, then tolerated and more by the ghetto critics, indicates what a terrible state rock has got into.

Tygers Of Pan Tang are part of the nonsensical new wave grouping who've simply impaled themselves on all the '70s cliches and don't care where the blood spurts. The cliches on this record have now gone beyond being merely cliches: are a sort of pollution. The songs deal tightly with euthanasia, murder, violence, abuse, the cheapest thrills, the deadly words printed on the sleeve as if the group are actually proud of them. There's no trace of humour, humanity, passion . . . just thuggery. It's not good old fashioned vulgarity, just pointless crudity. It's not just mediocre like a Queen record, or a Sky record, it's just absolutely terrible.

I cannot understand how anyone can indulge these goons. But *Sounds* was happy to say this nauseating mess was "a worthy addition to any headbanging collection." Whatever that means.

Paul Morley

KID CREOLE & THE COCONUTS
Off The Coast Of Me *(Ze/Island)*

A BITE to eat, a Bloody Mary and gloom; the breakdown of summer into autumn, imagery into cliches, a movie into stills. A bit of frivolity.

The breakdown: last we got drunk in this bar was in late June and it was well steamed up with torch singers, more than was healthy for just after three o'clock. I felt tired and emotional but I felt in place. I ordered an iced cough and a new pair of trousers. I'm going to be late again, I said to myself. *L'amour fou!*

I just like the heart drumbeat at the back and the sexy shuffling ring of rhythm and the happy harmonies and the place where all these clandestine tricks meet: like (the) Christina (LP) this is an excuse for August Darnell and sometimes Stony Browder of Dr. Buzzard's Original Savannah Band to put in some overtime, to polish up their act and crafts.

Like, serenades (mostly), tributes that co-partner cynical 'hip' knowledge (on Studio 54: *"They tell me the place is just about through/It ain't even safe to get high!/The DJ he don't even play the B-52's!"*, songs that lie in all foreign tongues (one in Spanish, one in German tonight) and licks from all parades.

It all depends on how affluent you are in this stagnant economy and how much of a dizzy blonde you are at heart.

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Ian Penman

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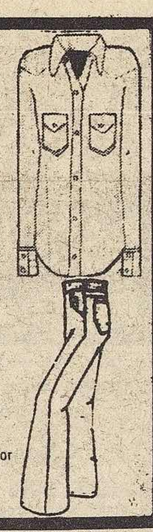

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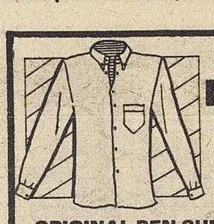

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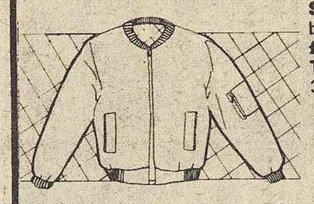

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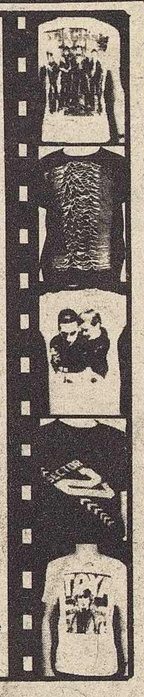

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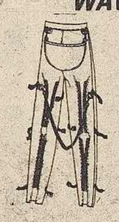

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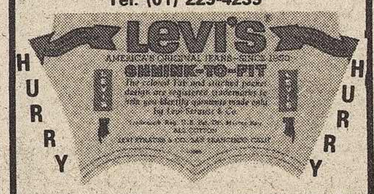

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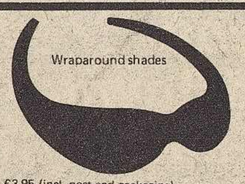

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NEXT WEEK IN NME

MARC BOLAN died three years ago — we have the definitive Consumers' Guide.
JIMI HENDRIX died 10 years ago — we have a special tribute.
DAVID BOWIE (you remember David Bowie — he's still alive and happens to be plastered all over this week's issue) has a new album out — CSM gives it a listen.
PLUS! Elsewhere in the universe — Leeds to be precise — the second annual sci-fi futurama festival takes place. Consoling Jimmy Adamson at the bar will be Adrian Thrills, Paul Morley and Anton Corbijn — already stationed in strategic boarding houses throughout Yorkshire — and they'll be reporting on yet more artsy Northern bands attempting to score on the credibility meter. Last year it was Joy Division. Just what, we ask ourselves, will be this year's art school answer to Reading?

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If you order goods from Mail Order advertisements in this magazine and pay by post in advance of delivery, **New Musical Express** will consider you for compensation if the Advertiser should become insolvent or bankrupt, provided: (1) You have not received the goods or had your money returned; and (2) You write to the publisher of **New Musical Express** summarising the situation not earlier than 28 days from the day you sent your order and not later than two months from that day.
Please do not wait until the last moment to inform us. When you write, we will tell you how to make your claim and what evidence of pay-ment is required.
We guarantee to meet claims from readers made in accordance with the above procedure as soon as possible after the Advertiser has been declared bankrupt or insolvent.
This guarantee covers only advance payment sent in direct response to an advertisement in this magazine and not, for example, payment made in response to catalogues etc., received as a result of answering such advertisements. Classified advertisements are excluded.

STIFF MAIL ORDER BRINGS YOU—

OUT THIS WEEK JOE KING CARRASCO "BUENA" BUY 88 . . . 96p. RUMOUR "I DONT WANT THE NIGHT TO END" BUY 92 . . . 96p. LIMITED 12" OF "TRIAL BY TELEVISION" THE MEXICANO BUY IT 93 . . . £1.40 EACH. BUY 84 "BAGGY TROUSERS" MADNESS BUY 84 . . . 96p. FOLL NEW ALBUMS ALL AT SPECIAL LIMITED PRICE OF £3.99 EACH: SEEZ 22 "DIRTY LOOKS" SEEZ 26 "BLACK AND DEKKER" DES. DEKKER SEEZ 27 "PURITY OF ESSENCE" THE RUMOUR. TNT 1 WORLD WAR THREE. MIKEY DREAD AND JAH1 JAH BUNNY LP.

STILL AVAILABLE
BUY 38 12" RHYTHM STICK/BUY 70 "ISRAELITES . . . £1.40 EACH. BUY 76 12" BUTCHER BABY "PLASMATICS . . . £1.50 EACH. STIFF BOX SETS EITHER BUYS 1-10 OR BUYS 11-20 £12.50 EACH PLUS .75p P&P. DJ COPIES OF BUY 69 LENE . . . 80p OR BUY 71 NIGHT BOAT . . . 90p. PROMO COPIES OF BUYS 45.41 . . . 90p EACH. STIFF JIG SAWS FEAT. STIFF STARS . . . £1.50 EACH. FEELIES FLEXI DISCS . . . 30p EACH. PLASMATICS PATCHES . . . 50p EACH BUY 1 OR 4 . . . 90p EACH. "ONE STEP BEYOND" IN SPANISH . . . 90p EACH. CASSETTES OF SEEZ 1.3.7.14.17.19.20.21.23 . . . £4.50 EACH.

IMPORTS SPECIAL OFFERS: USA "FOOL AROUND" IMP . . . £1.99 EACH. USA W. ERIC COMPILATION . . . ONLY £1.99 EACH. SEEZ 1 DAMNED DAMNED ETC . . . £3.50 EACH. SEEZ 21 "USA BIG SMASH"/SEEZ 23 USA UP ESCALATOR . . . BOTH £4.50 EACH. SEEZ 0 HEROES AND COWARDS COMPILATION . . . £3.50 EACH. JILL READ "MAYBE" SINGLE . . . 65p EACH.

EPS LAST 1.2.4.5 . . . £1.00 EACH. 12" SINGLES . . . BUY 49 . . . 96p ONLY. BUYS 38.46.50.53.62.70.93 . . . £1.40 EACH. BUY IT 76 . . . £1.50 EACH.

T SHIRTS NEW DESMOND DEKKER S.M.L . . . £2.50 EACH. G. PARKER "UP ESCALATOR" S.M.L £2.50 EACH. PLASMATICS S.M.L . . . £2.50 EACH. STIFF SLOGAN S.M.L . . . £2.50 EACH. OLD STOCK ON SMALL ONLY "IF IT AINT ETC" . . . £1.50. LENE "FLEX" SMALL ONLY £2.00 EACH. IF IT AINT IN MED & LAR . . . £2.50 EACH.

POSTERS MIKEY DREAD FULL COL. . . . 60p EACH. D. DEKKER/UP ESCALATOR/BIG SMASH/FEELIES . . . ALL 50p EACH. TWO LENE TOUR POSTERS FOR 50p OR ONE 30p.

LPS FREE SOUNDS 3 LP WITH EVERY ALBUM BOUGHT. LIMITED TO ONE PER ORDER ONLY. SEEZ 3-21 . . . £4.50 EACH. SEEZ 22.23.25.26.27.TNT 1. JAH BUNNY LP ALL AT SPECIAL LIMITED PRICE OF £3.99 EACH. GET 2.3. . . . £3.50 EACH. ODD 1 DEVO 6 TRACK £2.50 EACH. ALL OTHER LPS SEE (IMPORTS).

BADGES NEW THIS WEEK . . . DES. DEKKER 6 BADGE SET . . . 60p PER SET. ANY TROUBLE . . . 15p JONA "BIG SHOT" . . . 15p EACH. ENAMEL STIFF LOGO (SQUARE) STIFF LOGO (ROUND) LENE ENAMEL ALL £1.00 EACH. IF IT AINT ETC/STIFF SLOGAN/STIFF WE LEAD ETC . . . ALL 20p EACH. THE FOLL ARE ALL 15p EACH. STIFF LOGO/STIFF S.S./I LIKE LENE/LENE TOUR/GO-GO'S/PLASMATICS CHOICE OF FOUR/W.ERIC/G. PARKER. SET OF SIX FEELIES BADGES OF SET OF SIX LEW LEWIS BADGES . . . 60p EACH. STIFF PATCHES . . . 50p EACH. CARRIER BAGS . . . 10p EACH. LP COVERS FOR SEEZ 1.12.14.20.21 . . . 10p EACH.

SINGLES
BUY 22.25.26.27.29.30.31.33.34.36.38-51.53.55.56.58-68.70. LOT 1. BOY 1/2 OFF 1.2.4.LEW 1. DEV 1. HORN 1 . . . ALL 90p EACH. BUYS 69.71-85.88.90 BLO 1. BUY 92 . . . ALL 96p EACH.

SEND S.A.E. FOR CATALOGUE AND SEND ALL ORDERS TO "STIFF MAIL ORDER" 9-11 WOODFIELD ROAD, LONDON W9. INC P AND P ON ALL ORDERS 20p SMALL 60p LARGE. MAKES CHEQUES ETC. PAYABLE TO "STIFF RECORDS"

BULLET RECORDS
(NEON)
40 MILL ST., STAFFORD
0785 48249

NEW 'RAVE' RELEASES
The Fall — Totally Wired 45 (another Gem) ..... .99
Teardrop Explodes — When I Dream (Total pop classic — pic) ..... .99
Gang Of Four — Damaged Goods EP (classic re-release — pic) ..... .99
Human League — Being Boiled (classic re-release — pic) .99
Presage — 12" (6 diff. bands EP — pic) 1.99
John Cipollina Band — Raven (totally incredible return LP by guitar legend private pressing) 5.00
Terry and the Pirates — Doubtful Handshake (private pressing featuring John Cipollina) 5.00
Comsat Angels — Waiting For A Miracle LP (wonderful) .3.99
Joy Division 12" — Love Will Tear Us Apart 12" (longer than 45) (Pic) 1.80
The Associates — The Affection Punch — (fantastic LP in Bunnymen/J Division vein) ..... only 2.99
Selecter — Train To Skaville, 3 track 12" 1.69
Dead Kennedy's — Rotting Fruit LP (long awaited debut LP) 3.99
Native Hipsters — Concorde (new Peel fave') (pic) ..... .95
Zoundz — (New Crass Product) — War/Subvert (pic) only 75
Joy Division 12" — Atmosphere/She's Lost Control Again (pic) 1.80
James White & The Blacks — Live in Paris LP (Euro imp)4.99
Minny Pops — Live EP (3 superb tracks from premier Dutch new music men)(pic) 1.75
Prag Vec — 12" 6 track (French imp)(pic) 2.99
Blurt — My Mother is a friend of the Enemy of the People — Stunnn 45 (pic) ..... .99
Magazine 12" — Sweetheart Contract + 3 live cuts (ltd ed) 1.50
U2 — A Day Without Me 45 (pic) ..... .99
Peter Hammill — The Black Box (NEW LP — Private Pressing, as Depressing as Usual!!!) 3.75
Black Uhuru — Stalk Sensimnia LP (Hard!) 3.99
Joy Division — Closer (2nd Masterpiece) 3.75
The Damned — White Rabbit 7" (Imp Pic) 1.30
The Rondos — Red Attack LP (Hard Core Anarchist Punk Very similar to Crass!) 4.99
Cupol (Lewis & Gilbert of Wire) 12" Like This For ages (Pic) 1.50
Bahaus — Terror Couple, Kill Colonel! (3rd Brilliant 45-Pic) ..... .95
Rocky Ericksom & The Aliens — 1st L.P. (The Legend returns with a stunning album — demented and derranged rocker) 4.50
Capt. Beefheart — Doc At The Radar Station (Aug 29th release — Sorry about the delay folks!' 4.29

COLLECTORS ITEMS
Nina Hagen — 10" T.V. Glotzer + 3 tracks (Ltd. ed. — Pic) 2.99
Throbbing Gristle — Heathen Earth L.P. (Blue vinyl copies + free badge) 4.99
Jona Lewie — 5" Big Shot (V. Ltd. Stiff — pic) ..... Only 60
The Cure — 10.15 Saturday Night (Aussie Imp. 45 — pic) 1.99
Ultravox — 12" Slow Motion (rare clear vinyl — pic) 2.99
Gruppo Sportivo — Rare Tracks (For collectors only — LP) 4.99
Split Enz — True Colours (fantastic laser engrave LP) 4.99
Clash — Japanese Box Set. Inc. 8 singles in a magnificent presentation pack. Superb Jap pressings Ltd. Ed. (£1 P&P) £12.50
Marc Bolan — Pop Chronic LP (magnificent double LP inc. booklets & rare photos of Marc) — German import £6.75
Police Message In A Bottle (live) star shaped (v. ltd.) pic disc £10.00
Joy Division, The Fall, Buzzcocks — Live at the Electric Circus 10" LP (The Joy Division track not on any of their albums — very ltd ed) 4.99
The Boomtown Rats — Video Live at the Hammersmith Odeon (1hr of magic you can take home) 25.00
ELO 10" — All Over The World (blue) 1.59
Lee Clayton — 1st LP (Ultra rare) 5.49
Buddy Holly — Pic Disc 4 track No 1 12" (V. Ltd) 10.00
Buddy Holly — Pic Disc 4 track No 2 12" (V. Ltd) 10.00
Tubeway Army — Are Friends Electric 12" (pic) 2.99
Gary Numan — Cars 12" (pic) 2.99
Cabaret Voltaire — 12" Nag Nag Nag (Euro imp - pic) 2.99
Japan — Rare 12", 20 mins & four tracks of live music (recorded in Japan — excellent pic sleeve) 2.99
Copperhead — Copperhead (legendary early '70s LP featuring John Cinpolina of Quicksilver fame) 5.00
Stranglers — Don't Bring Harry 45 (in French)(good unusual pic sleeve) 1.50
Bow Wow Wow — Cassette Single — C30, C60, C90 ..... 1.15
Kinks — Live at Kelvin Hall (rare 67 concert recording in original sleeve plus many mono sound) 3.99
Squeeze — 5" Another Nail (smallest 45 ever!)(v ltd pic) 1.35
Peter Gabriel — Solsbury Hill (live) flexi disc (v.ltd., live N. York 1978) 1.75
Peter Gabriel — 12" Biko E.P. (inc. 2 German tracks, pic) (hurry — v ltd.) 12" 1.99
Robert Wyatt — End Of An Ear (classic re-release L—P—) 2.99
Pretty Things — 1st L.P. (orig. yellow and black sleeve) 5.00
Blondie — Video, Eat To The Beat (V.H.S. or Beetamax available) (have Blondie in your own home!!!) 29.95
Last Exit (Sting On Vocals — His First Band!!!) Whispering Voices 99
The Jam — Saturday Kids (US 45) 1.25
UK Subs — Live Kicks LP (Ltd Edition) 4.99
Angelic Upstarts — I'm An Upstart 45 (Green Vinyl) 1.99
The Stranglers — 12" Japanese 6 Track Mini LP Inc. Don't Bring Harry Sung in French (Great Pic Sleeve) 4.99
Peter Gabriel — Ein Deutches Album (sung in German and 3 re-mixed Tracks) 4.50
The Who — Direct Hits LP (Great 67' Compilation in The Rare Orig Cover — Japan Import) 9.95
Pebbles — Vol 1-10 4 Great Collectors LP's Each one contains obscure, often brilliant 60's Punk/Garage Bands in the Nuggets vain. Highly recommended. Each Vol. 4.99
Peter Hammill — Silent Corner LP/In Camera LP ..... each 4.99
Peter Hammill — Fools Mate/Cameleon In The Shadow of Night ..... each 4.99
Electric Prunes — Underground LP 4.99
XTC — Live in Australia EP (Aussie Import) 2.50
Cheap Trick — 10" US Imp 4 Non LP Tracks and Free 45 (Pic) 3.99
Paul McCartney — The Family Way (Rare 66' LP) 5.49

INTERESTING IMPORTS (LP's)
Various Artists — L.A. Punk bands, 13 tracks 4.49
The Troggs — Live at Max's Kansas City (new raucous live recording) 4.99
Tim Buckley — Lorka (All time classic) 5.00
Walter Stedding — 1st L.P. (prod. Chris Stein — includes Fripp, Richard Lloyd, and other N.Y. luminaries) 4.99
Pearls Before Swine — Best Of (superb retrospective coll., double LP) 7.99
John Otway — Deep Thoughts (U.S. LP — Stiff Recs.) 4.99
Elton Motello — Pop Art (bizarre songs — LP) 4.99
The Flesh Eaters — No Questions Asked (U.S. India LP) 4.99
The Boys Next Door — (now Birthday Party) Door Door (incredible Aussie import LP) 5.49
Eddie & The Hot Rods — Fish & Chips (new LP, no U.K. release planned) 4.99
John Prine — Storm Windows 4.99
Lewis Furey — The Humours Of/1st LP/The Sky Is Failing (underated talent) each 4.99
Popel Vuh — Die Nacht Der Seele (new LP) 4.99
Ange — Vu D'un Chien (Very Interesting) 4.99
Marquis De Sade — Dantzig Twist (ex European rock at its best) 4.99
Larry Carlton — Strikes Twice (top class jazz funk) 4.99
MC5 — Back in the U.S.A. /Kick Out The Jams/High Time (all indispensible) ..... each 4.99
SVT — 1st Lp (ex Airplane Jack Cassidy's band) 4.99
DAF — Product (legendary 1st LP - German private pressing) 4.99
Dave Davis (Kinks) — 1st solo LP 5.49
Minny Pops — Drastic Measures, Drastics Movements (the Dutch Pil.) 4.99
Backstreet/Backlash — Various Artists (Rotterdam hard core punk coll includes vicious music from the Rondos, Bunker, Revo & lots more household names) 4.99
Gruppo Sportivo — Copy, Copy (New LP) 5.25
The Stooges — 1st/Funhouse (Both Classics!) each4.99
Love — The Best Of (Superb Collection — Great Cover!) 4.99
The Cure — Boys Don't Cry (US Compilation. Inc Killing An Arab & The 45's Not on UK LP's — Good Cover) 4.99
The Beat — 1st LP (European Import Inc Tears of a Clown and Ranking Fullstop) 4.99
Chrome — Half Machine Lip Moves (Classic 3rd Album) 4.99
Der Plan — 1st LP (Excellent new German Band, Influenced by Chrome, Residents & Pil) 4.99
The Plastic People — Passion Play (Czec Band 2nd Great LP) 4.99
Music From The Deaf Club — V/Art Inc Live Dead Kennedy's, Tuxedo Moon & More 4.99
MX 80 Sound — Out of The Tunnel (Ralph 2nd Wild LP) 4.99
Tuxedo Moon — Half Mute (Excellent) 4.99
Faust — 1st (Clear Vinyl/So Far (2nd LP) ..... each 4.99
Nico — Marble Index (All Time Classic) 4.99
Cheech & Chong — Let's Make a New Dope Deal (New Ripper!) 4.99
Roy Loney & The Phantom Movers — Phantom Tracks (2nd Great LP) 3.99
The Residents — Discomo 12" (20 mins of Mayhem) 2.99
The Beatles — Rarities (US Imp — Butcher Photos — Rare Track) 5.49
Mickey Hart, Phil Lesh, Bill Kreutsman — Apocalypse Now Sessions 4.99

UK ALBUMS
Stiff Little Fingers — Hanks (new live punk L.P.) 3.99
R.A.R. — Various artists (inc. previously unreleased tracks by Gang of Four, Mekons, Clash, plus S.L.F., X-Ray Spex, Costello and more) 3.99
Glaxo Babies — Put Me On The Guest List 2.99
Hangaltar — Soundtrack of the Film (2nd L.P. on Groovy Records) 3.99
The Lemon Kittens — We Buy A Hammer For Daddy (astonishing debut LP) 3.99
The Revillos — Rev Up 4.29
Kate Bush — Never For Ever 4.29
UB40 — Signing Off (+ free Ltd. Ed. 12") 3.99
Sweet Mags — Jane From Occupied Europe (Maps Mama) 3.99
U.K. Subs — Crash Course (purple vinyl + free Ltd. Ed. 12") 3.99
Misty — Live At The Counter — Eurovision '79. (superiative reggae) 3.99
Simple Minds — Empires & Dances (brill) 3.99
Pauline Murray + The Ivisible Girls — 1st LP 3.99
9 Below Zero — Live At The Marquee (Ace R + B) only 2.99
B 52's — Wild Planet 3.99
Mickey Bread — World War III (Hard reggae) 3.99
Fingerprintz — Distinguishing Marks ..... only 2.99
Gary Numan — Telekon (with initial orders only, free live single featuring tracks not on album) (V. Ltd ed) 3.99
The Skids — Absolute Game + free 4 track 12" 3.99
Plasmatics — New Hope For The Wretched (totally overblown band) 3.99
M/Cr Collective Musicians — V. Artists
M/Cr bands (excellent street music) 3.49
Q-Tips — 1st LP 3.75
Adam & The Ants — Dirk Wears White Sox 3.99
Dome (Wire) — Experimental Album 4.29
The Attractions — (Costello Men) — Mad About The Wrong Boy + free four track EP with initial orders 3.99
Siouxsie & The Banshees — Kaleidoscope 3.99
Cabaret Voltaire — The Voice Of America 3.99
Brian Brain (P.i.L) — Unexpected Noises 3.99
The Afflicted — Musical Bag (interesting debut) only 2.99
The Professionals (Cook & Jones) — Join The 3.99
Jah Wobble — Blueberry Hill 12" — 7" tracks (35mins) 2.25
Hazel O'Connor — Breaking Glass ONLY 3.75
Pere Ubu — The Art of Walking (great misunderstood band) 3.75
Athletico Spizz 80 — Do A Runner 3.75
Ultravox — Vienna (Great New 4th LP) 3.99
Echo & The Bunnymen — Crocodiles (Superb Debut) 3.99
Soft Boys — Underwater Moonlight (Psychedelic Men!) 4.25
Vic Goddard & Subway Sect — What's The Matter Boy? 3.99
Moonlight Tapes — V/Art Inc Live Damned, Passions, Members etc 3.99
X — Los Angeles (US Punk) 4.25
John Cooper-Clarke — Early Tapes (Rabid) 3.99
Silicon Teens — Music For Parties 3.99
Klark Kent (The Police) 10" 8 Tracker (Ltd Ed Green Vinyl) 3.50
DAF — Die Kleinen And Die Bosen (2nd LP) 3.99
Pop Group — We Are Time (Demos, Live & New Studio Stuff) 2.99
The Fall — Dragnet 3.99
The Fall — Totale (Live 79-80) 2.99
Throbbing Gristle — Heathen Earth (New) 3.99
Crass — Stations of The Crass (Anarchist Dbl LP P&P £1) 2.99
Bouquet of Steel — V/Art Sheffield Groups. Inc Artery, Com Sat, The Negatives & More. Superb Booklet Supplied 3.99
Pink Military — Do Animals Believe in God? 3.99
Inner City Unit (Nik Turner) pass out 2.99
Young Marble Giants — Colossal Youth (5 star LP) 3.99
Joy Division — Unknown Pleasures 3.99
The Slits — Bootleg — A Retrospective ..... only 2.99
Durutti Column — The Return of 4.25
Human League — Travelogue 3.99
The Distractions — Nobodys Perfect 3.99
Glaxo Babies — 9 Months To The Disco! 3.99

NEW SINGLES
(Not listed in any sort of order!)
The Plasmatics — Monkey Suit (exploding red & yellow vinyl. Ltd. Ed. Pic) 1.05
The Beat — Best Friend 7" ..... .99
Ian Dury — I Want To Be Straight (Pic) ..... .95
Rocky Erickson & the Aliens — Creature With The Atom Brain ..... .99
Specials — Stereotype/International Jet Set ..... .95
Faust — Extracts Party 3 (2nd in a series of prev. unreleased mat. — pic) 1.40
Classix Nouveaux Robot Stance (pic) ..... .99
Spermacide — Femme Protchese (Pic) ..... .99
Victim — The Teen Age (Prod.Scabies — Pic) ..... .99
James Blood & Ulner — Are You Glad To Be In America (Pic) ..... .95
The Sound — Heyday (pic) ..... .99
The Sound — Physical World E.P. (1st Classic release) (Pic) ..... .99
Tiger Lilly — (Pre Ultravox inc. John (Foxx) Monkey Jive (Pic) ..... .99
Last Words — Todays Kids (Pic) ..... .95
The Nice Men — Nuclear Summer (pic) ..... .99
Madness — Baggy Trousers (pic) ..... .99
The Associates — Affection Punch (pic) ..... .99
XTC — Generals & Majors (Ltd. Ed. double 45 — pic) 1.05
Martha & The Muffins — Suburban Dream (pic) ..... .99
Hermine — The Torture (pic) ..... .99
Jam — Start (ltd ed pic sleeve) ..... .99p
The Buzzcocks — Girl From Chain Store (pic) ..... .99p
The Parrots — The Photograph Song 4 track 2" (Attrix pic) 1.80
Glaxo Babies — Limited Entertainment (pic) ..... .99p
The Revillos — Hungry For Love (pic) 1.05
Josef K — Radio Drill (pic) ..... .95
Sploogenessabounds — Two Little Boys EP (pic, initial orders only contain a free boomerang!) 1.05
Earth & Fire — Weekend (rare 45) ..... .99
UK Decay — For My Country (hard core punk (Pic) ..... .95
Wasted Youth — I'll Remember You (brilliant 2nd 45 — Prod P Perrett) (Pic) ..... .95
Orange Juice — Love Sick (excellent Scottish Band) (Pic) ..... .95
The Circles — Angry Voices (Pic) ..... .99
Dr Feelgood — No Mo Do Yakamo (Prod Lowe) (pic) 1.05
Exhibit A — Distance EP (pic) ..... .95
The Balloons — Jean Paul's Wife (amazing 45 — pic) ..... .95
The Skids — Circus Games ..... .99
The Wall — Ghetto (prod. Pursey) (pic) ..... .95
Gary Numan — You Die, I Die (pic) ..... .99
Bram Tchaikovsky — 12" 6 track mini LP 1.99
Magic Michael & The Damned — Millionaire (pic) ..... .95
The Satellites — Urban Guerilla (prod. Rat Scabies) ..... .99
Final Program — Protect & Survive EP (pic) ..... .99
Felt — Index (Minimal) (pic) ..... .90
Holger Hiller — Herzmusked 5 tracks EP (Dusseldorf new wave band — Warning Recs — Pic) 1.50
Traneninvasion — Sentimental (Wierd German band — Dusseldorf — pic) 1.50
Adam & The Ants — Cartrouble/Xerox (pic — each) ..... .95
Adam & The Ants — Kings of the Wild Frontier ..... .99
Athletico Spizz 80 — Hot Deserts (pic) ..... .99
Section 25 — Knew Noise (Factory 45 — pic) ..... .95
A Certain Ratio — All Night Party (pic) ..... .95
UXB — Crazy Today (Hard Pop!) (pic) ..... .90
White Heat — Nervous Breakdown (pic) ..... .90
Delta 5 — You You & Mind Your Own Business (pic) ..... each 95
Bauhaus — Dark Entries 7" (pic) 99 / Lugosi 12" (pic) 1.99
Surgical Penis Clinic — Meat Processing (Industrial — pic) ..... .95
Patrik Fitzgerald 12" — Tonight (5 tracks)(Final Solution/pic) 1.75
Wasted Youth — Jealosey (superb/pic) ..... .99
In Camera — Final Achievement (pic) ..... .99
Manicured Noise — Faith (pic) ..... .99
The Prats — 1990s Pop EP (pic) ..... .95
The Ruts — West One (pic) ..... .99
The Tea Set — Keep On Runing (big noise in the jungle)(pic) ..... .99
The Mekons — Snow (pic) ..... .90
Tora Tora — Red Sun Setting (prod Martin Hannett)(pic) ..... .99
David Bowie — Ashes to Ashes (ltd ed pic) 1.05
Split Enz — I Got You (pic) ..... .99
Rhythm Clicks (includes ex Penetration guitarist) — Short Time (pic) ..... .90
Self Control — The Drug EP (mind expanding EP pic) ..... .99
The Mekons — Snow (pic) ..... .90
Tora Tora — Red Sun Setting (prod Martin Hannett)(pic) ..... .99
David Bowie — Ashes to Ashes (ltd ed pic) 1.05
Split Enz — I Got You (pic) ..... .99
Rhythm Clicks (includes ex Penetration guitarist) — Short Time (pic) ..... .90
Self Control — The Drug EP (mind expanding EP pic) ..... .99
The Mekons — Snow (pic) ..... .90
Tora Tora — Red Sun Setting (prod Martin Hannett)(pic) ..... .99
The Exploited — Army Life E.P. (hard core punk — pic) ..... .99
T.V. Personalities — Smashing Time (Pic) ..... .95
J. J. Burnel — Girl From The Snow Country + 2 live tracks (Pic) ..... .99
Dead Kennedys — Holiday in Cambodia (Pic) ..... .95
Smack — Edward Foxx (Great new 45 — Pic) ..... .95
Joy Division — Love Will Tear Us Apart/Transmission (both Pic) ..... each 90
The Professionals (Cook & Jones) — Another Dream (Pic) ..... .99
John Foxx — Burning Car (Pic) ..... .99
The Sits — Man Next Door (Pic) ..... .95
Peter Gabriel — Biko (Pic) ..... .99
Talking Heads — 12" Cities/Live B side (Pic) 1.15
Birthday Party — Mr Clarinet (Great Single — Pic) ..... .95
Four Be Two — Frustation (Prod J Lydon — Pic) ..... .99
U2 — 11 o'clock Tick Tock (Great 45 — Pic) ..... .99
Bow Wow Wow — C30 C60 C90 (McClaren Again!) ..... .99
Tuxedo Moon — Scream With A View 12" EP (US Band — Pic)... 1.99
The Petticoats — I'm Free (Wild — Pic) ..... .95
Stiff Little Fingers — Back To Front (Pic) ..... .99
Fashion — Silver Blades/Killing Time (Both Pic) ..... each 95
Angelic Upstarts — Soldier (Pic) ..... .99
Martha & The Muffins — Insomnia (Green vinyl — Pic) ..... .99
Crime — Mazarati (Lengendary W Coast Punk Band New 45) (Pic) 1.50
The Prefects — Goin' thru the Motions (Total Classic) ..... .95
Scars — Love Song (3rd 45 — Pic) ..... .99
Discharge — Fight Back/Realities of War (Both Pic) ..... each 99
Athletico Spizz 80 — No Room (Pic) ..... .85
Cuddly Toys — Madman (Bowie/Bolan Song — Pic) ..... .90
Four Kings — Loving You is No Disgrace (Pic) ..... .90
Earcom 2 — 12" Inc 2 Non LP Joy Division Tracks (Pic) 1.99
Jad Fair — The Zombies of Mora-Tau (Like Beefheart — Pic)..... 1.10
The Mo-Dettes — Paint it Black (Pic) ..... .99
Soft Boys — Near The Soft Boys EP (Psychedelic — Pic) ..... .99
Inner City Unit (Nik Turner) — Paradise Beach (Pic) ..... .99
The Barracudas — Summer Fun (Pic) ..... .99
The Spectres — This Strange Effect (Pic) ..... .95
Lilliput (X Kleenex!) — Die Matrosen (Excellent 45 — (Pic) ..... .95
The Fall — Elastic Man/Hobgoblins (Great newie — Pic) ..... .95
Charlie Harper (UK Subs) — Barmy London Army (Pic Green Vinyl) ..... .99
Faust — Extracts EP (15 minutes of Prev Unreleased Stuff — Pic) 1.25
Toyah — Leya 12" (Pic) 1.99
Neutron — 1980 First 15 mins 4 Sheffield Bands (Pic) 1.25
The Dodgems — Lord Lucan is Missing (Pic) ..... .95
Girls At Our Best — Getting Nowhere (Ace 45 — Pic) ..... .95
Dead Kennedys — California (Wild Classic! — Pic) ..... .95
WKGB — Non Stop (Wild — Pic) ..... .95
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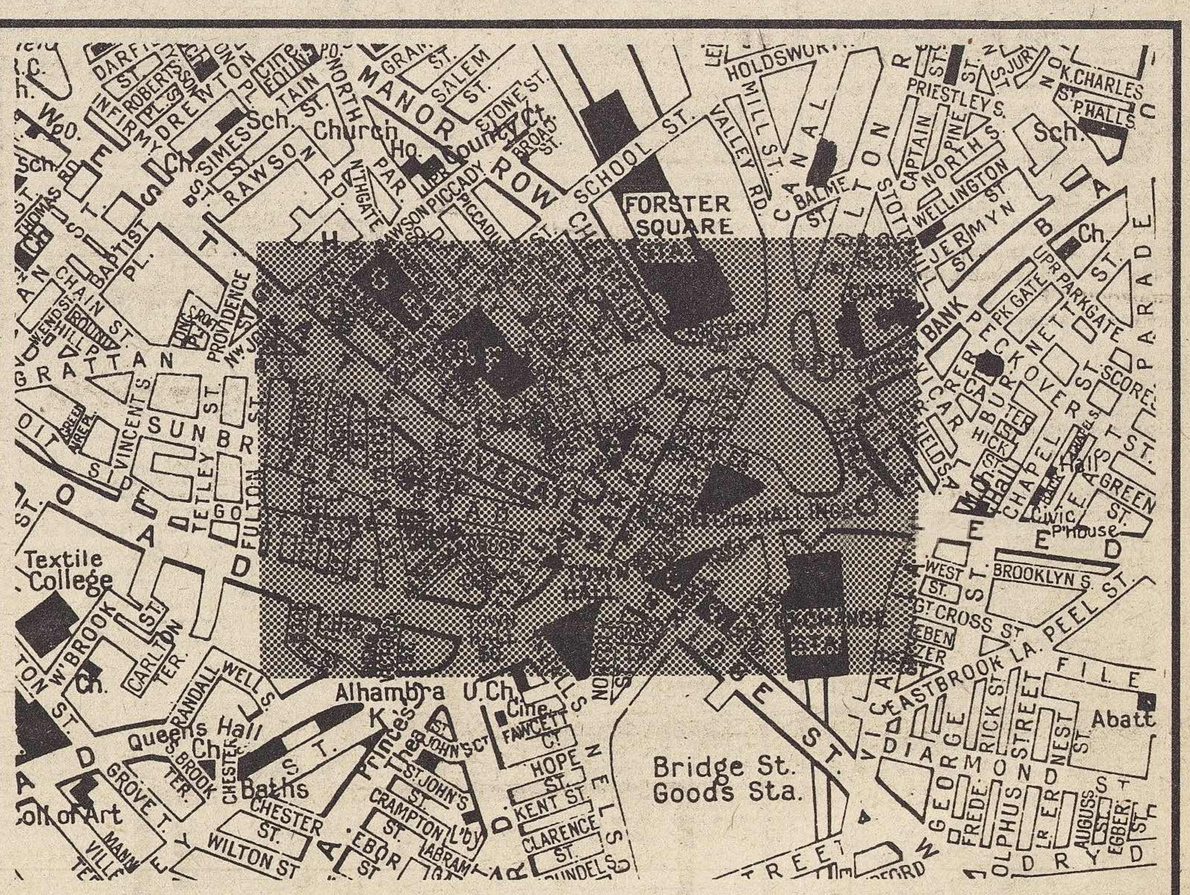

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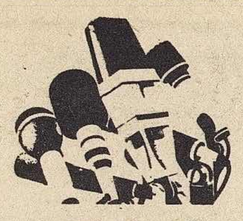

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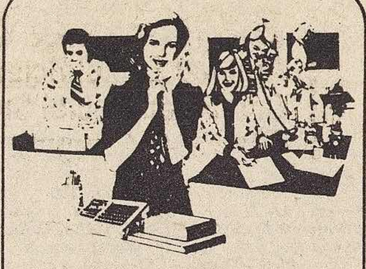

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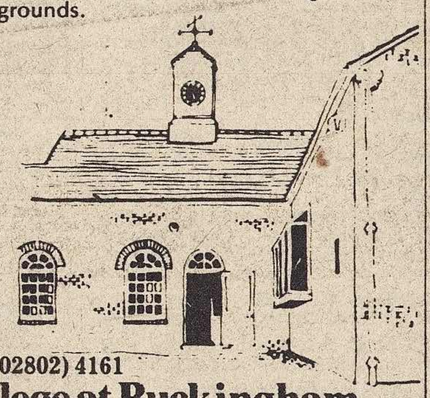

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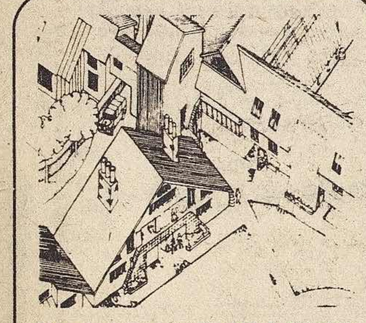

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KONDO TOSHINORI, JOHN RUSSELL, ROGER TURNER
Artless Sky *(CAW)*

LEO SMITH, PETER KOWALD, GUNTER SOMMER
Touch The Earth *(FMP Import)*

TWO 'democratic' improvising trios, each dominated by the horn player, each a trumpeter.

'Artless Sky' is a tense, demanding session. Kondo is the main force, a unique player of a difficult instrument (he also uses a rasping alto horn). Master of the asthmatic blarp and stutter he might draw a zig-zag line methodically besmirched by grotesque tonal distortion then suddenly break into a proud fanfare of gleaming clarity; like walking down a corridor of funhouse mirrors and out into sharp sunlight.

Turner is a drummer far removed from most sticksmen: he rattles where others beat, a spidery stroll around the cymbals and hey! You can hit them too! Russell's acoustic is thoughtfully insinuating but suffers in the shrill, clattery mix.

The marathon title track bursts with ideas but runs out of steam by the end; the five shorter pieces work better, more compressed explorations. 'When Crime Becomes An Option' is a frenzied burble, 'Marcel Waves' a stew of silver band scales and junkman scuttlings.

Leo Smith's meeting with two leaders of the German avant garde is unusual — these schools seldom mix. Structure is treated with more respect here and the six numbers are paced to suit Smith, who is in a rather different setting from last year's superb 'Divine Love' for ECM. He's in great form again, the burnished tone applied to infallible lines of candour and character. Bassist Kowald constructs counter-melodies that almost sing while Sommer, an insensitive lunkhead on other records, is surprisingly calm and controlled at the drums.

Best shot: 'In Light', a sullen dialogue for arco bass and muted trumpet before Smith sputters into dominance over Sommer's sulphurous percussion and Kowald's free-ranging interjections. Or try 'Ein Stuck Uber Dem Boden', a symmetrical canvas of haunting loneliness.

Richard Cook

THE 49 AMERICANS
E Pluribus Unum *(Choo Choo Train)*

LEMON KITTENS
We Buy A Hammer For Daddy *(United Dairies)*

TWO varieties of DIY madness, each enervating over the length of a side.

The 49 Americans (the hostages — geddit?) are one of the increasing number of marriages of 'free' improvisers with 'rock' musicians; after a period of railing against the lack of interest in improvised music (which they see as rooted in the press's lack of coverage), improvisers like Toop, Beresford, Cusack and Eastley — all included here — are now coming out and grasping the nettle on their own terms.

This can only be a good thing in the long run, but 'E Pluribus Unum' isn't likely to win many friends. Not that this will bother them overmuch, as the importance of the venture would appear to lie more in its social implications — in the fact that co-operation took place — than in any musical considerations.

Most of the album is slight, silly and shambolic, swamped in kettle-and-saucepan percussion: amateurism viewed as a material virtue, rather than a spiritual one. It makes Swell Maps sound like Led Zeppelin. What few cohesive tracks there are — the mutant Temperance Seven corn of 'Involved In Local Chaos', the rumbling lope of 'Don't Sing The Blues' — are all the more welcome for their scarcity.

The twelve tracks which comprise side one are, however, marginally more interesting than the 'musical' which takes up side two. This drab street-theatre fairy-tale has little to recommend it save a certain hearty shabbiness, and that's no recommendation at all.

The Lemon Kittens (Danielle Dax and Karl Blake) are more broodingly precious, but equally unlistenable. This is the unpleasant end of the tinkly-bonk scale: meandering, dislocating, deliberately 'odd' and 'different', so much so that most of the album sounds contrived and meaningless.

The occasional piece — or, more usually, a fragment of a piece — pleases, but not enough to make me want to play it again too often. An atmosphere of sterility and cold, diseased anonymity prevails. Fun if you wallow in that kind of thing, I suppose, but a little quality control wouldn't go amiss.

Andy Gill

LARAAJI
Day of Radiance *(EG/Ambient)*

ZZZZZ . . . "After several years of TV commercials, stage performances and film work, he wthdrew his energy from the theatre and launched full steam ahead into the study of metaphysical thought, mind science, meditation, and spiritual healing art."

Thus the press-release describes the activities of Edward L. Gordon, *aka* Laraaji, who's made a pleasant album of shimmering zither instrumentals in sub-Reichian trance-music fashion, and weighed the undertaking down with a lot of mystical ballast about "divine guidance" and the like.

The sad fact is that with Ambient records one finds oneself reduced to reviewing the press-release rather than the record, which calls the lie on any claims made for the music: if this were *truly* ambient music, there'd be no need even to note its existence, let alone review it; as it is, the emphasis is laid on the intellectual superstructure, the load which prevents the balloon from rising.

(Laraaji's press-release includes a list, grandly entitled 'Nature Of Performances And Experience As Composer Performer', which smacks of the career-artist's *curriculum vitae*. If Gordon believes such 'achievements' important, what credence can we give to his holier-than-thou spiritualist claims? Living In The Material World, Pt.96?)

The music here aims at two separate moods: the hypnotic, jangling resonance of side one's three 'Dances', and the more tranquil, ethereal 'Meditation' pieces of side two. Neither, I'm afraid, is as restful (or as interesting) as Michael Nyman's 'Decay Music' or Gavin Bryars' 'Sinking Of The Titanic', which remain the most appealing of Eno's patronage spinoffs.

'Day Of Radiance' is another case of it being nice that such a record exists, although it has little meaning in *my* life. It's there, if you want it.

Andy Gill

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Date 13th Sept 1980.

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▶BOWIE

for your work? Do you feel that somebody like yourself who's exposed to public scrutiny has any kind of responsibility in that way?
I don't think it's up to the one single person. It becomes a collective responsibility. Because, like it or not, whatever I do or say is going to be interpreted in a fair or unfair manner by disparate elements of the media.

So the responsibility is not mine alone and I do have to consider what I should contribute and then hazard a guess at how it will be dealt with. As I say, I'm still referred to over here as the orange-haired bisexual. Now that is what I am here. Period. Zilch. There's nothing else.

After all *(laughs)*, if ever there was a country of stereotypes and icons, this is the one. If you don't fall radically into some confinement or department, then they will stab away until they find something that is so superficially concrete that it will become the flag that they will wave.

Or the box to bury you in.
Absolutely. Far more so than in England or Europe generally. The other people who tend to do that, much as I like them, are the Japanese; they come up with -isms as well.

But there the process is in reverse, Japan having been actually and culturally invaded by America.
Oh sure, and of course there's a great anti-American thing there.

What is it that continues to fascinate you about Japan?
For me it's a physical representation — or I can read it in terms of that — of great new modern advances precariously balanced against an old, kind of mythological way of thinking and being.

Does the outward theatricality of the old Japanese way of life appeal to you? I mean, like the *Go* player who lives his whole life by the rules of the game he becomes so expert and accomplished at as he grows older — the definition of that selfless sort of freedom being that the more you subordinate yourself to a particular discipline, the freer you are.
Oh yes, very much. It appeals to me on the surface but it's something I can't handle myself *(laughs)*. Yes, it's wandering back and looking at something that I felt would have a place in my life at one time. That kind of thing . . .

By which you mean what?
When I was flirting around with the ideal of Buddhism, which was also a set of values and disciplines that have to be adhered to in a strict form. At that time I had some idea of my way, or my potential, with nature . . . and I wished to confine it. What does Merrick say about truths? That they're "restriction, governance and punishment" *(laughs)*. It's that self-flagellation element again in me . . .

Doesn't it also have something to do with the idea of the typically cultured but dissatisied Western man feeling envious of the 'simple' truths of, say, a rigorous Eastern religion? Don't you feel that at all?
Yes, I do, I do. It's not infrequent that I wake up on a chilly morning and wish that I was in Kyoto or somewhere and in a Zen monastery. That feeling lasts for well over five or six minutes before I go and have a cigarette and a cup of coffee and *(laughs)* go for a walk round the block to shake that off. That idea of being controlled by an aesthetic set of values does recur with me.

I still have a pipedream that when I'm an old chap *(the 'p' deliberately over-stressed)* I shall go off to the Far East and smoke opium and go out in a sort of euphoric, cloudy bliss.

Would you be reincarnated?
I think I'd have to be *(laughs)* — many, many times.

What would you want to become?
What I might want to be and what I might become are two very different kettles of *poisson (laughs)*. Let's see, what would I want to be? Good God . . . well, it wouldn't be Lou Reed *(loud laughter all round)*. But . . . probably a rock and roll journalist.

Well, I wouldn't want to be David Bowie.
(Laughing) No, no one's reincarnated as David Bowie. I'm quite positive of that.

Back to this middle-classness though — can you expand on what really bothers you about it?
I guess it restricts my thinking . . .

In what particular ways? Morally, aesthetically?
Aesthetically. Morally I've never had too much — I sort of approach things in quite a barbarian fashion when it comes to morals. It's more to do with aesthetic values for my own writing. What I write is so inadequate.

Compared to what? The writing of people you admire?
Compared to a Genet. Yeah, I do put myself against other writers and find my sensibilities thwarted and rather dulled and that . . . angers me.

Is it that you're annoyed because you're so busy filtering other influences that you feel you might actually not be expressing yourself at all? Or is it that you feel there's no essence that is David Bowie that can suddenly rush through? Maybe you think that people like Duchamp and Genet had some kind of incredible mainline that just thrust them forward regardless?
I think that I have a mainline, but I couldn't define it. Again, I wouldn't wish to; there's a danger in trying to define that one thing. There's also a particular spirit value that I find very difficult to articulate and I guess that's my, my mainline as you put it.

But it comes and goes, it hides, it gets lost and it reappears, rather like a stream that you come across when you're walking through a wood. You see it sometimes and it sparkles and then it diappears. And that makes me angry when it disappears *(here Bowie's tone becomes distant, abstracted, almost as if he's talking aloud to himself)*. And I should be happy about that because it's the natural way of things — but when it does disappear, which is known I think as a dry-up, then that is the most frustrating feeling of all.

I get repetitive feeling that . . . *(Coco appears in the auditorium; Bowie suggests we talk for another five or ten minutes)* that . . . come back, come back *(he gestures with his left hand, as if plucking something out of the air)*.

Streams disappearing —
Yes, I get the repetitive feeling that it is — and this somebody else's statement, I know — that the worst joke God can play is to make you an artist, but only a mediocre artist. And that happens, you get that kind of feeling. And one can get *so* despondent and melancholy and *(lowering his voice, almost choking the word out) bellicose.* And, boy, do I get bellicose.

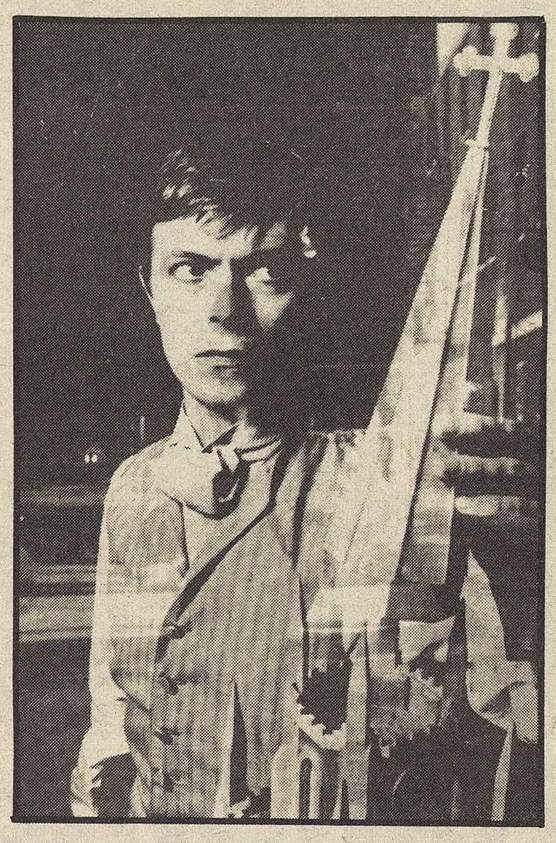
But can't someone in your privileged sort of position afford to indulge himself in a little breast-beating?
(Genuinely astonished) Do you *really* believe that?

No, of course not. You're just as entitled to be nagged by self-doubt as anyone else; it was a leading question.
Really though, I think the greatest problem comes in wondering why I think that any of what I write should be of any import to anybody. And that's something I find more and more — that my contribution isn't enough.

But that's a problem of your own making.
Oh, quite. That dissatisfaction, it's an old quandary that all writers come across all the time. It's certainly nothing new; it seems to follow the integral feelings of most writers.

Perhaps your uncertainty and self-doubt are in fact your leading edge?
It *seems* to be so. It seems to be my one focus.

"I have never been anything other than Ziggy Stardust for the media en masse ... over here I'm still referred to as the orange haired bisexual."



Uncertainty? Yes, if there's one thing I've contributed, it's a great dollop of uncertainty *(laughs)*. For better or worse.

There again, artistic certainty *can* be boring, as some would say it's been in Dylan's case since he 'found' God.
Although I must say I can see, I can feel exactly what brought that about.

Talking of other people who possessed a strength of purpose you find wanting in yourself, have any particular models? I don't necessarily mean in terms of their lifestyles.
No, I understand perfectly what you're saying. No, I think I'm very happy with the problems that I have in my own way of living. Day to day is very enjoyable for me and has been for a couple of years now, although I must admit that at one time my lifestyle was far over and above what anybody would sensibly inflict on themselves. But at the moment it's a rush, and it's really very enjoyable. Growing up with my son is one of the greatest enjoyments that I have.

But on an aesthetic level — no, *no (conclusively)*, I'm quite happy with my lot as a writer. I would really be nervous if I didn't have the uncertainties and the problems that I do have. I would dread feeling that complacent.

But do specific media-related problems frustrate you? 'Scary Monsters' was finished months ago and still isn't released. Does that kind of thing annoy you, that lack of immediacy in communicating to your audience?
Oh God, yes. That sort of thing is just horrendous. Obviously I've already got a backlog of stuff I want to record, which I guess I'll start doing just after Christmas. But I think it only becomes a drag for reasons of personal satisfaction, because the material isn't disposed of, swept out of the way so I can get on with something else.

But as far as the actual songs themselves are concerned, I don't think they're written with any particular timespan in mind. For me I don't think it would really matter whether they'd been released two years ago or two years forward. I think they're pieces of music I could listen to anytime. But I have to take that into consideratrion these days when I record something, as to whether or not I would want to listen to it again in a few year's time.

I try not to write as immediately as I once used to. There was a time when I was very keen to write songs that had a very definite edge to them, like all of 'Diamond Dogs' comes over in a completely different light. It still has a validity, a strong one, but at the time and for a couple of years after it felt as if it was firmly slotted into that particular period. I had a thing about trying to write every year about that year, but I've loosened up now, I think . . . *(Coco appears at the foot of the stage pointing at her watch)*.

Got a last one?

Any message for the folks back home?
Oh God, don't you dare.

Only kidding.

AFTER I'VE stopped the tape, Bowie and I surface as if from deep trance. He asks is he can look at my copious but unused notes.

"It's a bloody thesis!" he exclaims.

"Well, what did you expect?"

"But don't you think I'm entitled to make similar preparations of my own?"

"Of course," I reply, "but it never happens that way, does it?"

"Shame really. I must say I wasn't looking forward to this at all, but have been pleasantly surprised at how it's gone."

Outside the theatre the inevitable limo arrives and, rather ridiculously, accelerates briskly away from the deserted sidewalk.

David Bowie is an intelligent, articulate and fascinating man who is still writing messages to himself and sealing them in bottles. It's an obsessively private process that for obvious reasons he offers up for public scrutiny. Whatever he may think or feel, Bowie has done both good things and bad things. He has also done a lot more of the blue than he may ever surmise.

Unsuspectingly I'm sure, Bowie positively leaks loneliness; it wraps itself around him like a clammy shroud. But the man is driven, and it's surely no accident that on 'Scary Monsters' he sings Tom Verlaine's 'Kingdom Come' with such unguarded passion;

"Well I'l be breaking these rocks until the kingdom comes,
And cuttin' this hay until the kingdom comes.
Yes I'll be breaking these rocks until the kingdom comes,
It's my price to pay until the kingdom comes."

Such is the alternately frustrating and rewarding lot of the long-distance creative person and such is David Bowie's typically reflective portrait of himself the artist as a nov not so young man. You must make of both whatever you will.

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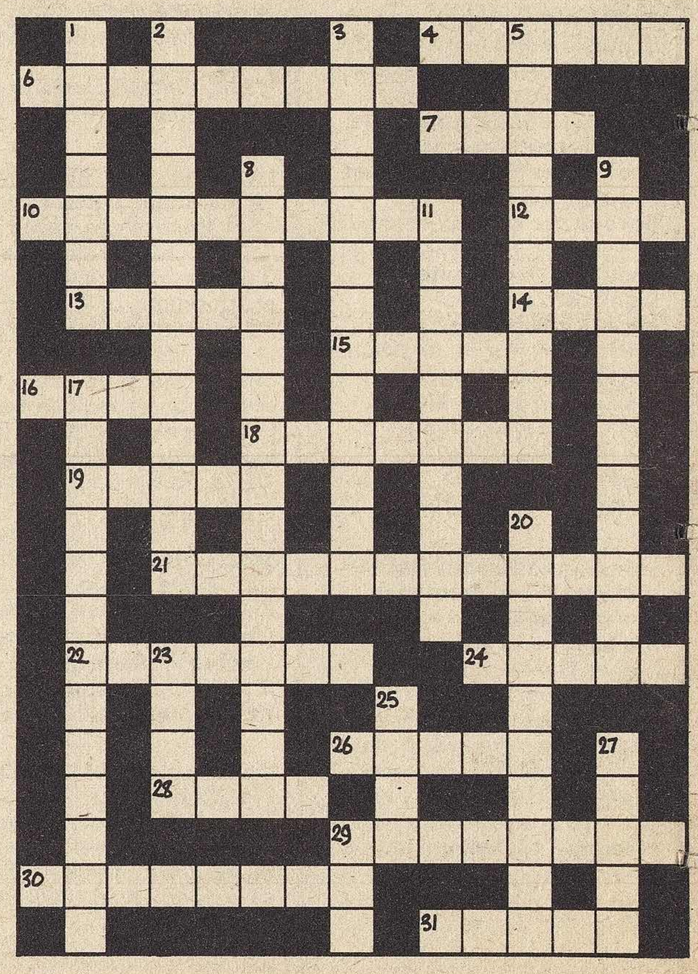
ACROSS
4 First Stones single (4,2)
6 Spizz LP (2,1,6)
7 Avory, Fleetwood, McGahey?
10 Not true, daddy was a minor civil servant (4,6)
12 Pretenders label.
13 Band who need straightening out?
14 Young singer hiding in Eileen's room!
15 Soul revivalists (1–4)
16 See 29 across.
18 Old fart techno rocker.
19 Begin with Paul?
21 London poser who lords it over the Blitz scene (5,7)
22 '77 Stevie Wonder 45 (3,4)
24 See 29 down.
26 & 31 Member of the supermarket family?
28 See 17.
29 & 16 Knowall of the pop business.
30 Ten Years After guitarist showoff (5,3).
31 See 26.

DOWN
1 Formerly a hit (1958) for Elias and his Zigzag Jive Flutes (3,4).
2 "A shattering experience" — *Daily Smut* (8,5).
3 Rat for a barbecue? (4,9).
5 Ziggy's former right hand Spider (4,6).
8 Punk's official Silver Jubilee song (3,4,3,5)
9 The hairdressers' favourite chart LP; it's all done by ropes and wires (7,5).
11 The man behind M (5,5)
17 & 28 Four Tops classic (3,3,4,3,4)
20 Aka the Bishop's Daughter (5,5).
23 As they were on 'Do Anything You Wanna Do'
25 Gabriel single.
27 Instrument.
29 & 24 No good Strangler.



ANSWERS
ACROSS: 1 Stray Cats; 5 Mensi; 8 Rock; 9 Chris Difford; 10 'Outlandos D'Amour'; 13 'I Hear You Knocking'; 14 'Lionheart'; 16 Dindisc; 18 Little Feat; 21 Slade; 22 Queen; 23 Stewart (Copeland); 25 'Eighth Day'; 27 Charlie Watts; 28 PiL; 29 Jimmy Pursey.
DOWN: 1 'Sartorial Eloquence'; 2 'Rock The Boat'; 3 Cockney Rebel; 4 Skids; 6 Sire; 7 Jimmy Cliff; 11 Dana; 12 Ronnie Lane; 15 'Tragedy'; 17 (Stewart) Copeland; 19 The Chords; 20 'Tapestry'; 24 & 21 Chris Stein; 26 Kiss.

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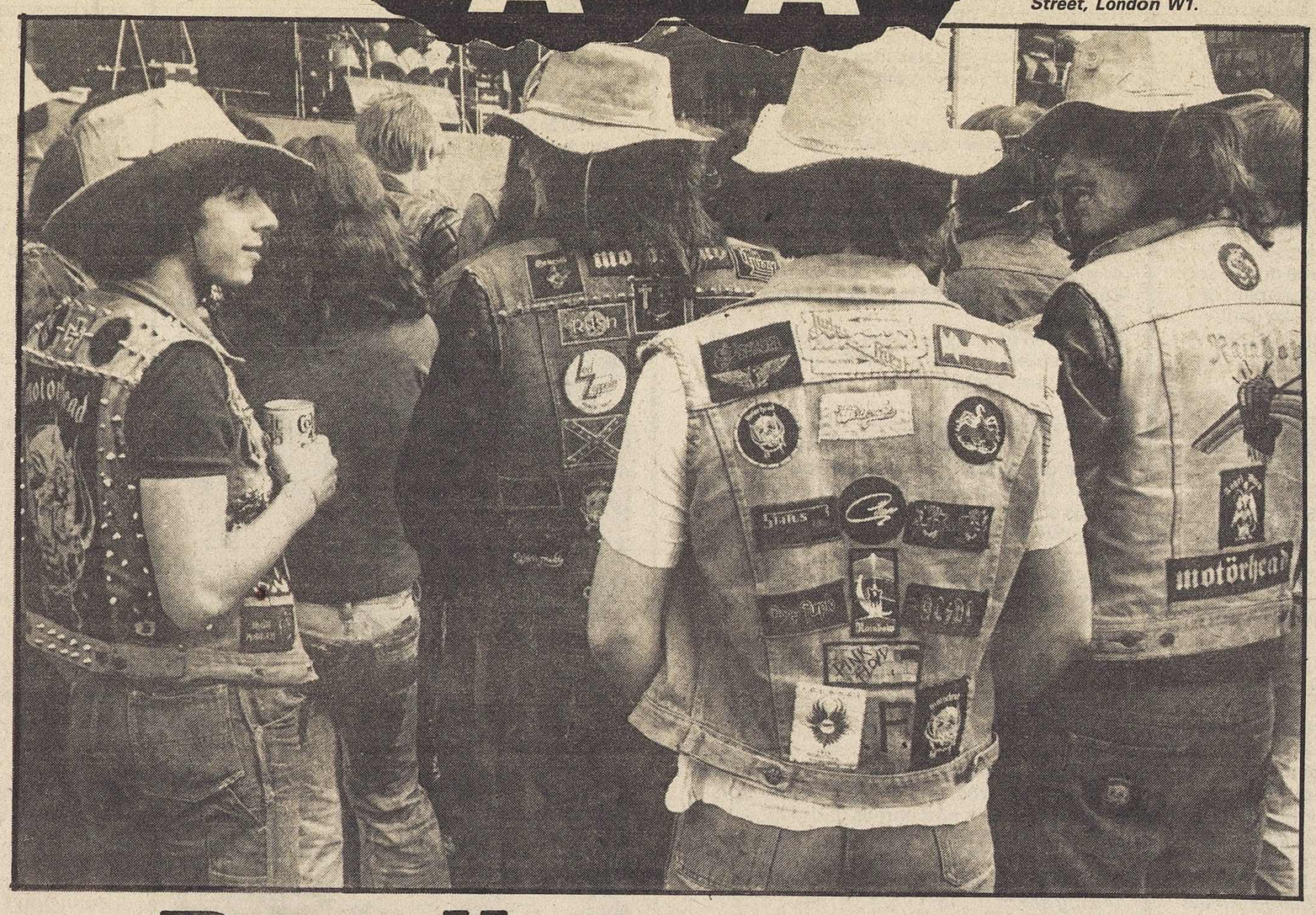


If you are able, write to Gasbag, HM House, NME, 5-7 Carnaby Street, London W1.

Reading matter

30,000 fans were at Reading. A mere 14,000 sent letters to Gasbag. Conclusive proof that more than half of the HM horde can neither read nor write!

RE: DANNY Baker's article on Reading '80 (30.8.80). Somewhere along the line you've lost sight of the fact that music is primarily entertainment, it's to be enjoyed. If it moves you and makes you think, well and good — but that's not what it's *about.* That's a bonus, and you can't dismiss music because it fails to do something it never set out to do. Pop/rock is surely about excitement and emotional release and gut reactions, and whether you can/want to dance to it (or headbang or pogo or whatever). It can be escapist, like the occult or sci-fi element in some HM (or Major Tom or Ziggy Stardust).

Pop/rock is not about 'encouraging personal endeavour', or taking stands, or social comment. It *can* be — but you're limiting it, and getting dangerously close to propaganda, and the idea that music has to have a *use.*

'Heartbreak Hotel' tells me nothing about the unemployment situation in Memphis in the '50s — but it's a great song. Likewise 'You've Lost That Loving Feeling', 'Light My Fire', 'Man of the World', 'Walking on the Moon' et al.

You say these HM bands are 'just the Millwall, the Newcastle, the Man Utd that these smouldering youths are gathering round' — but you're talking about loyalty, even if it *is* 'brand' loyalty, and it's no different from the kind inspired by The Clash, The Jam, Blondie even. The violence and/or aggression at an HM event seems to me no different from that between, say, punks and skinheads at another event. What you're actually getting at is nothing to do with the music, and far more to do with what seems to be an innate aggression and 'clan/gang' instinct in male youth. En masse and undirected it *is* a threatening phenomenon, but you cannot blame music in whatever form for failing to harness or dispell it in a way that you personally would find acceptable. The fact that these aggresive energies can be directed and channelled relatively harmlessly towards heavy rock seems to me more a point in its favour than against it.

To say that HM is 'the worst, most crippling music in the world' is amost extra-ordinary over-reaction — making a form of music that you personally dislike into a scapegoat for something else which you (legitimately) find unsettling and threatening. And that is dishonest.

If you resort to a demand that music, to be acceptable, has to 'encourage personal endeavour' etc, you'll be left with precious little music at all.

Sally Scott, London NW5

So there's no right or wrong in music, enjoyment's its own justification in all cases and Reading was just another branch of rock's varied tree. Sounds pretty wet to me. I don't make HM a scapegoat, but that weekend went beyond the boundaries and if I'd taken your attitude I'd've been ignoring a quite significant and depressing about-turn in the spirit of British kids. No other strain of 'loyalty' would promote this idiotic idea of rebellion and 'simply' as music it's an indefensible stride backwards. For me, it is also unique. — Danny Baker

May I remind Danny Baker that the idea of press men going to gigs is to report on the bands and not on the crowd. Daniel must be a gloomy bastard, to get no enjoyment at all from the music. I was there, and had many memorable moments: like being beaten up by an eight-year-old girl on a coke scrounge, for telling her to go away; like playing football with the inflated innards of a milk carton against a 57 stone Wakefield Trinity supporter; like directing people the wrong way to Reading station; like, during Slade, turning to watch the can fights and having a massive pair of tits shoved in my face (they were attatched to a fairly tasty female) for which she apologised (which was nice of her); and most of all the music, which was the reason we all went there in the first place — some of it was good, some of it was crap, but it was all fairly enjoyable.

Dill from Sinninghill and Richie from Ruislip

It took *two* of you to write this letter? — M.S.

I'm female (not, as most people imply, that that's unusual at a Heavy Metal gig) and I didn't go to Reading to see the blokes. I went to get into the music, see my favourtite bands and taste the atmosphere. I feel sorry for Danny Baker and I hope he finds inner peace someday. Our music *is* all about real (ask Bon Scott). Any outsider will be left with the impression that we are savage apes and, indeed, you've left me wondering if I am really so unintelligent that I am likely to snap and flail out.

Love, peace and Heavy Metal,

Chris, Ball Hill, Berks.

Gosh, thanks. — M.S.

I was one of the 30,000 who "had nothing better to do than drink themselves stupid in a field". I did it for three days, so did my mate, and we enjoyed every second of it. There was no rucks at all! So if you don't like our lifestyle D.B., piss off back to your poxy disco. If there is one good band at Reading worth seeing next year I'll go and do it all again! There are still people who enjoy open-air rock gigs, smoking dope and having a great time — 33,000 hippies can't all be wrong.

The Spliff Brother, Hackney

One toke over the line, aren't you bro'? Where did this extra 3,000 'hippies' spring from — the SPG wagons? — M.S.

It's very disappointing to think that Mr Baker couldn't take his eyes off the "piss pit' long enough to appreciate fine music. It's a shame he didn't — he might have done us all a favour and fallen in.

Frank Melson, London W2

About the drunks — you come across them everywhere, especially in big cities. Yes, litter was everywhere because if you had bothered to look there were no litter bins.

The show was great. You were all part of one big gang. Most of the guys were clean and polite. By your description you were unlucky enough to have met the minority of down and outs.

L. Dalker, Worcester

P.S. To prove I'm no moron, I go to college.

Q.E.D. — D.B.

Report: to give an account of, to describe or to narrate, especially as an eyewitness; to state as a fact or as news.

Danny Baker in his Singles review (6/9/80): "This is the age of The Fact, not The Opinion."

Was he really at Reading?

Paul Blinkhorn, Whiston, Merseyside

Q.E.2 — D.B.

Thought Danny Baker's Reading article was superb, really hit the mark. It was the most perceptive piece I've read on the bottom of my cage for quite some considerable time.

Samson's drummer

No one would doubt HM's popularity but unfortunately it must rank as one of the most uninspirational music ever, except of course in financial terms. HM exploits its audience mercilessly, taking the money in return for providing a bier keller mentality. It indulges in sexism and racism and strange masturbatory routines on stage. HM bands must be the darling of record companies; never questioning marketing techniques or commercial exploitations. Singles are taken on and off albums. Nothing controversial is sung about, they just perpetuate the usual rock myths.

Congratulations on an entertaining and very enlightening piece of writing.

Vinyl Shake

What is Heavy Metal? You see, in Los Angeles, we don't understand anything except alcoholism and records on Factory. Each week, I read about HM in *NME* and wonder what it is. Could you possibly explain it to me?

Ozzy Osbourne, Los Angeles, California

P.S. Do you think I could come back to London and join Punishment Of Luxury?

No, I couldn't possibly explain HM to you and Punilux can be contacted on 01-246 8091 after 7pm. Ask for Doris. — M.S.

Sorted out by Monty Smiff
Photos by Peter Anderson

In *NME* August 16 there is a picture of Janet Street-Porter taken from the *Palmers Green & Southgate Gazette* and by her side is a very chubby faced "David Essex on LWT". The story says that David is to produce an in-depth documentary on Heavy Metal on August 17.

This is to tell you that David is not the man in the picture, because he is not as fat faced as Bernard Manning, which that guy is. I would be glad if you could point this out, as David not only didn't appear in the programme but has never ever had his picture taken with Janet Street-Porter.

Derek Bowman, Rosebud Music Ltd, London W1

Coo! You could've fooled us. — M.S.

Jonathan Hicks *(Gasbag* 30.8.80) must realise that it is "members of the public" who pay for him to go to university, and who pay his union fees for him. Surely this means that students should be excluded from university S.U. organised gigs as they might be preventing some fully paid up member of the public attending.

Student of Logic, London

Until I read J.H.'s letter, I thought that I was a member of a student union (fully paid up, ha ha) and a member of the public. Should I see a psychiatrist?

Micky Sanders, Wood Green, N22

As a student Union social secretary, I feel that I am qualified to say that J. Hicks is a wanker.

Andy C., Durham

This correspondence is now getting on my nerves. — M.S.

Dear Problem Page, I am a Prime Minister. In 1979 I was given a mandate by the people to get this country out of a depression. I don't know how to do it. Can you help me?

Margaret (full name and address supplied)

P.S. Is it really the unions' fault or was Dennis just joking?

I don't understand your P.S but there is certainly a way in which you could not only help yourself but many other people besides: pack your bags, girl, and move to a banana republic. I've a hunch you'd get on really well somewhere in South America. — Uncle Monty.

I am forming a pointless society in the near future. Would anyone wishing to join please write to me at the address below and I won't send them any information on the society and its various activities.

R. Hewat, Edinburgh

I feel that I must complain. I saw from your *Gig Guide* that The Specials plus Terry Hall would be appearing in concert near my town. I bought a ticket and went to see the show and was most disappointed. The Specials and Terry Hall were a third grade calypso band. Worst of all, my six year old son was really looking forward to seeing Lennie the Lion. When I shouted to Terry in good humour "Where's Lennie, Terry?" he told me to "Intercourse off". Has Terry Hall split with Lennie? I think that we should be told.

Steve Zodiac, Angus, Scotland.

Lennie is currently 'resting' between engagements — Pussy Cat Willum's agent

I read the little ditty on Atomic Rooster in *T-Zers* this week and found it highly amusing. Throughout my years as a musician I have always regarded the *NME* as a highly accurate and factual paper. I didn't know I was Atomic Rooster's guitarist. I have always played a large instrument which looked to me like a Hammond organ, and lo and behold it has keyboards. Have I been mistaken all these years?

Thank you for putting me on the right tracks. Now, through your help, I can stop wincing on stage.

Yours fretfully,

Vincent Crane, Atomic Rooster

Four copies of 'Speeding Through The Megolithic Universe' winner — or whatever it was your last LP was called, Vince. You know, the one with the dayglo cover and all those terrific guitar parts on it. — M.S.

Heard the one about the chap who kept birds of prey and vacuumed without any lights on: or, Kestral man Hoovers in the dark.

Kevin Wilson (silly name!), Steel Pulse land

One of the functions of a record review — possibly *the* most important — is to inform the reader what the album is like. I have listened to Pere Ubu for a long time and am keen to know what their new album sounds like. Rough Trade records often take a long time to reach these wastelands and in the meantime I have only your review to go on, which told me nothing. Well, it told me the title, it told me that Pere Ubu haven't lost their sense of humour (I think I got 7) and it told me that writers still don't know how to review Pere Ubu albums.

Perhaps their albums defy constructive criticism. I might actually be glad of that.

Mike Ritchie, Dundee, Scotland.

Due to inflation Buck Rogers will now be known as $3 Rogers.

Buster Crabbe, Gillingham's exciting number 6 shirt

It hit me the other day that I must be getting old — I looked at the 10 Years Ago chart and knew all the singles!

Andy Kent, Bracknell, Berks.

My deepest condolences — M.S. (born 1926)

I'm going to prove you write the letters yourselves by not writing this and seeing if you print it.

Captain John Man, Cwmbran.

Sussed — Captain John Man

T-ZERS

Yes, it's Wild West Week in T-zers

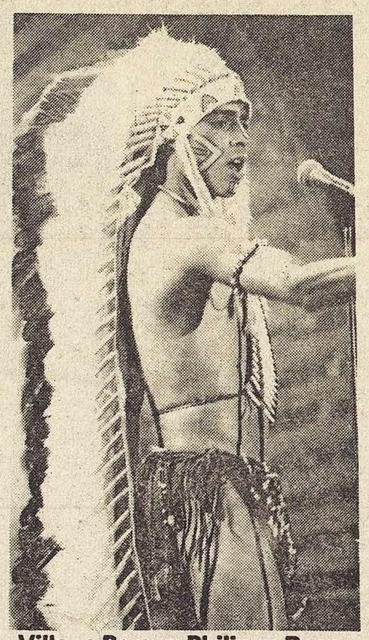
And no reservations about Red Indian Chic

Pics l to r NME; Chalkie Davies; Preston/Kent/Levine; Lynn McAfee; Gerard McNamara.

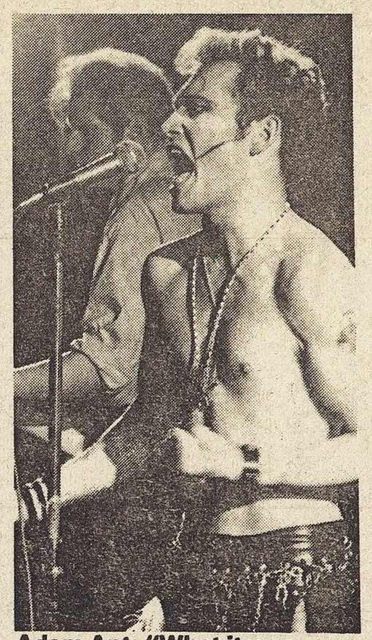
Johnny 'Running Bear' Preston models 'white settler' prototype, complete with collar & tie, circa 1961.

Buffy Saint Marie in authentic Sunday best.

Cher — you remember Cher — well, let's leave it at that.



Village Person Philippe Rose: "Today I shot a buffalo in my loincloth."



Adam Ant: "What it was doing in your loincloth I'll never know."

LAST SUNDAY's Lyceum shindig featuring **Echo And The Bunnymen** without their strobe, **U2, Delta 5,** and the very popular **Au Pairs** was committed to celluloid for a new rock movie with the unforgettable title of *Urgh! A Music War*. Yep, unforgettable. That's about the kindest description we can think of at the moment.

Urgh! eschews all tedious dramatic interludes and goes for action. A list of bands longer than **Lux Interior**'s arm get to play a song each, all of them live and in colour. Directors is Michael White who is rumoured to have set up the sleeve shot for **The Beatles'** 'Sgt Pepper' as well as producing *Rude Boy* and *Oh Calcutta!* (note the exclamation mark) although to his credit he did put on a play with **Spike Milligan** in 1964. Bands already captured include **The Cramps, Magazine, Pere Ubu, Dead Kennedys, Devo, Members, Police, XTC, UB40, Suicide,** while those yet to be filmed include **Squeeze, The Boomtown Rats, The Ramones, Gary Numan, The Specials,** and several hundred others . . .

One of the executive producers of *Urgh!* is former **Climax Chicago Blues Band** manager and man-in-the-know **Miles Copeland.** Copeland helped organise the bands who appear in the film, but The Police would have been approached anyway. Copeland, who now manages The Police, was recently asked by Republican vice-presidential candidate **George Bush**'s election committee to give his views on where the kids are at. He sees it as a chance to plead the problems of youth, which are, he says, lack of opportunity, and plans to have a meeting if schedules permit. Copeland admits he is not too enamoured with **Ronald Reagan,** although "my family's always been Republican. My father deals in politics in Washington".

ROLLING Stone star drummer **Charlie Watts** snubbed ex-**Swell Map Nikki Matress** in no uncertain terms when the slight one requested that Watts strike the skins on his forthcoming solo single. Watts replied to say that he was otherwise engaged . . .

Bill Wyman had no hesitation in agreeing to score for **Ryan O'Neal**'s lucrative new movie *Green Ice* . . .

Factory Records, an obscure independent outlet from Manchester, have joined forces with the Belgian Crepuscule label. Forthcoming singles include efforts by **Section 25** and **Durutti Column** as well as a compilation of English and European (note in the distinction) bands . . .

More on that **Lennon** album (features **Earl Slick,** three **Cheap Tricks** including **Robin Zander,** ho ho, **Hugh McCrackers** and **Jules Polar Bear**). *Newsweek* reports that **John and Yoko** have kept themselves fuelled late at night with a diet of sashimi and tea; Sashimi are a smaller version of our own Garibaldi Biscuits. Yoko stopped munching in 7/4 time to tell a passing window cleaner that "The music is different. It's beyond disco. We've had a very good life for the past five or six years and it's showing . . ."

DIRE STRAITS are now a trio following the departure of **David Knopfler.** They're currently in Nassau (who isn't these days) slurping pina coladas, chasing muscular natives and adding the important little touches that will make their third album 'Making Movies' sound exactly like their first two. And before you can say chopped liver the Straits may be whisking Jerusalemwards to play at a new amphitheatre in the Mount of Olives. Beats the Bridge House dunnit? . . .

Back at last Sunday's Lyceum love-in **Echo And The Bunnymen** got psyched up backstage by sleeping in. As the dry ice was suffocating customers one nasty incident highlighted the continuing mindless aggression in this town. An innocent woman in the crowd was attacked by a rabble of skinheads who kicked her to the floor, demanded money with menaces and stole her hat. Although the Bow Street Runners were loathe to believe her tale of woe the lady would like the hat returned to the Lyceum management, no questions asked . . .

Meanwhile fans rioted after the recent marathon **Andrew Loog Oldham** vs. Sire Records game. The Big Loog was contracted to complete production on three Moondogs singles but after he failed to meet his deadline company monies were withheld. Hearing of this Oldham snuck into the studios and half inched the tapes. Later a tearful Jack Charlton Athletic failed to recover the sessions and was escorted from the pitch by Sire's caretaker manager **Paul McNally,** 32 . . .

Lester Bangs has been invited by Tex-Mex balladeer **Joe 'King' Carrasco** to come on down y'all and record an album in Texas on Joe's old label (the one he was on before he signed to Stiff). Bangs reckoned that "Texas sucks, it's full of cattle shit and sand but the money's darned good." . . .

Eee, there's nowt t'old folks like more than a good sing-song.

ON THE road already? **Richard Hell** and NY cameraperson **Roberta Bailey** have been commissioned by **Jake Riviera** to drive an auto he purchased in California back to New York for shipping over to Tooting Bec or Bootle Tech or wherever. Mr Hell plans to write of his US travels with pix by Roberta. "Day One. Collected car. Drove three hundred miles. Stopped off for quick Hardy Burger in Del Rio. Roberta says we appear to be lost. Oh shit . . ."

Charley Pride, heavy C&W crooner, and entourage escaped death when their tour plane was struck in the tail by a Cessna 172. They walked away unhurt after making an emergency landing sans engines. A Pride spokesman crossed his heart and thanked Jesus as he said that "Charley believes in God, but if he didn't, this experience would have convinced him." The two people in the Cessna both died . . .

Sad. **Uncle Jolley** (aka **George Landry)** a founding injun in the fabulous **Wild Tchpitoulas** (probably one of the greatest visual experiences on the musical horizon and premiere exponents of redskin chic), died of lung cancer August 9th. Landry was 63 and he rocked to the grave in style with a full New Orleans send off . . .

The next **Tom Petty** album will have to be a double or even a triple. **The Heartbreakers** get to write a couple of the ninety or so songs . . .

Quashed, veritably downtrodden! Shed a tear for the fragrant hackette who dared to stand up and ask at the **Kiss** conference (see *Thrills)* "You're very touchy about your make-up. You don't like to be photographed without it do you? Have you ever been photographed without it?" To which **Gene Simmons** (real name **Gene Shicklegruber)** retorted, "Have you?" Oh, collapse of stout party . . .

Kate Bush told London's *Evening Standard* that "The communication of music is very much like making love. If you play a piano for example, you're so united it's really a beautiful thing." But where does this leave devotees of the Tibetan Nose Flute? *(Tibet? — Ed)* . . .

The obligatory who was there dept. At the **Stray Cats** Dingwalls bash last week two million people were turned away and the guest list was as long as **Wavis O'Shave's** nose. We're dredging the barrel but this time we spotted **Bruce Thomas** (swoon), **Lemmy,** some **Roosters** and **Keith Levene.** Several *NME* scribblers were heard to grunt dismissive noises into their Pils lagers . . .

More homely entertainment is to be found in Hollywood where **Elvis'** private blue movies are making the rounds depicting the thin Elvis and a several teenage girls frolicking at Gracelands. Elvis' shocked stepmom Mrs **Dee Presley** sneezed as she told reporters that "I can't say it isn't Elvis. Graceland was a man's place allright, and I only heard what Elvis wanted me to know" . . .

WADING in to the much-publicised hoo-ha surrounding the Old Vic's *Macbeth* comes blonde bombshell **Sting** — whose wife also happens to be a member of the cast — by telling the London *Evening Standard* he agrees with director **Bryan Forbes** that **Timothy West** is a **'Judas'.** "You don't do that kind of thing in this business. It's unprofessional. You close ranks . . . if he had done that in the music business he would have been bottled." And furthermore: "I'm not going to miss a night. It's the most exciting thing I've seen. I love **Peter O'Toole,** I love him dearly. I think he's a great star . . . I don't know much about *Macbeth* but I do know about charisma — and he's got it." Coming soon: Sting himself in *Much Ado About Nothing* . . .

As a follow-up to last weeks news story on 'Ructions In RAR', we've been asked to point out that **John Dennis** is the secretary of the RAR company, and not, as stated, its managing director. And on the subject of the trouble itself, following the resignation of three committee members over the formation of RAR Ltd (and allegations of undemocratic practices) the RAR committee issued the following statement at the time:

"In the light of those allegations of secrecy surrounding RAR Ltd, the committee now regrets it was not fully discussed in conference. However we would like to point out that **Ruth, Dave** and **Syd** as committee members were party to drawing up conference agenda, and had ample opportunity to bring this up." Next week, why I quit the KGB by **Ed Gierek** . . .

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BETTER BADGES

This Last Week
1(1) JOY DIVISION — Closer 20p
2(2) JOY DIVISION — Unknown Pleasures 20p
3(-) JAM — Start 20p
4(10) JAM — Going Underground 20p
5(3) DEAD KENNEDY'S — Cambodia 20p
6(9) CRASS — Anarchy & Peace 20p
7(4) S.L.F. 20p
8(6) JOY DIVISION 20p
9(5) CRASS — Fight War Not Wars 20p
10(8) JAM — Tubestation 20p

NEW RELEASES
20p Gregory Isaacs — Poor & Clean. Jam Start; C30, C60, C90 Go; Tea Set; Martian Dance; Fad Gadget; Pere Ubu; Plasmatics; The Spectures; Digital Dance; Rev — Up; Delta 5 Mind Your Own Business; Lemon Kittens; The Beat Just Can't Stop It; Magazine Correct Use Of Soap; Androids Of Mu. Sector 27.

ADD 10p P&P FREE LIST
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LONDON W10 OK

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HEADCASES: SHOULD THEY BE KEPT UNDER GUARD OR LEFT IN THE OPEN?

CLOSED SE-650.

Headphone vs. headphone.

Give them both a fair hearing before you decide which of the two is more comfortable perched on your head.

On the one hand, rather we should say head, there is the closed type headphone which covers the entire ear.

Like the Pioneer SE-650. Eyes left.

It seals the ears and cuts off virtually all intruding sounds from the outside.

As a result sound quality of the closed type is smooth and rich in tone. Helped by the presence of low bass notes.

Producing, with this style, a concentration of the music in the centre of the head.

An open verdict recorded.

On the other hand, or head as you look to the right, there is the open type of headphone.

The one worn here is the Pioneer SE-6. It's called open because it sits on the ear and doesn't cup it. Allowing for a small amount of surrounding sound to filter in and be heard.

(Like a telephone ringing or neighbours banging on the ceiling to tell you your bath's overflowing.)

Consequently, on the open type, music tends to spread to a wider 'inner' space.

And sound quality comes over with a clean edge. As bass notes tend to roll off smoothly.

It's all a cover up story.

Whereas there are noticeable visible differences, internal construction is basically the same.

The SE-650, SE-550 and SE-6 are all built around one of the most spectacular innovations in headphone technology.

The samarium cobalt magnet.

A 'rare-earth' alloy that adds an accuracy in response previously unheard of in drive units of these dimensions.

All six in the range, similarly, use a thin polyester dome-type speaker with tangential edge. In combination with a large voice coil. This ensures high sensitivity and low distortion.

Over a wide frequency range stretching from 20Hz to 20kHz.

A load off your mind.

The lightweight champion is the SE-6, weighing in at 8.8oz (251g) including connecting cord.

And what little weight there is on the others can be shifted away from the sensitive areas on the head, using the adjustable two-band head fitting.

For long hours of continuous listening without any build-up of discomfort or uneasiness.

Made that much more relaxing by head-pampering, cushioned pads. Mounted on swivel joints that self-adjust to the contours around your ears.

On the SE-650 you can self-adjust the sound levels with individual left and right volume controls.

Which fits best in your pocket?

Once you decide which is the most comfortable on your head. You have to decide which will cause the least discomfort to your pocket.

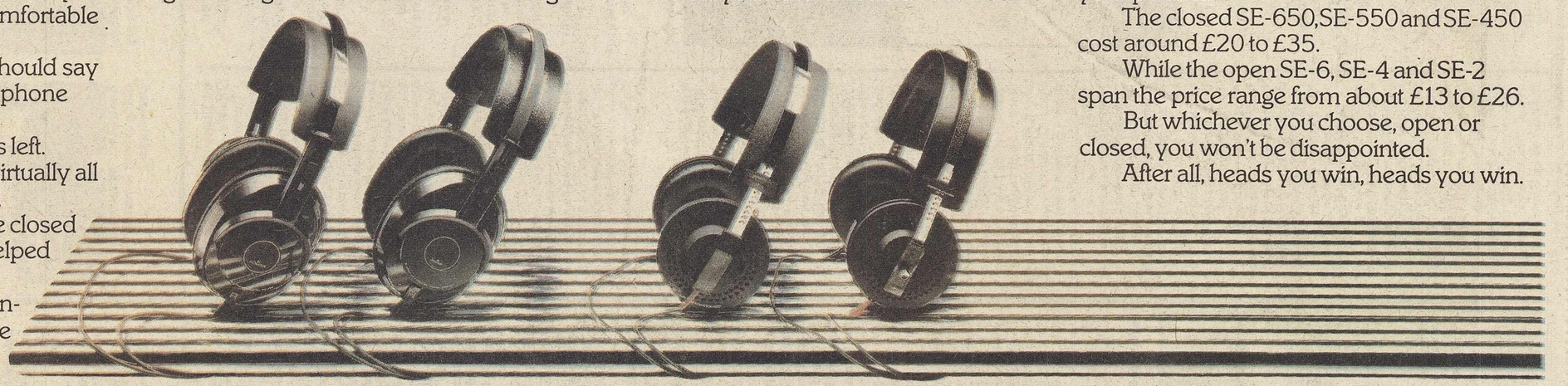
OPEN SE-6.

The closed SE-650, SE-550 and SE-450 cost around £20 to £35.

While the open SE-6, SE-4 and SE-2 span the price range from about £13 to £26.

But whichever you choose, open or closed, you won't be disappointed.

After all, heads you win, heads you win.



HEADPHONES ABOVE:
(LEFT TO RIGHT) CLOSED SE-450, SE-550.
OPEN SE-2, SE-4.

To: Pioneer High Fidelity (GB) Ltd., P.O. Box 108, Iver, Bucks. SL0 9JL. I'd like more information on headphones. Please send me the Pioneer catalogue and list of dealers.

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